

PHOTOPLAY

N.S.E.

JULY
25 CENTS
30 Cents in Canada



MARION
DAVIES

Earl
H-151

**Hysterical
Honeymoons of Hollywood**

She couldn't

BRING HERSELF TO TELL HIM

She knew it was coming. She knew it the moment he suggested they sit out the dance. There was a suggestion of tenseness about him. A determined look in his eye.

It seemed strange that he was a man now; with a man's seriousness. She remembered how, as early as Grammar School days, he wore an air of perpetual joviality. Even when he played quarter for Central High School and was floored by bone-breaking tackles, he always came up with a laughing manner, suggesting that the matter was a grand joke. He carried that manner through his football days at Michigan. But now there was no trace of it.

"I can't stand it any longer, Wilma," he blurted out, "the way you've been treating me the last few months..."

"What do you mean—the way I've been treating you?"

"You know—avoiding me... breaking engagements. It has just about floored me, and Wilma, you know I'm crazy about you. Have been for ten years. I can't go on this way any longer. Why don't you marry me... put me out of my misery?"

He rushed into an excited exposition of how happy they could be together. When it was over she slowly shook her head.

"Don't you care for me?" he begged.

"You know I do, Ross Temple."

Down in her heart she knew that she was fonder of him than any man she had ever met. And yet...

"Then why?" he demanded fiercely. "Do you think I'll make a fool of myself with father's money?"

She shook her head. "You might have done that once—but not now. You're no simpleton, Ross."

She really admired him for the success he had made by his own efforts. She could count on the fingers of one hand, the men in town who were earning what he earned.

He leaned toward her, almost pathetically. "Is there someone else? Is that fellow in New York...?"

"Don't be ridiculous!"

He turned on her again as if he would shake her. "Then *why*? Give me some reason. Don't sit there shaking your head. What's wrong? What have I done? I can stand the truth."

She wanted to tell him. *It was only fair that he should know.* She wanted to say to him—"Go and rid yourself of the barrier that so recently has risen between us, then come back to me." She even wanted to name that barrier, but she couldn't bring herself to do it. No woman could. The subject was too delicate.

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the one unforgivable social fault.

The insidious thing about it is that you yourself never know when you have it. And even your best friend won't tell you. It is a matter that can't be talked about.

Are you sure about yourself?

Few escape halitosis entirely, because every day in normal mouths, conditions that cause unpleasant breath may arise or are already present.

Its commonest cause is ferment-



ing food particles in the mouth. Other common causes are: Decaying or poorly cared for teeth. Excesses of eating, drinking, or smoking. Infections of the oral tract, such as catarrh, colds, trench mouth, and pyorrhea.

The safe way to put your breath beyond suspicion is to rinse the mouth with full strength Listerine. Every morning. Every night. And between times before meeting others.

Why Listerine deodorizes

Because of its amazing germicidal power, Listerine halts fermentation and checks infection, both a major cause of odors. Then it destroys the

odors themselves.

Listerine's astonishing antiseptic and deodorizing power has been a matter of record in great hospitals and private practice for half a century. There is no scientific evidence that any antiseptic possesses greater deodorant power than Listerine.

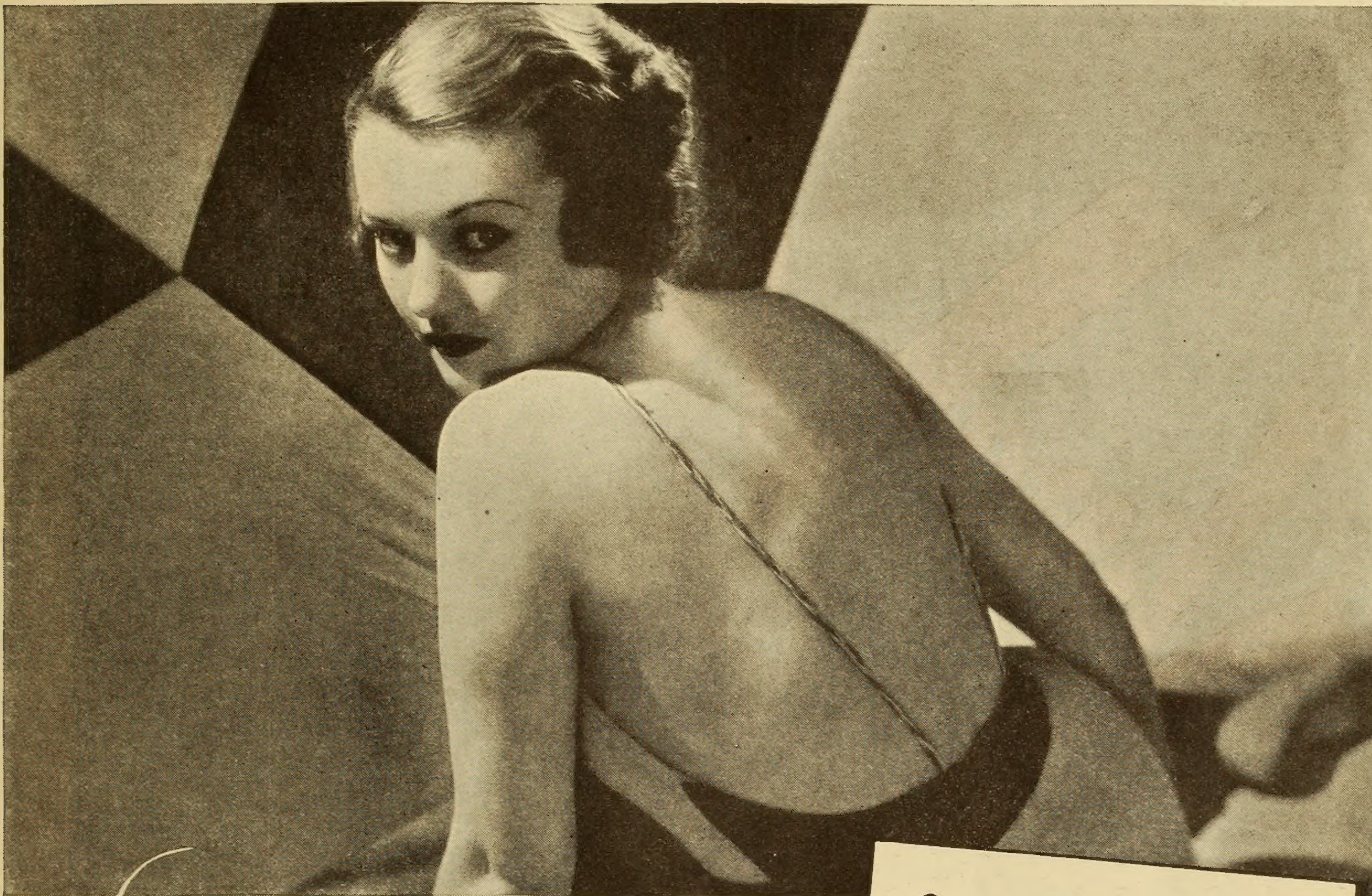
Even the onion yields

You know yourself that there are few more arrogant odors than onion and fish. Yet Listerine makes short work of them. Try it yourself some time. Rub a little onion or fish on your hand. Then apply Listerine and see how quickly such odors disappear. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

-and even the ONION yields to it!



What a FOOL She is!



She GETS A GRAND TAN . . . BUT REVEALS DINGY TEETH, TENDER GUMS . . . SHE HAS "Pink Tooth Brush"!

This young woman should look at her teeth in a clear mirror in bright sunlight! Then she would understand why the dental profession lays so much stress on massage of the gums. Her teeth are dingy because her *gums* need attention!

Dental science explains that since coarse, raw foods have given place to soft, creamy foods—the gums suffer. They tend to become sluggish, and often so tender that they bleed a little—a condition known as "pink tooth brush."

If you want to make certain that your teeth shine out brilliantly, *try*

massaging your gums every time you clean your teeth. Clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste, and each time, massage a little extra Ipana directly into your gums.

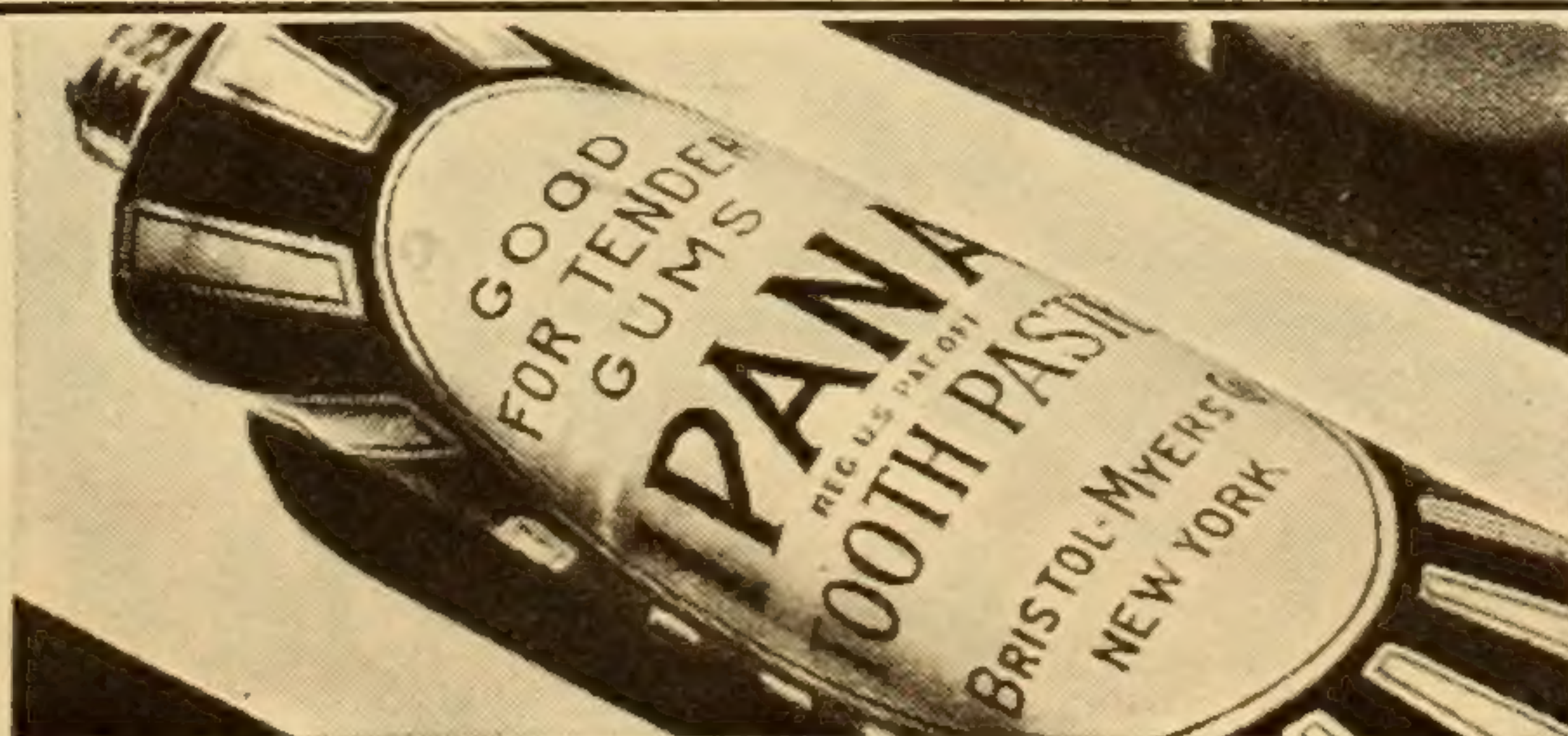
The ziratol in Ipana, with the massage, aids in rousing circulation through the gums. And as your gums become firmer and healthier, not only do your teeth look brighter, but you are safer from gum disorders like gingivitis, pyorrhea, and Vincent's disease. You need have no worries about "pink tooth brush." And your teeth *themselves* are safer.

Professional Opinion says:

- From a work on dental health
"Bleeding of the gums always means trouble, and should receive attention at once."
- By a director of a dental clinic
"A vigorous circulation is one of the greatest aids in combating disease in the mouth. Probably the best way of obtaining this is to massage the gums."
- From a dental authority
"Brushing of the gums is of equal importance to brushing the teeth."

TUNE IN THE "HOUR OF SMILES" AND HEAR THE IPANA TROUBADOURS, WED. EVENINGS —WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

I P A N A
TOOTH PASTE



VISIT

"A CENTURY OF PROGRESS"

SEE IPANA MADE FROM START TO FINISH
See the Ipana Electrical Man. General Exhibits Group Building No. 4—Chicago, June—October, 1934

Consult this picture shopping guide and save your time, money and disposition

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

★ Indicates photoplay was named as one of the best upon its month of review

ABOVE THE CLOUDS—Columbia.—Thrilling, with lots of air action. Several shots of actual news topics. Richard Cromwell, a newsreel cameraman; Robert Armstrong, his superior; and Dorothy Wilson. (March)

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN—20th Century-United Artists.—As punishment for neglect of his job as reporter, Lee Tracy is made "Miss Lonelyhearts" editor of the newspaper. Sally Blane, Isabel Jewell, Sterling Holloway, C. Henry Gordon lend able support. Fair. (Feb.)

★ **ALICE IN WONDERLAND**—Paramount.—Lewis Carroll's fairy tale filmed for the amusement of both young and old. Charlotte Henry is charming as Alice. A technical achievement. (Feb.)

★ **ALL MEN ARE ENEMIES**—Fox.—A very British, appealing tale about Hugh Williams' search for Helen Twelveteeth, after the war. Unsuccessful, he marries Mona Barrie, but later the lovers are reunited. Excellent cast includes Herbert Mundin, Una O'Connor, Henry Stephenson. (June)

ALL OF ME—Paramount.—Miriam Hopkins is fearful that marriage might kill her love for Fredric March. But ex-convict George Raft and Helen Mack, about to become a mother, make Miriam realize that life cannot be all joy. Good drama. (March)

ARIANE—Pathe-Cinema Prod.—The star of "Catherine the Great," Elizabeth Bergner, does excellent work opposite Percy Marmont in this foreign made film with English dialogue. (June)

AS HUSBANDS GO—Fox.—When wife Helen Vinson is followed home from Europe by admirer G. P. Huntley, Jr., husband Warner Baxter takes him out fishing, and straightens things out. Mediocre. (Feb.)

AS THE EARTH TURNS—Warners.—Gladys Hasty Carroll's story of farm life, beautifully portrayed by Jean Muir, David Landau, Donald Woods and a fine supporting cast of young players. (April)

BEDSIDE—First National.—This tale about Warren William attaining success as an M.D. by the use of another's name and diploma is a jumbled affair, indeed. Jean Muir. (May)

BEFORE DAWN—RKO-Radio.—Dorothy Wilson, a spiritualist, tries to help detective Stuart Erwin solve a murder mystery—in a haunted house! Not for the kiddies. (Jan.)

BEFORE MIDNIGHT—Columbia.—A flashback of a famous murder case with Ralph Bellamy as the ace detective who solves the mystery. June Collyer supplies the feminine allure. Passable. (April)

BEGGARS IN ERMINE—Monogram.—Unusual plot idea and good direction make this splendid dramatic entertainment. Lionel Atwill superb as maimed and beggared steel magnet. Betty Furness, James Bush, H. B. Walthall. (May)

★ **BELOVED**—Universal.—The story of a composer's life. His poverty, his disappointment in a worthless son, his scorn of grandson's modern musical triumphs, his great love for his wife, and his belated success. John Boles, Gloria Stuart. (Feb.)

BIG SHAKEDOWN, THE—First National.—Ricardo Cortez forces Charles Farrell into cut-rate drug racket but when a fake drug kills Charlie's and Bette Davis' baby, then Charlie retaliates. A poor film. (Feb.)

BIG TIME OR BUST—Tower Prod.—Regis Toomey and Walter Byron try hard, but to no avail. However, the good singing voice in the film may make you forget the old plot. (Feb.)

BLOOD MONEY—20th Century-United Artists.—Underworld bail bondsman George Bancroft falls in love with pretty Frances Dee and deserts his gangster friends who made him. Good suspense. (Jan.)

★ **BOLERO**—Paramount.—You will find George Raft and Carole Lombard an engaging team as they dance to Ravel's haunting "Bolero." And Sally Rand's fan dance is exquisite. (April)

BOMBAY MAIL—Universal.—Murder aboard the Bombay Mail train. Inspector Edmund Lowe solves the mystery. The large cast includes Shirley Grey and Onslow Stevens. Good suspense. (Feb.)

BORN TO BE BAD—20th Century-United Artists.—Having been taught only "bad" by Loretta Young, little Jackie Kelk proves quite a problem when wealthy Cary Grant takes him in hand. Unusually fine performances by entire cast. (June)

★ **BOTTOMS UP**—Fox.—A grand musical, boasting two song hits, clever lines, direction, story, Hollywood locale. Spencer Tracy, Pat Paterson, Herbert Mundin, fine support. (May)

Gold Medal Balloting
for the best picture released during 1933 is an avalanche!
Because of the remarkable nation-wide interest, the voting time has been extended.
Watch the August issue of
PHOTOPLAY
for further announcement.

BY CANDLELIGHT—Universal.—A well-directed piece about butler Paul Lukas and ladies' maid Elissa Landi who aspire to have an affair with royalty. They meet, each masquerading, only to learn the truth later. Nils Asther. (Feb.)

★ **CAROLINA**—Fox.—Janet Gaynor's devotees will be charmed by her performance in this story of the traditions and aristocracy of the South. Lionel Barrymore, Henrietta Crosman, Robert Young and good support. (April)

CAT AND THE FIDDLE, THE—M-G-M.—Pleasant entertainment is this film with Jeanette MacDonald vocalizing gloriously and Ramon Novarro as her lover. Frank Morgan, Charles Butterworth. (April)

CATHERINE THE GREAT—London Films-United Artists.—Title rôle is expertly portrayed by Elizabeth Bergner. Effective, too, is Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as the mad *Grand Duke Peter*. An impressive production. (April)

CHARMING DECEIVER, THE—Majestic Pictures.—One of those mistaken identity films, with Constance Cummings as a London mannequin impersonating a movie star. Frank Lawton is her lover. Acceptable. (March)

CHRISTOPHER BEAN (Also released as "Her Sweetheart")—M-G-M.—Marie Dressler, Doc Lionel Barrymore's maid, gives you plenty of laughs when she helps daughter Helen Mack elope with Russell Hardie, much to the annoyance of Beulah Bondi, doctor's wife. See it. (Jan.)

CITY LIMITS—Monogram.—Assisted by railroad magnet Frank Craven's daughter Sally Blane, newshound Ray Walker gets big scoop. As tramps, James Burke and James Conlin are amusing. (June)

COLLEGE COACH—Warners.—Football as it is played and won by coach Pat O'Brien who buys talent to win at all costs, while Ann Dvorak, his neglected wife, finds romance with Lyle Talbot, football hero. Fast moving. (Jan.)

COME ON MARINES—Paramount.—Be assured of a howling good time with carefree Marines Richard Arlen, Roscoe Karns. Grace Bradley's dance is a wow. Ida Lupino. (May)

COMING OUT PARTY—Fox.—So poor Gene Raymond may go on European concert tour, Frances Dee keeps from him news of coming blessed event and goes through with her society debut. Old plot, but fine cast. (April)

★ **CONVENTION CITY**—First National.—The scene is Atlantic City; the incident, another sales convention. Gay and eventful as always. Joan Blondell, Adolphe Menjou, Dick Powell, Mary Astor, Guy Kibbee, Frank McHugh and Patricia Ellis. (Feb.)

★ **COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW**—Universal.—John Barrymore, in a splendid portrayal of the lawyer who rose from the Ghetto to position of New York's foremost legal adviser. Bebe Daniels, as his secretary, is excellent. Each member of the large cast does fine work. Never a dull moment. (Feb.)

COUNTESS OF MONTE CRISTO—Universal.—Novel tale of extra Fay Wray driving off in studio car, registering at hotel as Countess, and being credited with capture of crook Paul Lukas. Excellent cast. (May)

CRADLE SONG—Paramount.—Just as charming is Dorothea Wieck in this her first American picture as she was in "Maedchen in Uniform." The beautiful story of a nun who showers mother-love on a foundling. (Jan.)

★ **CRIME DOCTOR, THE**—RKO-Radio.—As a detective who plans the perfect crime, incriminating his wife's lover, Otto Kruger does a splendid job. Karen Morley, Nils Asther score, too. Holds interest every minute. (May)

CRIMINAL AT LARGE—Helber Pictures.—Edgar Wallace's exciting mystery. All about strange happenings at the old castle of the *Lebanon* family. (March)

CROSS COUNTRY CRUISE—Universal.—Another transcontinental bus trip, the passengers this time being Lew Ayres, June Knight, Arthur Vinton, Alan Dinehart, Minna Gombell and Alice White. Good comedy. (March)

CROSS STREETS—Chesterfield.—The old, sad story of a doctor (Johnny Mack Brown) who throws away his career when his sweetheart (Claire Windsor) jilts him. Anita Louise. (June)

DANCE, GIRL, DANCE—Invincible.—Dancer Evalyn Knapp can't get along with vaudeville partner-husband Edward Nugent. But when she clicks in a night club, they make up. Entertaining. (Jan.)

★ **DANCING LADY**—M-G-M.—A backstage musical with gorgeous settings, lovely girls, novel dance routines, some good song numbers, a real plot and a cast of winners, including Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Franchot Tone, Fred Astaire. (Feb.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 13]

*As always — Warner Bros. bring you the
greatest of stars in the greatest of stories! Now.*



KAY FRANCIS

Only a super-woman could have lived this story... Only a super-star could bring it to the screen! You'll marvel as you watch the supreme artistry of Kay Francis sweep triumphantly through a role only the greatest dared to play!

ⁱⁿ DR. MONICA

You'll thrill as four great personalities from Warner Bros. famed star ranks re-create the story critics warned could not be screened! You'll applaud it as the finest dramatic achievement of the present year!

JEAN MUIR ★ WARREN WILLIAM ★ VERREE TEASDALE

Directed by William Keighley. A First National Picture

The Audience Talks Back

THE \$25 LETTER

I have noticed an elderly, aristocratic woman attending the theater almost as regularly as I, and that is every time the picture changes.

She enters the theater grimly, almost sneeringly. During the cartoons she wears the perpetual expression of one scandalized. During the newsreel she relaxes somewhat to the normalcy of outrage slightly appeased.

Then the "main picture." As the drama unfolds she becomes but a woman—human—living every moment with the heroine. Her shell of dignity and poise is forgotten. Tears are unchecked. Her hands are tense and restless.

And then it is over. Her hour of life is done. She realizes she is in a public theater. In confusion she banishes all trace of such "wanton expressions of emotion," rises from her seat once more the austere, severe critic. She has had her hour of reprieve.

MILDRED W. FUTCHS, Wilmington, N. C.

THE \$10 LETTER

"Last half of the ninth inning, folks. With two men on base, two out and the score is tied. Let's see who's coming up to bat. The Babe! Looks like a home run. It is a home run! And the game is over."

It might have been Ted Husing himself giving a newsreel announcement of a World Series baseball game, but it was only a twelve-year-old boy astride a huge electric sign, watching two high school teams.

The girl standing just below might have been a Hollywood star. Hair becomingly set, a swagger suit worn with all the style of Kay Francis, and a carriage that was suggestive of Norma Shearer.

Watching the boy and this high school sophomore, I realized what it is that gives the youngsters of today such poise and sophistication. Through films they have become intimately acquainted with fascinating people who have charm and personality to such a marked degree that we eagerly pay for the privilege of being hypnotized by it.

CARRIE HICKMAN, Brunswick, Ga.

THE \$5 LETTER

Just think what a wave of good manners would sweep over the country if some producer should make a series of shorts called "Etiquette of the Table," "Etiquette of the Dance," "Etiquette of the Wedding." And one on "Etiquette of the Theater" wouldn't be a bad idea. I, for one, would see every picture in such a series.

And don't you think some of Sylvia's articles would make good shorts? Many of us listen better with our eyes and ears working together.

R. M. GRACE, Halifax, N. S.

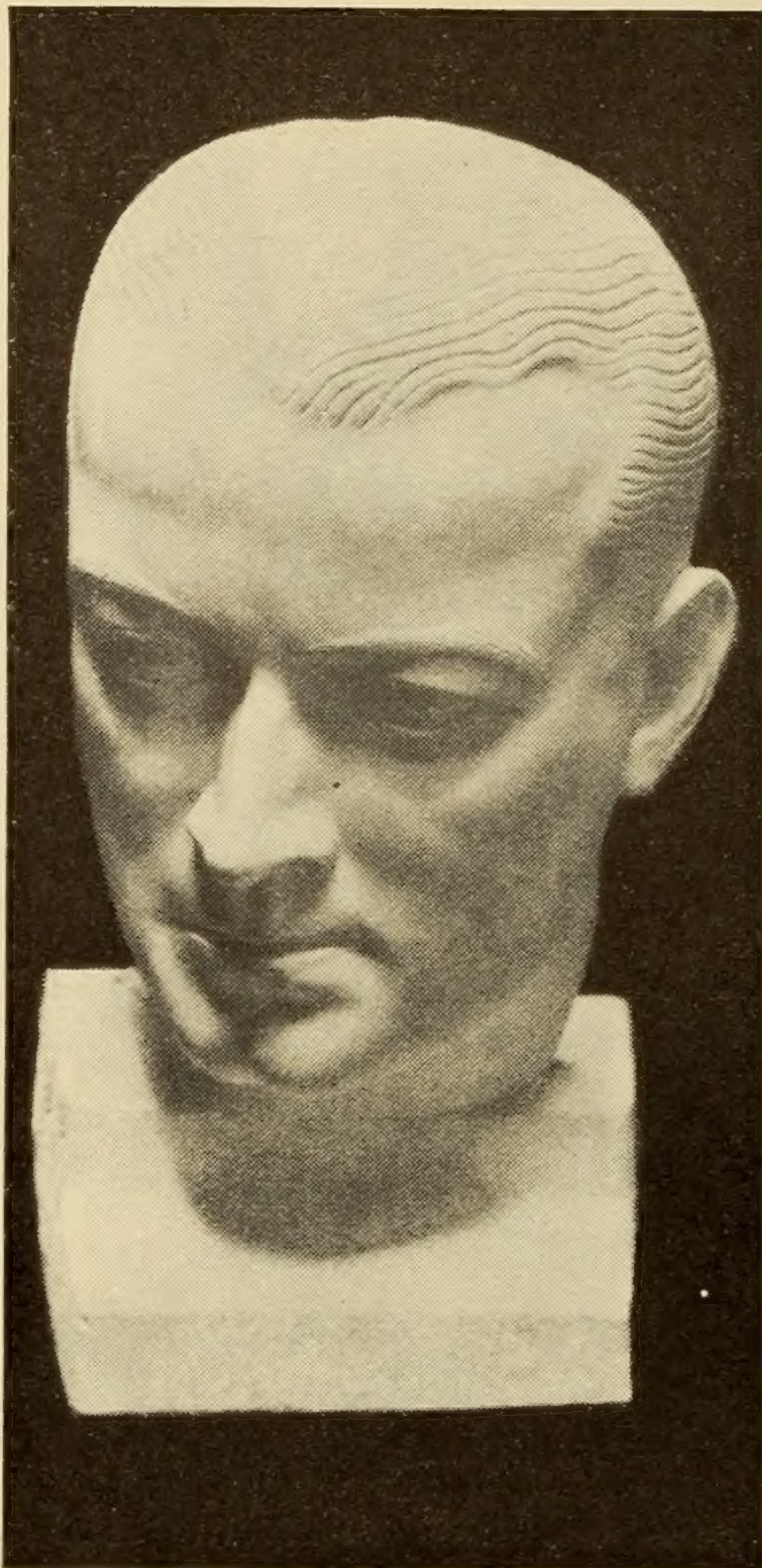
HEAR YE, THEATER MANAGERS

I am "hard of hearing," and until the talkies came in, movies were my greatest pleasure.

But the talkies changed that, as I could not hear all the dialogue.

Then a local theater came to the rescue with an ear phone reserved section. What a blessing!

MRS. JULIA RONNE, Seattle, Wash.



Study of Richard Barthelmess by Ricardo. One reader, referring to article in June issue, says "Dick is more like Napoleon than any of the men who have been considered for the part"

IS the Garbo-Hepburn battle over, or has it really just begun?

The referees decline to name a winner. Rather, they would set each on high to be worshipped as "champion" of her special style.

Is there, then, room for two thrones in the Kingdom of Make-Believe?

Look back at illustrations on "Napoleon's Ghost Walks Out on Warners," in June issue. Compare Barthelmess' features with the emperor's. Do you, too, see a resemblance? And what of Dick's ability? But perhaps you've another candidate in mind.

Loud cheers continue to resound from all sides for "It Happened One Night."

When the audience speaks the stars and producers listen. We offer three prizes for the best letters of the month—\$25, \$10 and \$5. Literary ability doesn't count. But candid opinions and constructive suggestions do. We must reserve the right to cut letters to fit space limitations. Address The Editor, PHOToplay, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

GARBO AND HEPBURN

What could be more beautiful than the picture of Garbo with the luscious grapes poised above her lips—or what could be more heavenly than Hepburn's voice?

We do not say that the petal of the rose is more wonderful than the song of the lark.

From now on, let's say "Garbo and Hepburn" instead of Garbo vs. Hepburn.

L. M. DAVIS, Boston, Mass.

Do we compare the glorious sun to the pale, enchanting moon? Then why the scintillating Hepburn to the mystic Garbo? Both possess their allotted places in the film firmament; both shine therefrom with individual brilliance and power.

Each inimitable star will continue to shine forth from her particular stellar eminence—undimmed by "odious comparisons."

MRS. FRANK KLOHS, El Paso, Texas

How futile is the argument over Garbo and Hepburn, yet how interesting and self-revealing. One cannot compare them. Both are great. Both have the ability of touching the divine spark of creative power so completely that the audience forgets the personality of the actress and is "one" with the character portrayed.

Garbo is the well-seasoned actress in full possession of her powers. Hepburn is not as well-seasoned yet, but just as much of a genius. Our personal likings are what make us say we like one more than the other.

EMEROI C. STACY, Portland, Ore.

GOOD TEAM-WORK

I have always thought George Raft just a clever gangster type—Carole Lombard a glorified, gaspy doll, but after seeing them in "Bolero," I humbly acknowledge my mistake.

They had the power to make me forget they were acting. Maybe it's the savage lurking in most of us—possibly those drums—sobbing, throbbing. While on the stage the most beautiful dance ever screened held me enchanted.

JANE B. CLAPP, Los Angeles, Calif.

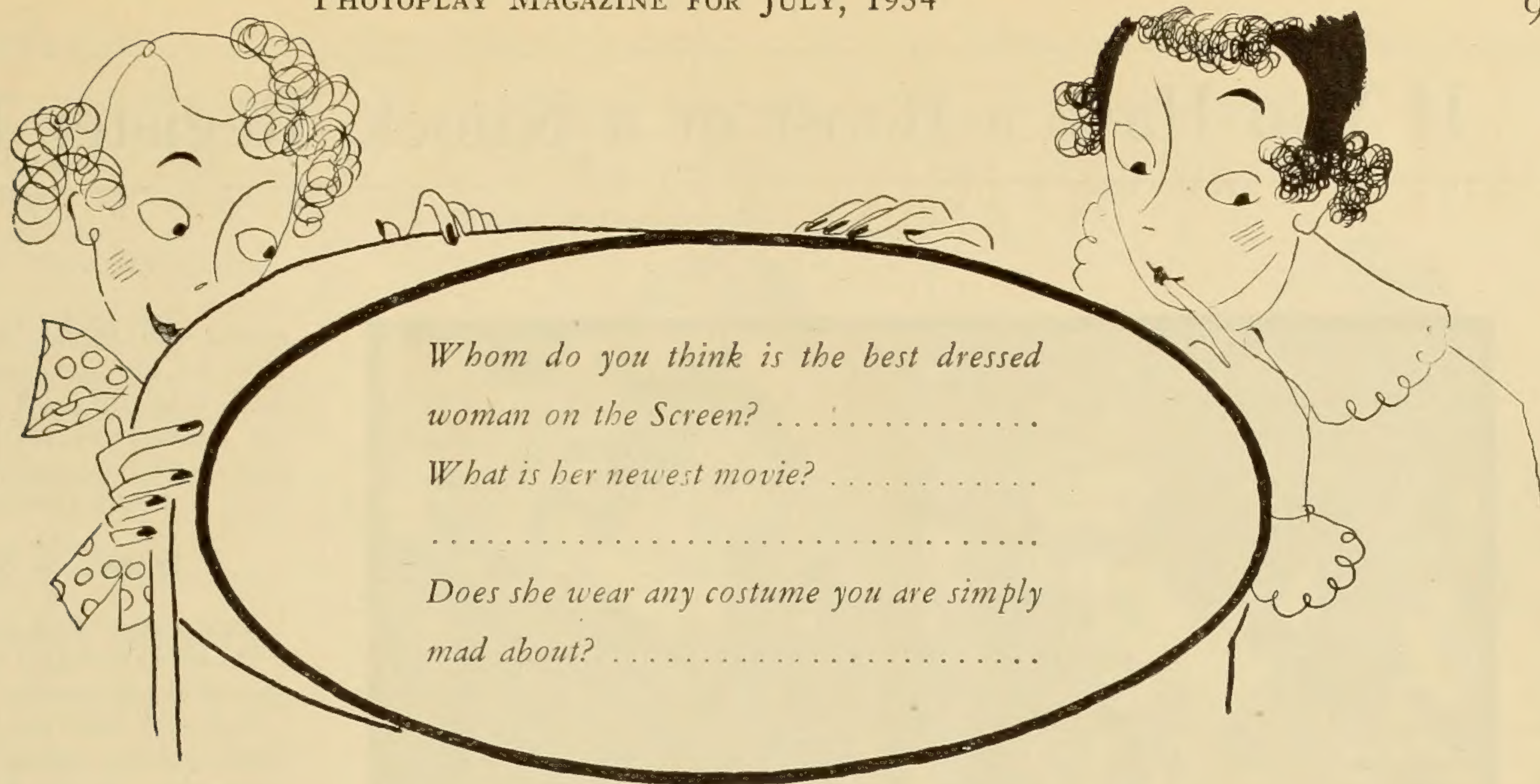
A REAL SERVICE

It was consoling indeed to this pessimist to see the effect a picture like "It Happened One Night" had upon an average audience.

Every girl pictured herself as the charming, young heiress (Claudette Colbert) in love with that lovable scamp of a newspaper man (Clark Gable) in whose shoes every man would liked to have been.

What a relief! Whew! It seems to me that if a movie can put so many people in a good

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]



Well, nine chances out of ten
you can get the twin of that very costume in

BAMBERGER'S CINEMA SHOP



● and nowhere else in New Jersey. For Bamberger's Cinema Shop (barely a year old) has already become a mecca for smart photoplay-goers. They find there the newest clothes worn in the newest pictures by the fashion-leaders of the screen. Approved by Photoplay's Fashion Editor, they find each enchanting garment tagged with the name of the star and the picture in which she wears the original. And they find them the very week that the picture opens on Broadway! The Cinema Shop is on Bamberger's third floor. Photoplay cordially urges you to visit it early and often.

L. BAMBERGER & CO.—One of America's Great Stores—Newark, New Jersey

If You Have a Boost or a Knock, Register It Here

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]



Wealthy Claudette Colbert and reporter Clark Gable have certainly got tongues wagging over their work in "It Happened One Night!"

mood, it has been of service in promoting a new optimistic outlook among American people.

LENORE M. TOBIAS, New York, N. Y.

I OFFER YOU

Congratulations Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable. "It Happened One Night" brings my whole-hearted applause.

It happened one Saturday afternoon for me, however. I came out of the theater singing the praises of the new Clark Gable and "The Man on the Flying Trapeze." I advised everyone I met to see the picture and have never seen more beaming countenances or heard more pleasing impressions carried away from a picture play. The entire company was splendid and, of course, that goes for the director and author, too.

LOUISE L. LOOMIS, Indianapolis, Ind.

CLAPPING FOR CLARK

This afternoon I saw Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert in "It Happened One Night."

This time I went to blame, but I have come away loudly praising. There's a new Clark Gable! A sincere, funny, friendly, human person—the sort we like to meet and know. Why, he didn't even appear to mind having his hair mussed up!

Please—won't the producers give us more of this *new* Clark Gable? We like our movie heroes handsome, but we like 'em human, too.

MARY C. BROWN, Birmingham, Ala.

WELL DONE

I find that the Athenians miss the old Westerns, but enjoy the other films almost as well. Of course, the audience does not

understand the talking. But seems to enjoy the show just as much. Which proves that the superb acting in our films is sufficient to bring out every thought without words.

BASIL G. SHROPULOS, Athens, Greece.

A TRANSFORMATION

The shades are carefully pulled down, and the door is locked. She is ready for bed, but sleep is impossible. From beneath her pillow, she pulls a copy of PHOTOPLAY. As she glances through the pages, an idea comes to her.

Sleep is forgotten as she sits before her

mirror and applies the make-up with care. Now for the hair. She refers to the beauty pages many times. There! It is fixed just like her favorite star's. Can this be the same woman who was so weary an hour ago?

ANN OSBORNE, Wrangell, Alaska

MADE—A NEW FRIEND

I am a junior high school student. Recently I was asked to lead a Girl Reserve meeting on the subject of movies.

It would take too long to review all our topics, but the last one we discussed was movie magazines. At this point one of the teachers said, "I had never read a movie magazine until I was preparing for this meeting. Then I decided that instead of just blindly condemning them I would see what they were really like. I did—and now I want to say that I think movie magazines have a real value as a guide to current pictures.

"I have always believed in movies as an educational medium and the best way to choose the good from the bad is to take the authority of a reliable magazine."

PHOTOPLAY was voted the "best."

LOUISE GERHART, Houston, Texas

JOAN AND FRANCHOT

So, Joan Crawford's latest picture is "Sadie McKee," with Franchot Tone. I anticipate a splendid acting job and know this team will come through with flying colors.

HELEN O'BRIEN, Kansas City, Mo.

For once, adjectives fail me. The reason for my enthusiasm is that delightful actor, Franchot Tone.

His performance in "Moulin Rouge" is something to stand up and cheer about. Franchot is a true sophisticate, with a great deal of charm, poise.

His splendid speaking voice is one of his most valuable assets.

MURIEL MARKS, New York, N. Y.



Everyone's anxious to get a look in at Crawford's "Sadie McKee." Franchot Tone's being teamed with Joan makes things about perfect

YES, PRONTO!

Something must be done about the ravishing Constance Bennett! She really is fascinating. In "Moulin Rouge" Connie had a chance to show her great acting ability. Let's have more of her excellent work! Pronto!

DOROTHY SCOTT, Sayre, Okla.

A "CALL TO ARMS"

Hear ye! Hedda Hopper devotees! Let's get together and do our durndest for Hedda!

Hedda is one of the few "old timers" who has really "weathered the storm of time," and is still a favorite. She is commended highly whether her rôle is big or small.

WENDELL GULDIN, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

THE POWER BEHIND THE FILM

As a welfare worker, I often come in contact with prison matrons and attendants. An attendant told me recently that on the day following the weekly movie at one of our state prisons, the attitude of the whole convict family was changed.

They were easier to control, better satisfied with conditions and happier at their work.

Let's give all shut-ins more movies. Wholesome pictures of life, with humor, hope and encouragement. I say, "On with the movies!"

ELEANOR BERNARD, Raleigh, N. C.

BETTER HURRY!

Five miles out of this city, there is the Carpenters' Home—a magnificent miniature city in itself.

Men come from all over the United States to spend their reclining days. They are treated royally, given every entertainment.

I believe they enjoy most the Tuesday night "talkie." And who do you think is their favorite? Did you say Mae West? Right!

Something must be done about it, and I suggest that you send West East, before these Easterners all go West.

M. LOUISE GODDARD, Lakeland, Fla.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12]



Once a handsome hero favorite of silent pictures, Conway Tearle has turned to character rôles. He is featured in "Stingaree"

IM BORED AND LONESOME.
LET'S SEE WHAT'S IN
THE PAPER TONIGHT



ANOTHER LIFEBOUY AD. I
ALWAYS READ THEM, BUT
I CAN'T BELIEVE NICE
PEOPLE HAVE "B.O."



HERE'S THE HEART PROBLEM
COLUMN... LETTER FROM A GIRL
SIGNED "LONESOME," NO FRIENDS,
NO DATES, WONDERS WHY.
MY EXPERIENCE EXACTLY!



WHAT! THE EDITOR ASKS HER
IF SHE'S CAREFUL ENOUGH ABOUT
"B.O."... EASY TO OFFEND...
FOLLY TO TAKE CHANCES...



JUST WHAT THE LIFEBOUY ADS.
HAVE BEEN SAYING. HAVE I
BEEN FOOLING MYSELF BY
DISREGARDING THEM? I'D BETTER
GET LIFEBOUY AND PLAY SAFE



A DAILY HABIT NOW

WHAT A GRAND BATH!
OCEANS OF LATHER AND
HOW FRESH AND CLEAN
LIFEBOUY ALWAYS
MAKES ME FEEL



Popularity comes WHEN "B.O." GOES



LOVE TO GO, TOM,
BUT MAKE IT NEXT
WEEK I'M ALL DATED
UP THIS WEEK!

YOU'RE GETTING
SO POPULAR A
FELLOW HAS TO
STAND IN LINE
TO GET A DATE



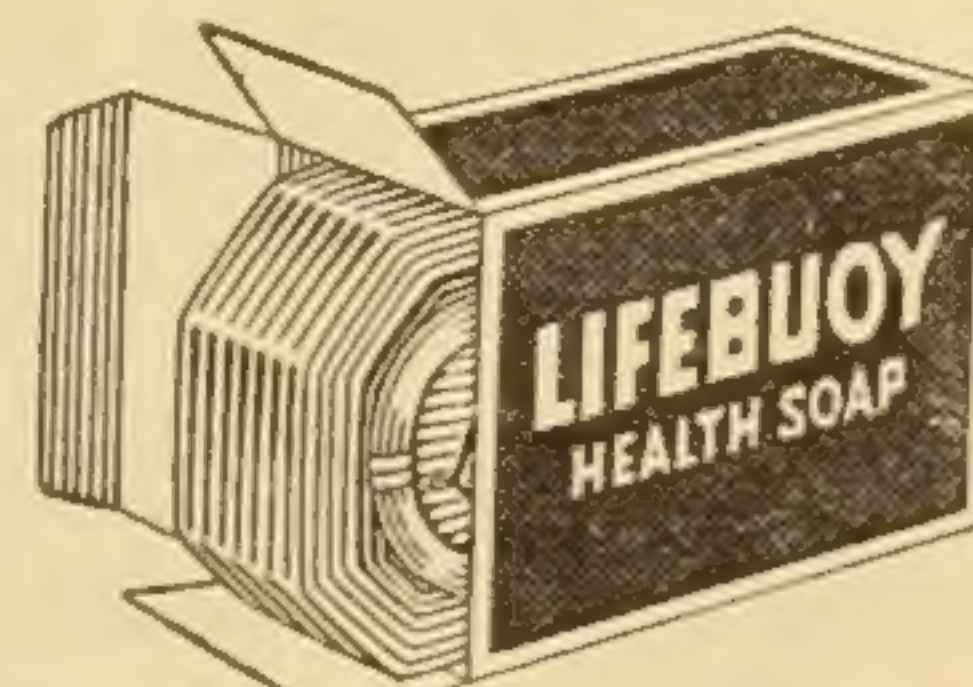
HE SAID NICE THINGS ABOUT
MY COMPLEXION TONIGHT.
THAT'S ANOTHER WAY
LIFEBOUY'S HELPED ME!

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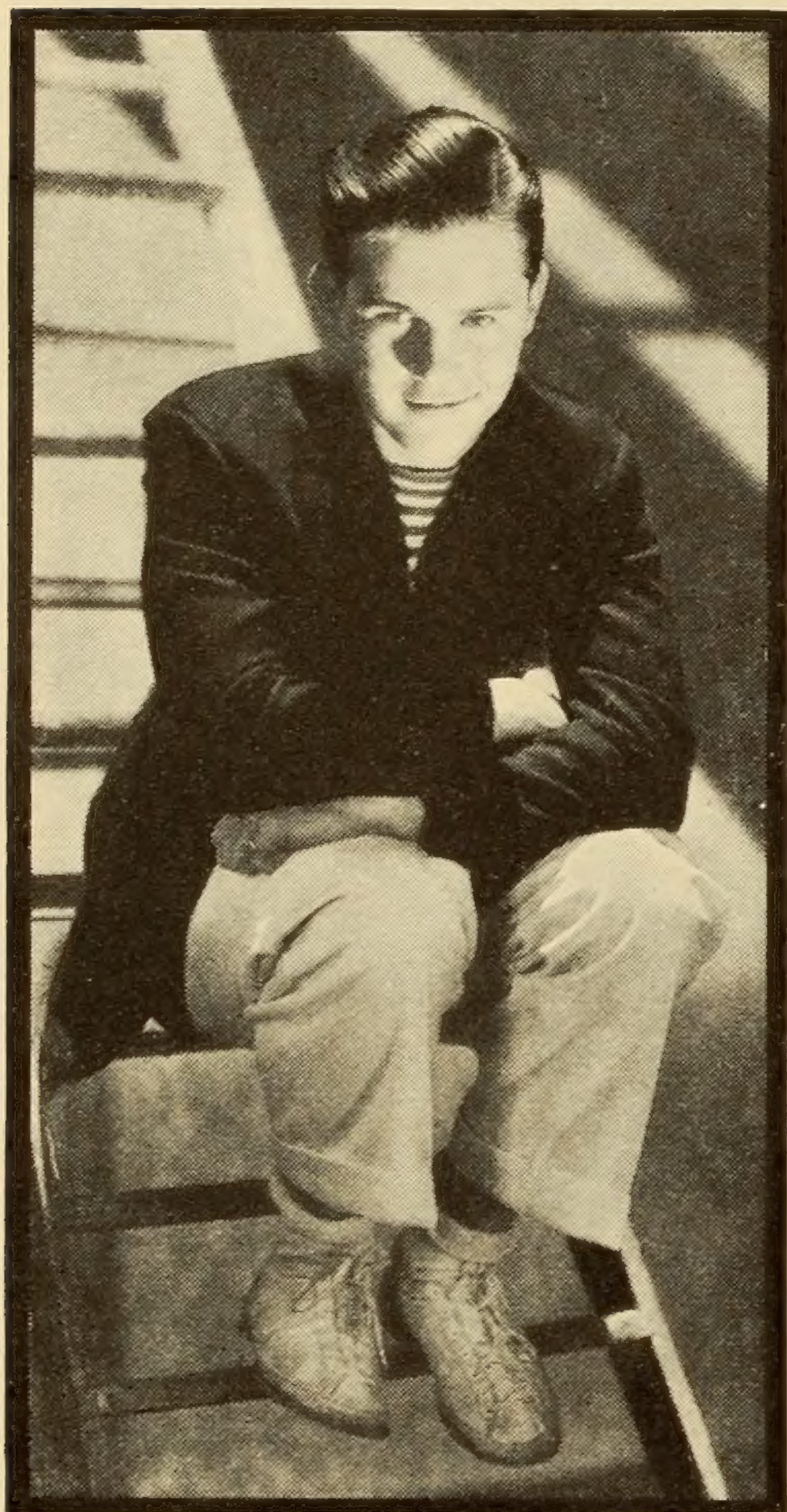
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Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11]



Folks have naught but praise for young Tom Brown. And their plea is that the boy be given his rightful place in the movie sun—a spot truly worthy of his unusual talent

HEAR THAT, TOM?

Isn't it about time that the superlative talents of young Tom Brown be accorded greater recognition?

This boy has given an outstanding performance in every picture in which he has appeared. In my opinion, he is one of the finest artists on the screen today, for his work is consistently good.

EMILY RICHARDS, Los Angeles, Calif.

ACTION WITH THE WORDS

The miracle of the talking screen was aptly demonstrated in the case of a friend, recently immigrated from Poland. Six months ago his efforts to master English caused me to take a few helpful steps.

I secured an English text book, and a child's primer, but soon found that words of more than one syllable taxed his power to enunciate.

Accidentally, we stumbled across a solution.

Emerging from his first "talkie," my friend spoke correctly several three and four syllable words which had been used by the characters on the screen. To me it was a revelation.

The drama enacted before his eyes had given those words unforgettable depth and meaning.

GERALD J. LANE, Indianapolis, Ind.

"NAPOLEON'S GHOST"

I am greatly interested in Winifred Aydelotte's article in your June issue, titled "Napoleon's Ghost Walks Out on Warners."

Why Richard Barthelmess has been overlooked as a possibility for the rôle of Napoleon, is beyond me. Certainly in stature and appearance Dick is more like the famous emperor than any of the men who have been considered for the part. And I feel sure he would give an outstanding performance. So I register a plea that his studio give Richard Barthelmess the break he deserves. He will not fail!

MAY MARSHALL, Baltimore, Md.

In spite of Edward G. Robinson's anxiety to play Napoleon, which prompted him to read extensively on the life of the Little Corporal, and his being just the right height, a certain vital something is lacking. And this entirely aside from the fact that Hollywood experts have had so much difficulty in making him up for Napoleonic screen tests.

Of the men mentioned in your June PHOTOPLAY article, my vote goes to either Charlie Chaplin or Richard Barthelmess.

ROBERT FIELDSTON, Portland, Me.

GARBO, TRIUMPHANT

The Beaux Arts Ball held at the Royal York Hotel, Toronto, was a brilliant event—gay costumes formed a kaleidoscope against a background of silver.

Ermine and pearls, purple and gold brought no prize to the feet of lovely Marie Antoinette, Victoria the Good, or Queen Elizabeth. But Queen Christina, disguised as a Swedish peasant youth in a black velvet suit with stiff white collar, was crowned winner. When the mysterious one took her bow we cheered, our admiration overwhelming our envy. Miles away from the great cinema center Garbo had scored again!

MOYNA KANE, Goderich, Ont., Canada

EXCELLENT IDEA

You make it easy for your readers to unfasten the staples that bind PHOTOPLAY, slip out the pages of the absorbing new serial, "I Want a Baby," and grip them in a spring binder, so that they may have the completed story for their bookcases.

For several years I have been saving all the portraits that appear in your popular magazine. And now I have two big books of beautiful treasured portraits of the stars.

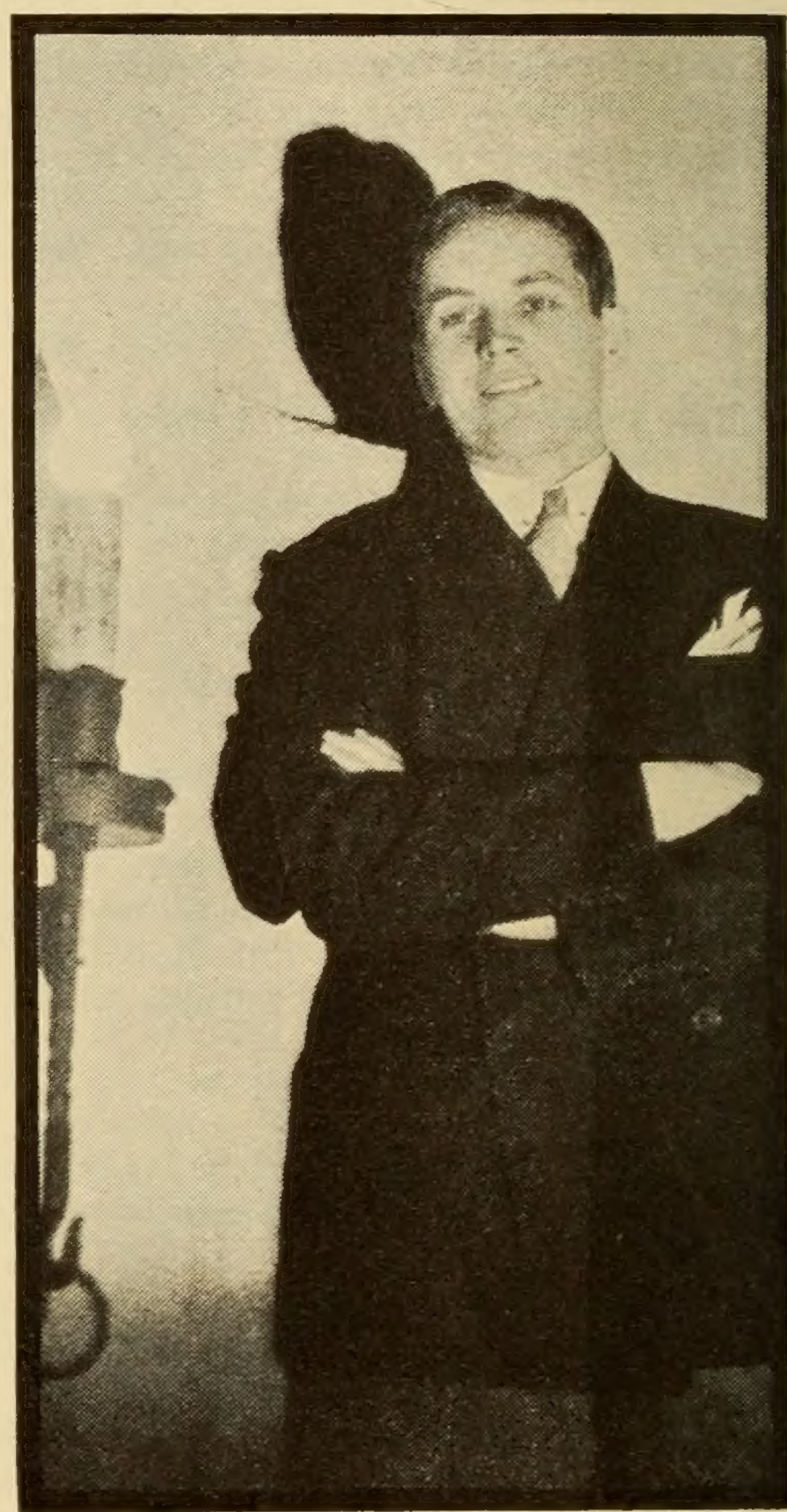
V. BELGARBO, Chicago, Ill.

A GRAND OLD LADY

Bring me wagons, trucks and baggage cars. I long to fill them with the earth's most aromatic blossoms to pile in admiration at the feet of Henrietta Crosman. To no one would I contribute my posies with a less beatific feeling.

Could there be more? Oh, yes! Last night I saw Miss Crosman as the lovable, attractive matchmaker in "3 On a Honeymoon" overshadow the younger stars and—oh, steadily do her glories mount.

RUBY M. CHAPMAN, Montgomery, Ala.



With only "Melody in Spring" to his film credit, handsome Lanny Ross of radio fame is already monarch of many feminine hearts. That is, if "Bouquets" from our readers tell any tale

KING OF HEARTS

I have just seen that magnificent musical production, "Melody in Spring," with Lanny Ross.

He is one of the most handsome men on the screen.

Besides, his voice seems to send a thrill through your whole body, and his personality is overwhelming.

KATHERINE FORD, Chicago, Ill.

DUST OFF THE OLD REELS

The other evening I had a very pleasant surprise. Besides the feature picture at our local theater, there was shown a film of 1915 vintage.

It was an old silent, and regardless of jerky sequences I enjoyed it one hundred per cent. The characters' emotions, their clothes, the plot—all tickled my fancy. And I wasn't alone in my amusement.

If producers would resurrect those old "silents" and dish them out to us as present day shorts, how much better they would be than the so-called comedies offered now.

We might not know the stars of '15, but we would enjoy their efforts.

MAEBELLE E. WATTS, Miami, Fla.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 16]

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

DARK HAZARD—First National.—Fascinated by a greyhound named *Dark Hazard* and by the racing fever, Eddie Robinson loses wife Genevieve Tobin through neglect. Grand night scenes at the dog track. (Feb.)

★ **DAVID HARUM** — Fox. — Same old Will Rogers, this time as a small town banker who goes in for horse trading on the side. Some of the trades will have you in stitches. Evelyn Venable and Kent Taylor. (May)

DAWN TO DAWN—Cameron Macpherson Prod.—With little dialogue, this film of the plains depends entirely upon the dramatic interpretation of its characters—Julie Haydon, Frank Eklof, Ole M. Ness—for its success. (March)

★ **DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY**—Paramount.—As *Death*, who mingles with guests at a house party, and finds love with Evelyn Venable, Fredric March is superb. Grand supporting cast. (April)

DER SOHN DER WEISSEN BERGE (THE SON OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS)—Itala Film.—Luis Trenker, skiing hero, and cast do good work. But the gorgeous Alpine views run away with this German-made film. (Jan.)

★ **DESIGN FOR LIVING**—Paramount.—Noel Coward's unconventional stage play of a triangle, involving two men (Fredric March and Gary Cooper) and a woman (Miriam Hopkins). Excellent. Sophisticated. (Jan.)

DEVIL TIGER—Fox.—Thrilling experiences of Harry Woods, Kane Richmond and Marion Burns in the Malay jungle, as they set about capturing the man-eating Devil Tiger. (April)

★ **DUCK SOUP**—Paramount.—The Four Marx Brothers get mixed up in a revolution in a mythical country—and boy, how they get mixed up! A riot of fun. (Jan.)

EAST OF FIFTH AVENUE—Columbia.—Melodrama centering around the lives of ten people who live in a cheap New York rooming house. Dorothy Tree, Mary Carlisle, Walter Connolly and Wallace Ford. Just fair. (Feb.)

EASY MILLIONS—Freuler Film.—A fine mix-up when "Skeets" Gallagher finds himself engaged to three girls at the same time. Johnny Arthur is his professorish roommate. Good supporting cast. (Feb.)

EASY TO LOVE—Warners.—Light entertainment with Adolphe Menjou, Genevieve Tobin, Mary Astor and Edward Everett Horton in an amusing marital mix-up. (April)

EAT 'EM ALIVE—Real Life Pictures.—A nature drama about snakes and gila monsters. Perhaps a bit too gruesome for women and children. (Feb.)

EIGHT GIRLS IN A BOAT—Paramount.—Dorothy Wilson, as the academy student facing motherhood, and Douglass Montgomery, as the boy, do nice work in this rather odd tale. Walter Connolly, Kay Johnson. (March)

EVER SINCE EVE—Fox.—Gold digger Mary Brian causes all sorts of complications for mine owners George O'Brien and Herbert Mundin. Lots of laughs. (April)

FAREWELL TO LOVE—Associated Sound Film.—Especially for those who enjoy Italian opera airs. Jan Kiepura, tenor, and Heather Angel do the best possible with their rôles. (Feb.)

★ **FASHIONS OF 1934**—First National.—Scheming the foremost designers out of exclusive models, William Powell, with the aid of Bette Davis, and Frank McHugh, comes through with as clever a presentation as you have yet seen. (March)

FEMALE—First National.—Ruth Chatterton, who toys with men in her own motor company, melts before George Brent. Chatterton fine. (Jan.)

FEROCIOUS PAL—Principal Pictures.—Pretty amateurish work by entire cast, except Kazan, a German shepherd dog, who is an actor. (May)

FINISHING SCHOOL—RKO-Radio.—Sick of society's snobbery, wealthy Frances Dee leaves the fashionable school and takes poor interne Bruce Cabot for better or for worse. Enjoyable. (June)

★ **FLYING DOWN TO RIO**—RKO-Radio.—A decided change is this musical in which Gene Raymond pursues Dolores Del Rio to Rio de Janeiro by plane. Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers contribute some grand comedy and dancing. (March)

FOG—Columbia.—Three murders take place on a fog-enveloped ocean liner. Donald Cook is the detective in love with Mary Brian. Reginald Denny, also in love with her, is the chief suspect. Just so-so. (March)

Are you an "ingenue?" Are you a "character type?" Are you a "juvenile?" Would you like a free Screen Test—a free Hollywood Casting Report? Would you like to get into the movies? Hollywood is looking for new stars—through snapshots! The Agfa Test for Hollywood is your real opportunity for motion picture fame!

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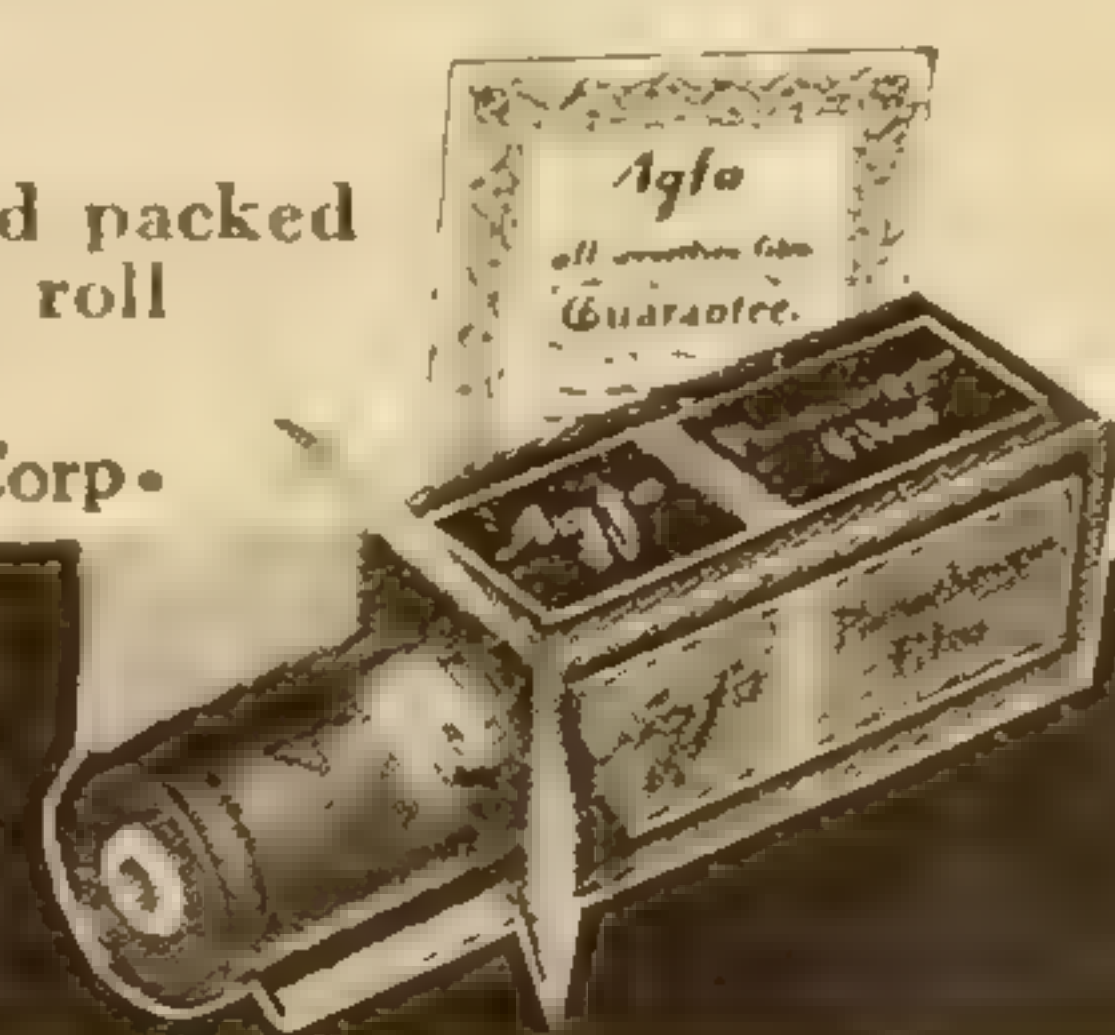
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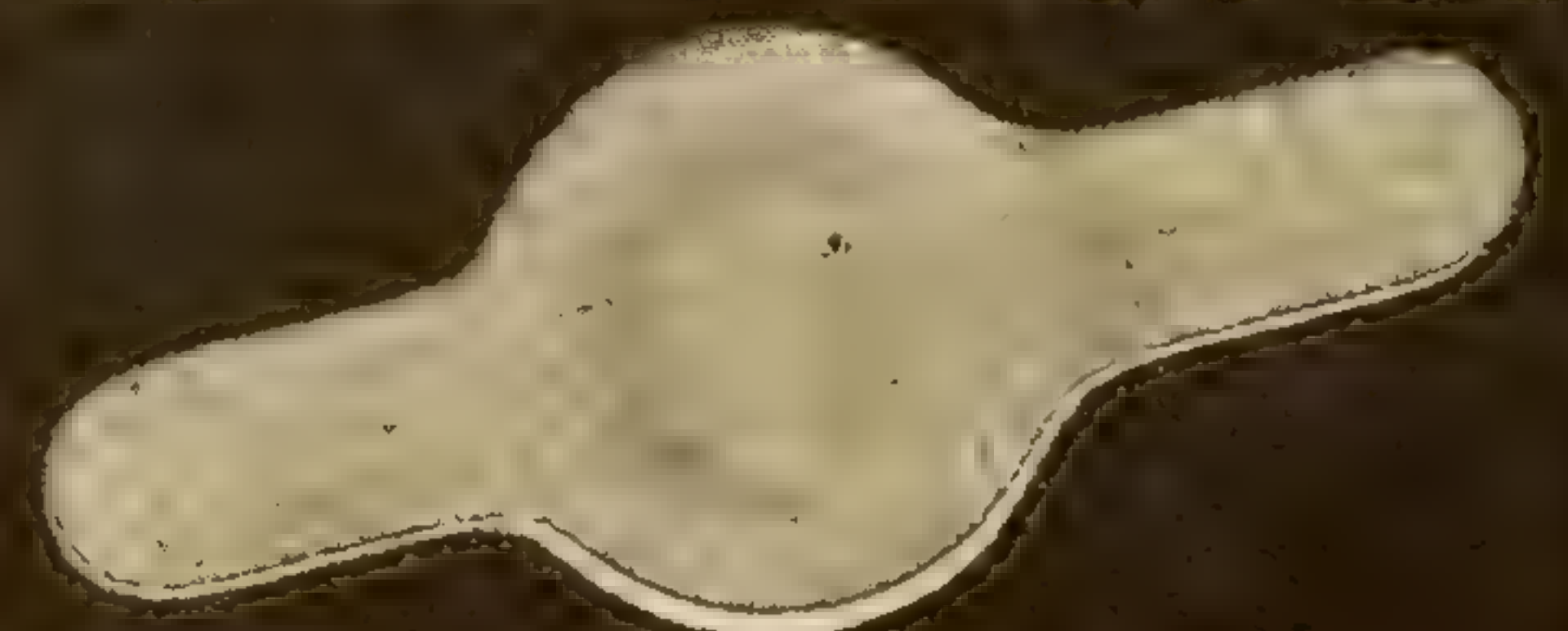




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CORN PLASTERS

Johnson & Johnson

FOUND ALIVE—Ideal Pictures.—A dull yarn which has for its locale the jungles of the Rio Grande, where divorcee Barbara Bedford hides out with her son. Good animal shots. (May)

FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE—Paramount.—The experiences of Claudette Colbert, Herbert Marshall, William Gargan and Mary Boland, lost in the Malay jungle. Leo Carrillo is their guide. Unusual. (March)

FRONTIER MARSHAL—Fox.—George O'Brien as a "dude" marshal in a Western town. Ruth Gillette does a Mae West impersonation. Well worth your time. (Feb.)

FUGITIVE LOVERS—M-G-M.—Escaped convict Robert Montgomery falls in love with Madge Evans when he boards a transcontinental bus and accompanies her on the trip. Nat Pendleton, C. Henry Gordon, Ted Healy. Fair. (March)

★ **GALLANT LADY**—20th Century-United Artists.—As the gallant lady in distress, Ann Harding does such fine work that even Clive Brook's exceptional characterization as a social outcast cannot overshadow her performance. Tullio Carminati, Otto Kruger, Dickie Moore, Betty Lawford. (Feb.)

GAMBLING LADY—Warners.—Barbara Stanwyck gambles her way into the heart of Society, Joel McCrea. She's on the level, but finds that Claire Dodd, Joel's old flame, is not. Pat O'Brien. Fair. (May)

★ **GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS**—Fox.—A gay, lively, singing, dancing show with Rudy Vallee and Alice Faye as "Scandals" stars. Adrienne Ames, Cliff Edwards, Jimmy Durante do nice work. (May)

GHOUL, THE—Gaumont-British.—Not nearly up to the standard of former Boris Karloff chillers. Audiences are apt to be amused when action is intended to be most terrifying. (April)

GIRL IN THE CASE, THE—Screen Art Prod.—Dr. Eugen Frenke's (husband of Anna Sten) initial American production is pretty dull fare. Jimmy Savo and Dorothy Darling. (April)

GIRL WITHOUT A ROOM—Paramount.—Charles Farrell, Marguerite Churchill and Charlie Ruggles in a picture that kids the pseudo-art racket in Paris. Light entertainment. (Feb.)

★ **GLAMOUR**—Universal.—This well-directed Edna Ferber story will have great appeal. Constance Cummings, chorine who becomes a star, Paul Lukas, her composer husband, and Phillip Reed, her leading man, all add to the film's merit. (June)

★ **GOING HOLLYWOOD**—M-G-M.—In which Bing Crosby displays real acting ability, and sings some grand songs. Marion Davies was never better. Stuart Erwin, Fifi Dorsay. Colorful ensembles, gorgeous clothes. Well done. (March)

GOOD DAME—Paramount.—The romance of good little Sylvia Sydney and carnival wise-guy Fredric March is a hectic affair. Photography, dialogue and cast fine. (April)

GUN JUSTICE—Universal. (Reviewed under the title "Rider of Justice.")—Ken Maynard shows up in the nick of time to save the pretty girl's ranch in Arizona. The same old hokum. (Jan.)

HAROLD TEEN—Warners.—Screen translation of Carl Ed's famous high school comic strip. Hal LeRoy as *Harold*, and Rochelle Hudson as *Lillums* are perfect. Patricia Ellis. (May)

★ **HAVANA WIDOWS**—First National.—Joan Blondell, Glenda Farrell and Guy Kibbee in a rollicking comedy. A climax that will tickle your risibilities. Good fun. (Jan.)

HEAT LIGHTNING—Warners.—Comedy-drama—comedy supplied by Glenda Farrell, Frank McHugh, Ruth Donnelly; drama by Aline MacMahon, Ann Dvorak, Preston Foster, Lyle Talbot. (May)

HE COULDN'T TAKE IT—Monogram.—Pals Ray Walker and George E. Stone get mixed up with gangsters in a highly amusing comedy concoction. Virginia Cherrill. (Feb.)

HELL AND HIGH WATER—Paramount.—Dick Arlen, owner of a garbage scow, falls heir to a baby and a girl (Judith Allen) at the same time. Dick fine; story poor. (Jan.)

HER SPLENDID FOLLY—Hollywood Pictures.—Generally speaking, this is pretty poor. Lillian Bond plays the rôle of double for a movie star. Alexander Carr is a producer. (Feb.)

HI, NELLIE!—Warners.—Paul Muni splendid as Managing Editor demoted to Heart Throb Department for mugging story. Fast action, suspense, humor make this a movie headliner. Glenda Farrell, Ned Sparks. (April)

HIPS, HIPS, HOORAY—RKO-Radio.—Money disappears and two fakers, Wheeler and Woolsey, in partnership with Thelma Todd and Dorothy Lee, leave town by way of a cross country auto race. Good music and dancing. (March)

HIRED WIFE—Pinnacle Prod.—Poor direction and dialogue keep this picture about the wife (Greta Nissen) hired for one year by Weldon Heyburn far below par. Cast tries hard, but no go. (June)

HIS DOUBLE LIFE—Paramount.—Through a mistake in identity it is believed that artist Roland Young died when his valet passes away. Whereupon Young marries the valet's mail-order fiancée, Lillian Gish. An amusing satire. (March)

HOLD THAT GIRL—Fox.—Plenty of excitement in the lives of detective James Dunn and tabloid reporter Claire Trevor. Romance, humor, and a gangster chase provides thrilling climax. (June)

HOLD THE PRESS—Columbia.—This time Tim McCoy is a newspaper man. He has exciting times trying to expose a group of racketeers, and in the end he does. Good suspense. (Feb.)

★ **HOLLYWOOD PARTY**—M-G-M.—Jimmy Durante's super-special party for Jack Pearl brings about all the hilarity. Lupe Velez, Laurel and Hardy, Polly Moran, Charles Butterworth, Ted Healy and others add their bit of nonsense. (June)

HONOR OF THE WEST—Universal.—A novel Western, with Ken Maynard in a dual rôle, and thrilling us as he rides after Fred Kohler, on his horse Tarzan. Cecilia Parker. (May)

HOOPLA—Fox.—Clara Bow as a carnival dancer. Love interest, Richard Cromwell, whom Clara is paid to vamp—and does she like it? Story so-so. (Jan.)

HORSE PLAY—Universal.—Cowboys Slim Summerville and Andy Devine go to England with a million dollars, just in time to save pretty Leila Hyams from jewel thieves. Just so-so. (Feb.)

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out
your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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★ **HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD, THE**—20th Century-United Artists.—The impressive, historic tale of five brothers who become money powers of Europe. George Arliss at his best as leader. Loretta Young and Robert Young play a tender Jewish-Gentile romance obligato. (May)

★ **HOUSE ON 56TH STREET, THE**—Warners.—After twenty years' unjust imprisonment, Kay Francis' life means little to her. Then it is her lot to save daughter Margaret Lindsay from a similar fate. Ricardo Cortez and Gene Raymond. (Jan.)

★ **I AM SUZANNE!**—Fox.—Lilian Harvey at her best opposite Gene Raymond, a puppeteer, in a brand-new type of entertainment. You'll enjoy watching the performance of the marionettes in this charming romance. (March)

I BELIEVED IN YOU—Fox.—Rosemary Ames' film debut in story of girl who learns what fakers artist friends Victor Jory, Leslie Fenton, George Meeker are, through John Boles. (May)

IF I WERE FREE—RKO-Radio.—Irene Dunne and Clive Brook, both unhappily married, turn to each other for a bit of happiness. Familiar plot, but sophisticated, clever dialogue. Nils Asther, Laura Hope Crews. (Feb.)

I LIKE IT THAT WAY—Universal.—Forever on the lookout for young sister Marian Marsh, Roger Pryor is quite surprised when she unmasks his good girl fiancée Gloria Stuart as a gambling club entertainer. Fair. (March)

I'LL TELL THE WORLD—Universal.—Lots of action as reporters Lee Tracy and Roger Pryor hop about the globe trying to beat each other to the big story of the hour. Gloria Stuart lovely. (June)

INTRUDER, THE—Allied.—Murder at sea, and suspects shipwrecked on desert island inhabited by a crazy Robinson Crusoe. Monte Blue, Lila Lee, Arthur Housman try hard. (May)

INVISIBLE MAN, THE—Universal.—Shivery, this H. G. Wells tale, in which newcomer Claude Rains makes himself invisible—and then loses his reason. A creepy, but compelling picture. (Jan.)

★ **IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT**—Columbia.—Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable, who strike up acquaintance on bus from Miami to New York, have an adventurous trip, indeed. A gay, well directed film. (April)

I'VE GOT YOUR NUMBER—Warners.—Telephone repair men Pat O'Brien and Allen Jenkins, hello girl Joan Blondell keep things moving along. Glenda Farrell, Eugene Pallette. (April)

I WAS A SPY—Fox-Gaumont British.—Allies Herbert Marshall and Madeleine Carroll, as nurse and doctor in enemy hospital, do nice work in good spy story. Conrad Veidt. (April)

JIMMY AND SALLY—Fox.—With the aid of secretary Claire Trevor, publicity director Jimmy Dunn manages to find his way out of all sorts of scrapes that result from his fantastic schemes. Lya Lys, Harvey Stephens. (Feb.)

JIMMY THE GENT—(Reviewed under title "Always a Gent")—Warners.—His followers will like Jimmy Cagney as a legal sharpshooter engaged in the "lost heir racket." Bette Davis, Allen Jenkins, Alice White. (May)

JOURNAL OF A CRIME—Warners.—A splendid psychological study of a woman who has killed her rival, Claire Dodd, in order to hold husband, Adolphe Menjou. Drama with strong feminine appeal. (May)

KADETEN (Cadets)—Reichsliga-film Prod.—An unwilling student at military school (Franz Fiedler) dedicates many musical compositions to his young stepmother, Trude von Molo. German, with English titles. (March)

KEEP 'EM ROLLING—RKO-Radio.—A man, his horse and the bond existant between them. Walter Huston's devotion to Rodney through war and peace. Frances Dee, Minna Gombell. (April)

KING FOR A NIGHT—Universal.—Chester Morris, a swell-headed, though likable prize-fighter, stands the consequences for something sister Helen Twelvetrees has done. Exciting. (Jan.)

LADY KILLER—Warners.—When ex-girl friend Mae Clarke becomes a nuisance, Jimmy Cagney tries the new stunt of dragging her about by the hair. Margaret Lindsay, Leslie Fenton. Fast comedy, but unconvincing story. (Feb.)

LAST ROUND-UP, THE—Paramount.—Monte Blue, Fred Kohler and Fuzzy Knight in a Western that boasts plenty of action and good suspense. Randolph Scott and Barbara Fritchie provide the romance. (March)

LAZY RIVER—M-G-M.—Old-fashioned melodrama, but pleasing just the same. Robert Young plans to rob Jean Parker, but falls in love with her instead. Locale, Louisiana bayous. (May)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 116]



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TODAY, ZIP is the only Epilator available for actually destroying hair growths. So simple. So quick. It leaves no trace of hair. It is ideal for face, arms, legs and underarms. Pleasant to use, and delightfully fragrant, ZIP acts immediately and brings lasting results. Why delay? Use ZIP, which *permanently destroys hair*

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The Audience Talks Back

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]



THE WELCOME MAT IS OUT

After what seems an eternity, Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell, our wish has been granted. You are teamed once again.

Why such an inspiring, romantic pair was ever separated on the screen has remained a mystery.

Certainly neither of you has enjoyed the success of co-starring days. But then, I suppose even Hollywood must live and learn.

We welcome you back Janet and Charlie in "Change of Heart." Your loyal followers have eagerly awaited this day of happy reunion.

BERTHA REXFORD, Washington, D. C.

BET YOU CAUGHT THE GERM, TOO

I invented a new game yesterday. Shortly before two o'clock I watched the crowd going into our local theater. Happening to pass the theater around five, I waited to see if I could catch any of the same faces coming out. So many of the in-goers had shown fatigue, and I was curious to see if I could observe any change.

And there was! It was uncanny. I saw at least a dozen that I remembered. And their faces were still alight with the merriment of the glorious picture they had witnessed.

T. MORRIS LONGSTRETH, Ottawa, Canada

RAH FOR WESTERNS!

A man beset by worries all day and in need of relaxation chooses a Western in preference to heavy drama. Open air life, astonishing athletic feats, superb horsemanship all have an exhilarating attraction for the average movie-goer who dwells in an apartment the year around.

Plots are simplicity itself, wherein hero and villain are unmistakably defined. Dialogue is comprehensible, action predominates, scenic beauty is inspiring.

W. L. KRING, Hoopeston, Ill.

Everyone is eager to see Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell in "Change of Heart," their first new co-starring film. It's easy to tell from the volume of mail that there has been no "change of heart" on the part of their devotees

"Let's have more of her excellent work," cries go up in the Constance Bennett camp. "Pronto!" And, as though in answer, "Affairs of Cellini," her next with Fredric March and Frank Morgan, the latter as Duke of Florence, is announced

LET ARTISTRY RULE

I wonder how many of us give a moment's thought to those unsung performers who really make the picture—the supporting players.

Critics may rave over the Barrymores, the Dresslers, the Garbos, and the Hepburns, but what about the long list of players whose names never appear in electric lights?

Year after year they continue giving artistic and satisfying performances, each lending his bit to the pictures. The star system seems to be on the wane and rightly so. Let more attention be paid to turning out an artistic production and less to providing a vehicle in which an individual star can shine.

KENNETH WRIGHT, Hastings, Neb.

CHILDREN'S MATINEE

Every Saturday afternoon a children's movie program is presented in our suburban theater. It is an innovation which I believe should be used over the entire country. What a thrill for a child to be told he can go to see his very own entertainment!

This keeps the child's mind bright and happy, and provides a wholesomeness which is his birthright. And because we can't keep the children away from the movies, selected programs would solve a great problem for the nation's mothers.

J. B. B., Cincinnati, Ohio

WE HOPE IT WON'T

I am a school teacher and am sponsoring a club for girls of adolescent age. A feature of our weekly programs is a discussion of current



films, analyzing them in every department—production, story, cast, cinematography.

Realizing that it is virtually impossible to forbid certain pictures to youngsters, teachers are now trying to educate the tastes and raise the standards of children to a point where they themselves will discriminate in favor of the better productions.

Of course, it is impossible for me to see all the pictures seen by seventy-five girls, and yet I must be ready for questions on every picture introduced. Therefore, I do the next best thing—I buy PHOTOPLAY every month, study "The Shadow Stage," and base my decisions on the reviews. This method has never failed me.

GJERTRUD SMITH, Hollywood, Calif.

The next time a headache won't let you sleep



DON'T LIE AWAKE and toss. Relief for that dull head . . . relaxation for those taut nerves . . . restful, refreshing sleep . . . are no farther away than your medicine cabinet.

Just take Bromo-Seltzer—drink it as it fizzes in the glass. You get the benefits almost immediately.

As Bromo-Seltzer dissolves, it effervesces. This is one of the reasons why it relieves gas on the stomach so promptly. Then it quickly relieves headache, too.

At the same time your nerves are soothed . . . you are gently steadied and relaxed. And all the while needed alkali is supplied through citric salts which contribute to alkalinity. Your head clears . . . worry and nervousness disappear . . . and you drift pleasantly into normal sleep before you know it!

Bromo-Seltzer — the multi-purpose remedy

Only a balanced preparation like Bromo-Seltzer could work so effectively. No mere pain-killer could do it. Not just one, but *five* separate ingredients are combined in Bromo-Seltzer—each with a special purpose. Consequently, you get *five* needed benefits. And Bromo-Seltzer works *faster* because you take it as a *liquid*.

Bromo-Seltzer is so pleasant to take—and so *dependable*, too. Contains no narcotics and it never upsets the stomach. Indeed, it has been a standby for over forty years.

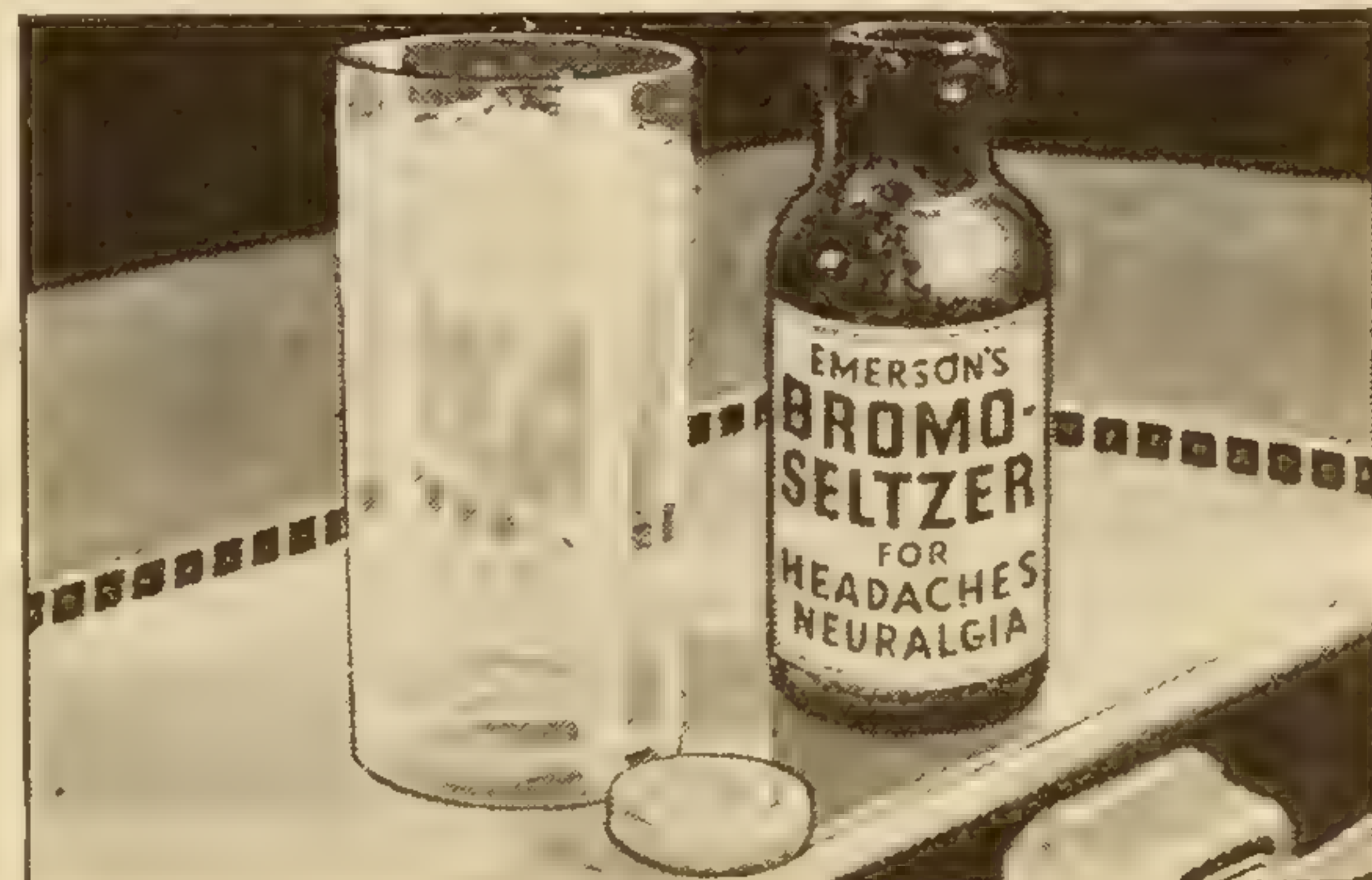
Keep the large, economical family-size bottle on hand. Ready at a moment's notice to banish headache, neuralgia or other pain of nerve origin. You can also get Bromo-

Seltzer by the dose at any soda fountain. But make certain of the one and only Bromo-Seltzer. Look for the full name "Emerson's Bromo-Seltzer" on the label and blown into the famous blue bottle. Imitations are *not* the same *balanced* preparation . . . are *not* made under the same careful laboratory control. Sold by druggists everywhere. Emerson Drug Company, Baltimore.

NOTE: In cases of persistent headaches, where the cause might be some organic trouble, you should of course consult your physician.

EMERSON'S

BROMO-SELTZER



Quick

Pleasant

Reliable



LILLIAN KENTON'S teeth are as smart as her hat—an all-over stitched organza original model by Anne Davis, New York.

Famed New York milliner Lilly Daché created this sport hat worn by BETTY DOUGLAS. Dress from Youthful Fashion.



NANCY ROGERS smiles for many New York photographers, this time in a black tucked chiffon with pink organza collar from Bergdorf-Goodman.



choose your
tooth paste
for
beauty
results



"For those soft high lights... to give my teeth the freshness and sparkle so important in photography... I prefer Listerine Tooth Paste to any other," says Miss Lillian Kenton, popular New York model.

Miss Kenton confirms what millions of other women have learned about Listerine Tooth Paste. Here at only 25¢ a tube is a formula which for thorough cleansing, for the high polish it gives enamel, is liked better than brands costing twice as much!

No wonder this modern dentifrice numbers among its users thousands of women who can pay any amount for clothes—who enjoy the most expen-

LARGE TUBE
25¢

NEW DOUBLE SIZE 40¢

sive luxuries of every kind. It does clean better! Film and stains disappear with a minimum of brushing. And there is that wonderfully fresh, clean feeling of the mouth after its use—the effect you associate with Listerine itself.

Now—in addition to the money-saving 25¢ tube, you can buy Listerine Tooth Paste in the new Double Size,

BABS LEE is always in demand for fashions. Her mushroom leghorn hat is from Saly-mil-Milgrim, New York.

...as they do!



40¢. This new size contains *twice* as much—saves 20% more! Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

Protect yourself from loose bristles!
PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC TOOTH BRUSH
with PERMA-GRIP
(U. S. PAT. No. 1472165)



Scotty Welbourne

SINCE deserting Broadway for Hollywood two years ago, Verree Teasdale has made rapid strides to movie fame. Her most difficult problem has been trying to get her name spelled correctly. And Miss Teasdale is changing that any day now, to Mrs. Adolphe Menjou. She is gowned in pearls and ruffles for her rôle in "Madame Du Barry"



SCULDUGGERY in the offing! And it must be bad if it scares a pirate! *Jim Hawkins* (Jackie Cooper), young hero of "Treasure Island," offers his assistance to *Billie Bones* (Lionel Barrymore). *Billie*, in modern lingo, is "on the spot!" Robert Louis Stevenson's much loved adventure story of a search for treasure is being filmed by M-G-M



Gene Kornman

THIS smiling gentleman has faced cameras thousands of times, but for the child it is a rare experience. It's Harold Lloyd with his youngster, Harold Junior. The Lloyds have been extremely careful to guard their children against publicity, and very few photographs of them have been printed. You'll see Harold Senior soon in "The Cat's-Paw"

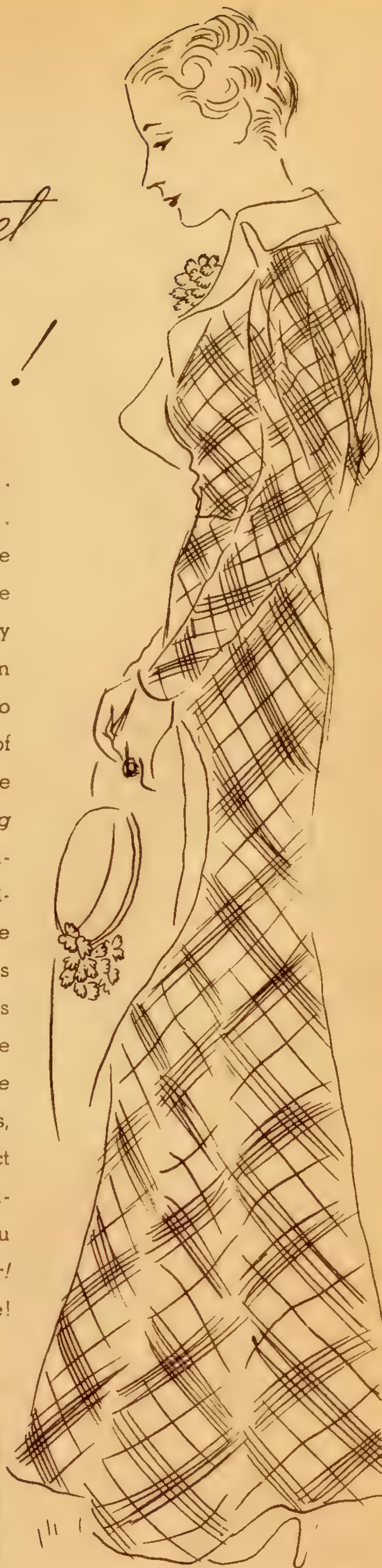
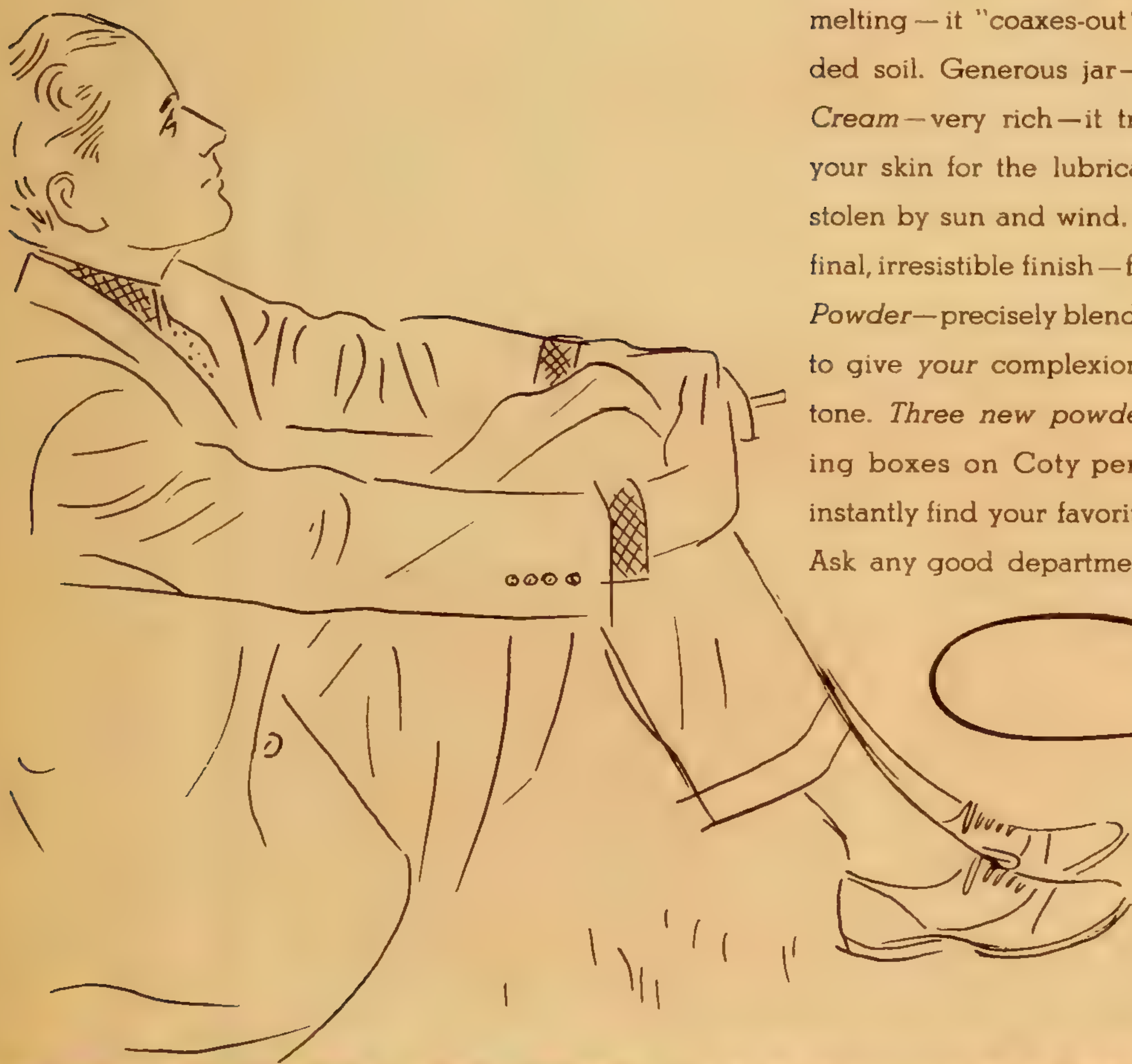


Elmer Fryer

PROMINENT on Broadway for over thirty years, Helen Lowell has started now on a movie career. This portrait of Miss Lowell, gowned in white chiffon for her rôle in "Midnight Alibi," proves that beauty need not be identified exclusively with youth. One of her best stage rôles was Miss Hazy in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"

Glorious Summer Sunshine—yet CRUEL to Your Face!

Summer days! Smooth white beaches . . . pleasant motor journeys . . . rose gardens . . . meals *al fresco* . . . your body absorbs the sunshine, but . . . The invisible fingers of the wind *rob* your skin of its natural beauty oils; the otherwise-gracious rays of the sun *etch* tiny wrinkles and lines. There's *no escape* for your *face*—but there *is* lots of assistance—and Coty here offers you some of the best! For instance: *Coty Liquefying Cleansing Cream*—penetrating, quick-melting—it “coaxes-out” deeply imbedded soil. Generous jar—\$1. *Coty Tissue Cream*—very rich—it truly compensates your skin for the lubricating natural oils stolen by sun and wind. \$1.50. And—the final, irresistible finish—famous *Coty Face Powder*—precisely blended. A dozen tints, to give *your* complexion its own perfect tone. *Three new powder boxes*, matching boxes on Coty perfumes, help you instantly find your favorite Powder *odeur*! Ask any good department or drug store!



Superbly fine—yet moderately priced—Coty Creams give your face true “under-skin” health . . . the perfect prelude to your use of Coty Face Powder, Coty Lipstick.



he Kornman

UNA MERKEL may look like a lady of leisure, but actually she is one of the hardest workers in all Hollywood. The little M-G-M player has made over thirty pictures in the last four years. One of her most recent movies is "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back," with Una providing the comedy relief in 20th Century's mystery-romance

PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By

Kathryn Dougherty



AT a recent first showing of one of the impressive productions of the year I was moved by the comment of those about me during the intermission. "I just love her in this," remarked one woman back of me, while her companion added, "I think he is grand." Of course, they were referring to the two leading players. Similarly favorable were other words that came to my ears. A man going up the aisle had this to say: "That director is a wonder."

And I got to thinking—audiences heap praise upon the actresses and the actors, on the directors and the authors, but how many think of the "men back of the scenes"—the heads of the producing companies? And I wished that audiences could have the opportunity of meeting and knowing these officials as I do.

EVERY time I meet Louis B. Mayer, vice-president of M-G-M in charge of production, I am re-impressed with his honesty as a producer and his sincerity as a man. To his indefatigable energy, his high ideals and his just and fair dealings with his associates, his players, his subordinates and, lastly, his picture public, may be attributed, in large measure, the phenomenal success and prestige that the M-G-M Studios enjoy.

Froth is not infrequently spun by studio publicity departments and blown everywhere on the gale of ballyhoo, to create or to maintain false reputations. Mr. Mayer's fame needs no such factitious aid. To know him is to admire and respect him.

RUN over in your mind the pictures with whose names you associate these great artists: Helen Hayes, Greta Garbo, Lionel and John Barrymore, Norma Shearer, Wallace Beery, Marie Dressler, Joan Crawford, Frank Morgan, Otto Kruger. What a range they represent of great emotional drama! Not one picture you identify with these players is tawdry or "sexy." Each one is a definite, purposeful story; nearly every one measures up to the ideals of the ancient Greeks that the purpose of drama is to purify the emotions.

What could be more moving than "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," more thrilling than "Viva Villa," as touching as "Smilin' Through"? And stored in your memory forever are "Min and Bill," "Queen Christina," "Grand Hotel," "Dinner at Eight" and "The White Sister," among many others.

Honest, sincere, artistic productions. And directly, or indirectly, Louis B. Mayer fathered them all.

It is with that same honesty he greets you. He is outspoken, very much in earnest, and, withal, understanding and kind. I believe that Mr. Mayer would equally comprehend the nobility of a saint and the complexities of a pickpocket.

THE other day I had the pleasure of meeting Jack Holt's son, Tim, a manly, upstanding, incredibly big lad of fourteen. Dressed in a polo outfit, he, with one or two others, joined his father and me at lunch at Jack's charming home. His alert eyes reflected his attention to the table talk in which he took no part.

Two things about the lad impressed me profoundly. When we sat down he unostentatiously said grace. When he rose and departed, he kissed his father on the cheek. A hard-riding devil of a polo player, he is not ashamed of his religious training or his affection for his father.

THE greatest menace to pictures today is the two-for-one theaters. It is a penny-wise, pound-foolish policy for the producing companies. The depression brought it in; with the upturn in business, it is high time this suicidal policy was abandoned.

Two pictures for the price of one was undoubtedly considered a smart business move to stimulate motion picture theater attendance, when the depression was hammering us so hard. It was never particularly successful in achieving its purpose.

First of all, the double feature program tires audiences. Four hours of the best pictures in the world is a little too much. Second, this policy tended to cheapen pictures in the eyes of the public. It is human nature not to appreciate an over-generous bargain. Third, the theaters themselves have suffered, not only because they surfeited the public's appetite, but because they could give but one performance in the time they formerly gave two.

AND as for the producing companies, they felt all the disadvantages that theater managers experienced, plus some of their own. When the depression cast its blight upon the nation, studios found themselves doing business in the same inflated manner as the rest of us. Selling two-for-one to second and third run houses didn't aid the situation. It only intensified losses of producing companies.

Competition, however, forced their hands. At least they thought so. As a matter of fact, if the studios had united and solemnly agreed not to go in for this cut-rate business, there would have been less red in their books.

The pernicious policy still prevails in many quarters. The quicker it is entirely abolished the quicker all the studios will resume their places in the sun of prosperity.

TO see "Queen Christina" for twenty cents is indeed a treat, but it seems incredible that this magnificent film should so soon be on the bargain counter. Yet it is showing now at that price. Greta Garbo, whose screen throne is unassailable—who is regarded by many as the greatest of all feminine stars—to think one can see the greatest of all her pictures for a paltry twenty cents!

Never shall I forget the look in her eyes as she stands on the ship, her lover dead, her hair and her dress blown by the sharp sea breeze, as she holds resolutely on her course, come weal, come woe, like a Viking warrior of old.

Twenty cents! That glimpse alone of Garbo is worth two dollars!

GETTING into pictures still remains a feat completely without rule or formula. You would think that a studio's efforts to train talent for the screen would be the surest and most fruitful. However—last year Universal inaugurated a "Junior Stock Company" to groom promising young actors and actresses. There were three thousand, six hundred applicants.

Seventy were selected. Five graduated from the dramatic school. Two were given short contracts—Lois January and Dean Duncan.

'Twas *the* Night of *the* Banquet

Pairs—occasional and “steady”—
at the M. P. T. O. A. gala festivities



An occasional meeting, but a steady friendship. Jean Harlow is congratulating Leo Carrillo on his fine work in “Viva Villa.” It won Leo an M-G-M contract



They have been “steady” for a long time. Now Joan Crawford isn’t sure an actress should marry. But could any woman resist Franchot Tone’s gaze?



John Boles is happily married, but he enjoys a dance with a new friend, Delphine Meyer, daughter of one of the visiting motion picture theater owners



By rumor, it becomes steadier all the time! Carole Lombard was escorted to the banquet by Russ Columbo. They are seen together lots these nights



Marlene Dietrich and Director Josef Von Sternberg recently spent weeks of steady work together on “Scarlet Empress.” With the picture finished, they greeted the M.P.T.O.A. delegation



Phillip Photos

Who said they quarreled? Well, anyhow, if the rumors were true, Isabel Jewell and Lee Tracy, steadiest of Hollywood steadies, were reconciled for the banquet at the Ambassador Hotel

THE REAL FIRST



Norma Shearer's popularity survived a year-and-a-half retirement from the screen. The lady with the patrician profile is back again in "Riptide"

Off the set, Norma is always known as Mrs. Thalberg. At home her life with her husband and Irving, Jr. is quiet and well-ordered. She is the kind of woman that other women want to resemble

THE First Lady of the Screen—there can be only one—who is she?

Her name is not Greta Garbo, or Katharine Hepburn; not Joan Crawford, Ruth Chatterton, Janet Gaynor or Ann Harding.

It's Norma Shearer.

You may have your favorite actress, your most glamorous screen personality, your box-office queen, or your sex-appeal sensation of the moment. You may have your super-thespian, your exotic orchid, your sweetheart of the world.

But Norma Shearer is the real First Lady. Her amazing, triumphant return and her sensational, world-wide reception in "Riptide" prove her exclusive right to that enviable title—a title to which she ascended by virtue of what Norma Shearer is and what Norma Shearer has done—continues to do.

Already indignant protests are probably bursting upon these printed words.

Garbophile mutters "Insanity!"—a Hepburnite cries "Libel!"—a Crawford convert screams "Lese majesté!" But just settle back and relax.

Greta Garbo came to Hollywood, kept to herself and started a legend which turned into a grand business asset—mystery. She still has it. But she isn't a social person.

Katharine Hepburn swooped down on the town, perpetrated tomboyish pranks, and revealed enough dramatic genius in her first year to win the Academy award.

Brilliant, certainly, but too erratic and capricious.

Joan Crawford danced her way to hotcha fame and then went Pauline Frederick. Joan is a good sport, excellent



LADY OF FILMS

For what she is and what she has done, the title ascends to Norma Shearer

By Basil Lee

trouper, but never has contested for the "First Lady" title.

Ann Harding has been through a domestic upset. Dietrich has her trousers to live down. Gaynor inherited Mary Pickford's girlish "America's Sweetheart" badge, which means she must be sweet but not mature.

Not one of them ever successfully, consistently, progressively, artfully portrayed sophisticated ladies of the upper strata of society as Norma Shearer can. None can imbue a daring character with such unmistakable refinement.

Can you imagine Garbo as *Mrs. Cheney*, or Crawford as *Lady Rexford* in "Riptide"? Neither could get away with it. Ruth Chatterton alone, sometimes publicized as "the first lady of the stage and screen," could possibly have rivaled Norma for her position, but Ruth Chatterton has not invariably justified her stage prestige on the screen, and she has run against bumps in her domestic life.



She even gives that ladylike quality to her shadier rôles. Here she is in "A Free Soul," in Clark Gable's embrace



As a fashion model in New York, Norma kept her charm and dignity, as she always has, under any conditions



Norma when an infant, in her mother's arms. There is evidence of good breeding in all the things she has done



One Hollywood couple the gossips let alone! The Thalbergs photographed after their marriage in 1924

Think how cheap and unattractive the characters created by Norma Shearer in her list of successful pictures would have been, if they had been portrayed by an actress lacking that manner which she possesses.

Most of them were women who slipped morally. Some of them slipped more than once. But Norma can slip a bit on the screen and still be a lady. When her characters err, they err on a silken, ladylike scale.

Mrs. Cheney didn't enjoy a spotless reputation. In "The Divorcee" Norma defied convention; she moved smartly and boldly in "Let Us Be Gay"; "Strangers May Kiss" showed her as a young business woman with ideas of her own; she even loved a gangster in "A Free Soul"; and there were important indiscretions in both "Private Lives" and "Strange Interlude."

Yet these were the films—these and "Smilin' Through," a ladylike rôle and a pure one—upon which her tremendous popularity has been built. It is a popularity which survived a retirement of a year-and-a-half from the screen, and paved the way for a return triumph which, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]

Hysterical Honeymoons of Hollywood

FOR some reason beyond me, engagements, weddings and honeymoons in Hollywood are like nothing that exists on the earth beneath, the heavens above, or you name the place. And why it is, no one can explain or even draw the pictures of it. In normal, everyday places, for instance, two people get engaged and in due time (or a



London was amazed at seeing a blonde leaning from a cab screaming for her husband. Going the other way, a chap yelled for his wife. Eventually Cary and Virginia got together again

little before, maybe) get married. Then, amid considerable healthy rice throwing, they go off to Niagara Falls to see the water rush over the precipice, or whatever it is, and come home and settle down to a nice, quiet existence. And there you are. And there they are. And there is everybody.

But in Hollywood! Tck, tck, tck. No less than fifteen of the oddest people (former wives and things) get involved in the engagements, and sometime as high as fifty or sixty strangers get all mixed up in the wedding itself, which is a busy combination of the Midnight Ride of Paul Revere, a six day bicycle race and a trip with Stanley through Darkest Africa. And the only rice that's ever thrown has already been baked in a pudding.

Take the blonde Jean Harlow. At midnight Jean and Hal Rosson decided marriage, and not another hamburger, was what they wanted (of course they've changed their minds now; Jean is going to get a divorce. But there must be a honeymoon before there can be a divorce, you know) so they hop a plane, fly to Yuma and, getting out of the plane, Jean hears a slow zzzip and, looking down, discovers runs in both stockings. So, pulling them off and holding them in her hand, they make for a judge. Any judge, justice, or what-not. Finally getting one out of bed, they get married, with Jean still holding the torn hose.

Some brides, of course, carry lilies-of-the-valley and some roses with maiden-blush fern, but we Hollywoodians, ho, we carry stockings. With runs. And when Jean repeated the "I dos" and the "I wills" throughout the ceremony, she gave the stockings, all unconscious of their existence, of course, a decided and sassy little flip that nearly knocked the spectacles of the presiding judge from his presiding nose.

If you've never seen a dream walking with stockings



At midnight, deciding marriage was what they wanted, they got the justice out of bed. Some brides carry lilies. But Jean held a pair of chiffon hose

Everyone laughs but the new-lyweds. For what bride can be happy without a kiss? What groom content without a bride?

By Sara Hamilton

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK DOBIAS

atmosphere around them senses the fact that here's Hollywood messing around, and things pop that never before popped in that locale.

For instance, Cary Grant and Virginia Cherrill were married in England and England will never be the same, let the Prince of Wales knit while he may.

The wedding was all set. And then Virginia didn't have her divorce papers and by the time the papers arrived from the States, Cary was in the hospital, and by the time Cary was out of the hospital, Virginia was in the British movies and the newspapers were in a British dither wondering who was jilting whom and who shot Cock Robin. At last, on the very day they were to leave for Hollywood, they managed to rush to the registry office to be married and found a goodly mob was there, bent

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 101]

Half-way down the road the honeymoon coach sunk knee-deep in mud! Joel groaned and Frances wept. The cat had kittens. At dawn the McCreas were still there

clenched tightly in her "patty cakes," Yuma has. For Jean, still holding them tightly in her hand, turned to greet her groom after the ceremony

and found him so scared and confused he'd dashed out the front door leaving Jean alone, at last, with the judge.

Like a shot, the bride was after him, missing the top step and landing "boom" on a dumfounded Yuma sidewalk at four-thirty in the morning and what did I tell you? Can you name, just offhand, say, any other three-minute bride you ever heard of who sat on a Yuma sidewalk at four-thirty in the morning? Go on, just name one.

Anyhow, by this time the groom got over his fright sufficiently to know where, but not altogether why, he was, and, gathering up his bride, the happy husband took her to an all night "jernt" for the wedding breakfast. Thus are the weddings of Hollywood's famous ones, my little magpies.

At six-thirty they were home fighting their way through newspaper reporters and what not, where questions were fired at them for hours. Finally, at two-thirty in the afternoon, Jean (sure, she still had the stockings in her hand) went to bed to get some rest and the groom went to work. It was two days later, with the confusion still at fever heat, that the groom let out a loud scream. "Good gosh," he yelled, "I haven't yet kissed the bride."

Thus are honeymoons in Hollywood, my little daffy-down-dillies. So stay where you are.

Even when the famous ones of movies go clear out of the Golden West of "Callyforny" to be married, it's still no better. Even so, things happen that never happen to another living soul. Couldn't, as a matter of fact. But somehow the very



Johnny didn't say "I do" fast enough. Lupe pinched him. Tarzan's yowl blasted the judge onto the chandelier. The witnesses hid under the couch



Madeleine has been presented to Britain's king and queen. Herself a queen—of the screen—she is over here to make "The World Moves On." Raul Roulien appears with her

MADELEINE CARROLL, although she has been the screen and stage sweetheart of the British for the past six years, is practically unknown in America—unless you saw and remember her in "I Was a Spy," a British-produced picture released here, in which she played opposite Herbert Marshall.

In England, however, crowds fight to get into a theater where she is playing. Not only is she that popular over there, but she is socially prominent, to the point of having been presented at the Court of St. James. Her jewels are worth a

Here Is England's Favorite Charmer

Madeleine Carroll, who packs 'em in overseas, is to be seen in her first Hollywood picture

By Iris Foster

king's ransom. Her frocks and gowns are exclusively from Paris. Her husband is one of England's very wealthy men, and he has a family tree that high—. He was, during the late war, on the staff of the Prince of Wales. He is Captain Philip Astley, and was in Hollywood with Miss Carroll while she made "The World Moves On," with Franchot Tone and Raul Roulien, for Fox.

Madeleine is the first British player in the new reciprocal "charm exchange" between British and American studios. In her case, Warner Baxter is scheduled to go to Gaumont as the Fox representative under the agreement—Baxter being somewhat of a charmer from the feminine viewpoint.

So, Madeleine, in her first made-in-America picture, not only will bring her talents to the notice of American movie-goers, but she will be a test of the "charm exchange" plan. Knowing Madeleine and her work as I do, it is my prediction it will be a highly successful test for her.

You see, despite her stage and screen popularity and her high social background, there is no hoity-toity false pride, no too, too "naice" Englishness about this Carroll girl from London town. There is not an ounce of falsity in her one hundred and twenty-two pounds, not a tendril of it in her ash-blonde hair nor a flicker of it in her deep blue eyes. Even though her stay in Hollywood for her one picture was short, she did not cash in on her overseas glory. That is not her way.

Nor is she uppish before a camera. For instance, in "I Was a Spy" (the story by Martha [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]

Actresses Clamor for THIS MAN!

YOU never heard such a clamor—
Why?

There are plenty of more handsome leading men than Herbert Marshall. Any number who are better known to the American public.

So why did Norma Shearer want him, far above any of the others, for her first very important picture, "Riptide," after her year-and-a-half absence from the screen?

Why is Constance Bennett insistent on having him to play opposite in "The Green Hat," her first picture under the new M-G-M contract?

Why does Gloria Swanson demand him for "Three Weeks"? Why, oh why?

Taken at face value, he has none of the obvious attributes that are popularly supposed to make up your favorite "great lovers." No dynamics, no flashing black eyes, no bold assurance.

And yet, this is what Norma Shearer says of him as a lover—

"The first time I ever saw Mr. Marshall on the screen was in a picture with Claudette Colbert. I thought I had never seen a lady so thoroughly and convincingly loved!

"He is both manly and wistful. He wins the sympathy of women because his face expresses tenderness and silent suffering."

There. That's one secret out.

Herbert Marshall has the gorgeous leading ladies scrambling for his gracious support

By Ruth Rankin



Feminine stars are all aflutter over the adroit, convincing screen love of the gentlemanly Marshall, after such a siege of hard-boiled, slangy boy friends

cook—which, I suppose, is pretty much the same thing, anyway."

But Norma does not consider Marshall a versatile actor. Sensing our surprise at this, she went on immediately to amplify this opinion. "He is not a versatile actor because he could never convince an audience he is anything but a gentleman." [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]



Frivolous or sedate, girls go for suave, substantial Herbert Marshall. Is he your ideal type for husband and father? Baby Marilyn Spinnert surely is content in his arms

One clear explanation for that devastating charm that has every lovely star pleading fervently in her prayers: "... and oh, please let me have Herbert Marshall for *just one picture*, and I'll be a good girl forever after!"

Norma added this about the characteristics that distinguish him from so many of the other leading men:

"He has a charm that is always part of him. It is not just put on for special occasions. Also, he has that great faculty of making you feel he never takes himself too seriously!"

And the secret of that charm, Norma explains, "is his gallant and courteous attitude toward women — whether movie star, secretary or somebody's



A Good Pal Is Worth Three Dollars

And not many Englishmen can get enduring affection from an Irishman for that price

By Carl Bosworth

Leslie Howard, who lent Gargan three dollars and found it a very good investment

"MR. HOWARD—"

A very appealing but very broke young Irish actor touched the sleeve of the producer-boss who had snatched him out of the sheriff's clutches by giving him just a small part in his play.

"Mr. Howard, you don't suppose you could lend me five bucks?"

And a cool, sophisticated, dignified Englishman, who had all New York at his feet with his performance in "Berkeley Square," turned to stare into the pleading, blue Irish eyes. Then his own lighted up with an amused twinkle of understanding.

"I've only got three," said Leslie Howard to Bill Gargan, turning his pockets inside out, "but they're yours."

That was five years ago, when Bill Gargan was just an unknown actor behind in his rent, and Leslie Howard, the sensation of Broadway, was rehearsing his cast for "Out of a Blue Sky," which he was co-producing with Gilbert Miller.

But it was the beginning of one of Hollywood's most enduring friendships — the



Leslie Howard and his wife, Ruth. She is a friend of Patricia Gargan's and the two families are quite inseparable

Leslie Howard-Bill Gargan *entente*, which no one knowing both the shy, reserved Englishman and the boisterous, impulsive Irishman can quite figure out yet.

Because if you searched the world over, you'd have a hard time finding two people who would seem to have less in common than the ebullient Bill and the serene Leslie.

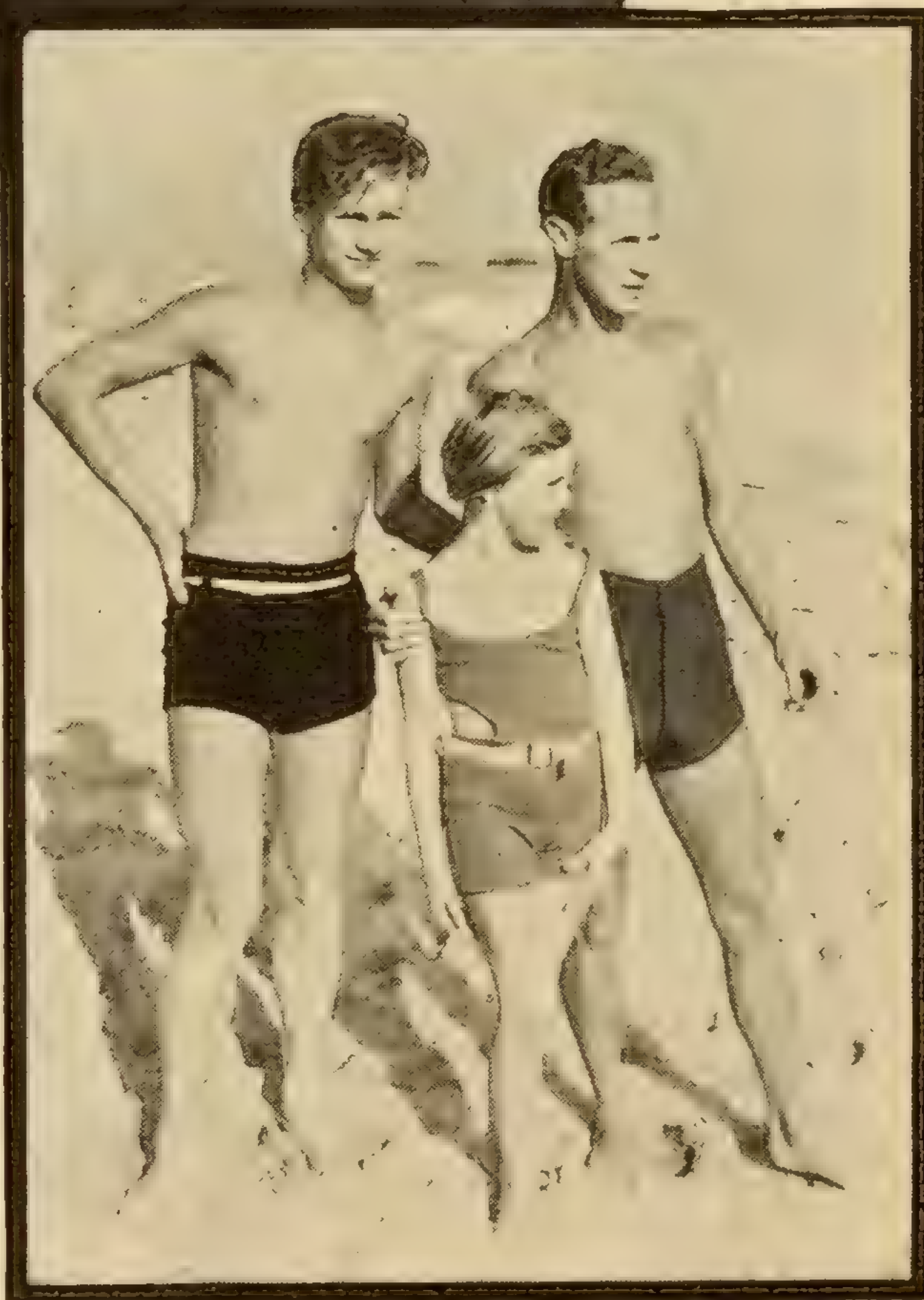
But they're inseparable; Bill and Leslie, Ruth Howard and Patricia Gargan—yes, and the children, Leslie and Ronald Howard and Barrie and Leslie Howard Gargan, too. The latter is named in honor of Bill's friend.

And if you have anything to say against the Howards to Bill Gargan, better smile when you say it. That goes both ways.

Of course, Hollywood remains a little puzzled about it — but Hollywood doesn't know the story of how this friendship started and grew. How this understanding, which you couldn't help but feel if you saw Bill and Leslie together in "Animal Kingdom," developed from stage lines to real life.

Leslie's venture at producing on Broadway ended in two weeks, and with it Bill's job. Bill

Howard, his son Ronald and daughter Leslie are wandering on the beach at Malibu. Looking for the Gargans, maybe



was debtor for the three dollars, and for plenty of dramatic instruction and advice from Leslie.

Two years rolled around, during which Leslie had become a tremendous success in England, while Bill—well, he was just keeping in cigarettes and clean shirts.

Then one day he read where Leslie Howard had arrived in New York to direct and star in "Animal Kingdom." Bill read *Red Regan's* part. He wanted it, but—

"I felt kind of backward about getting in touch with him," says Bill. "He was a big man now, bigger than before, and I was still hunting a job."



Bill Gargan, who borrowed three dollars from Leslie Howard, remembered to pay it back, and thereby found a real friend, and fame

But that three dollar debt worried Bill. It ought to be paid.

So he walked down to the Lyceum Theater, in onto the stage, and once more touched Leslie Howard's sleeve.

"Here's that three bucks I owe you, Mr. Howard," said Bill.

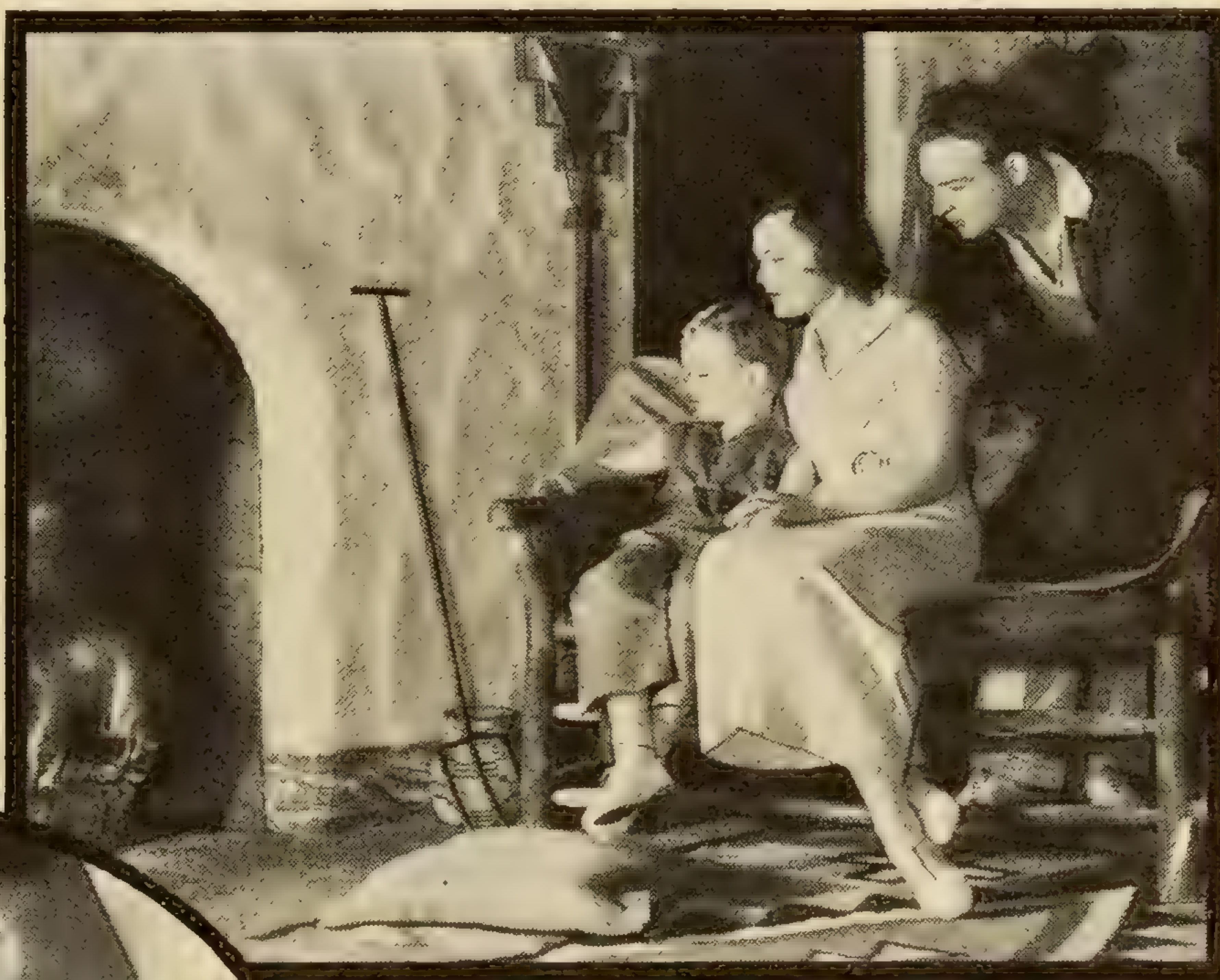
And then, his honor cleansed, his courage rose. "And I'd like to play *Red Regan*," he said.

Howard regarded him coldly. "Sorry," he replied, "but I don't picture you as the type."

Then he met that anxious, half-funny, half-sad map of Ireland, and the frown dissolved into a smile. Bill grinned back.

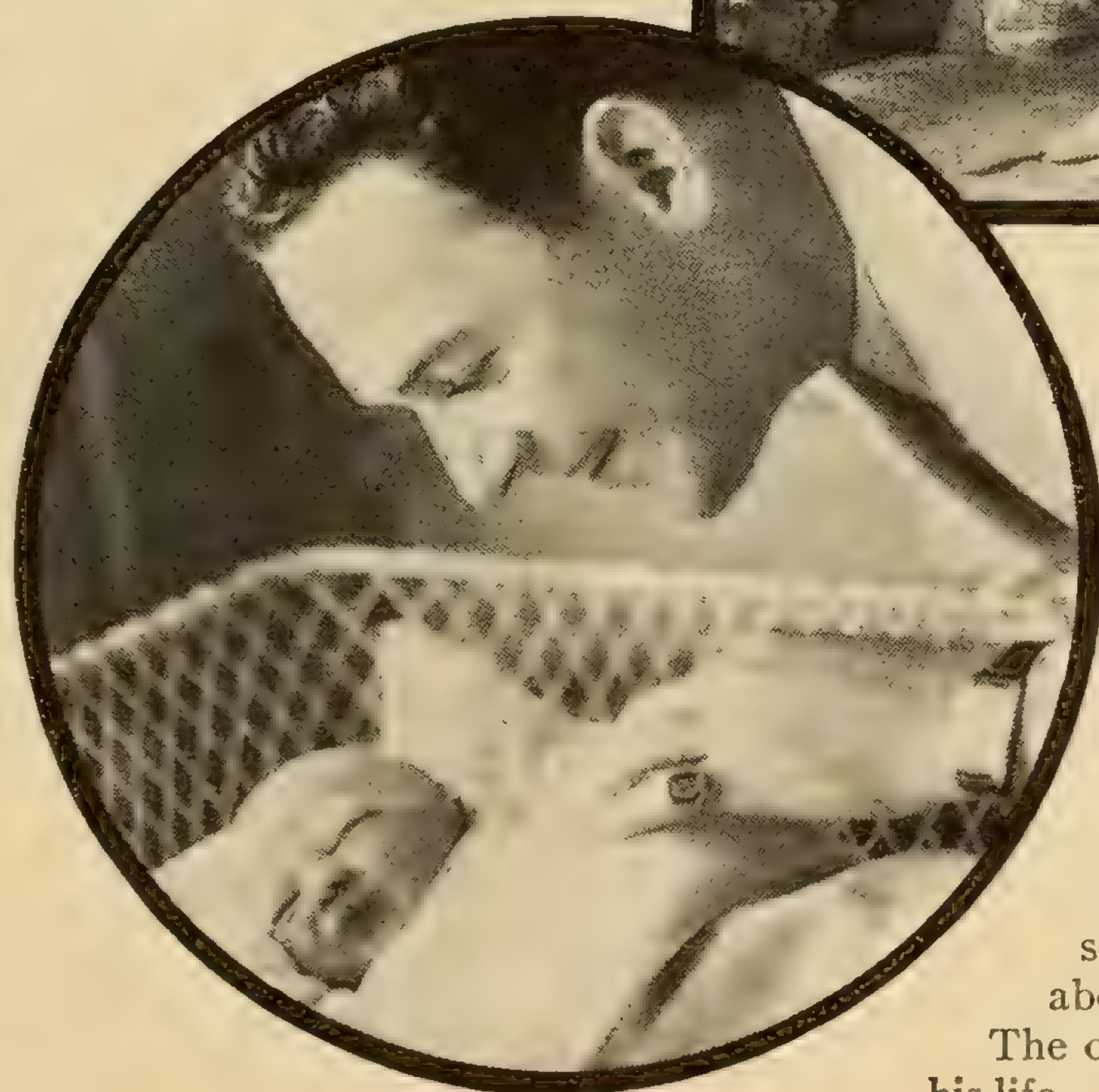
"Okay," said Leslie Howard "we'll try it out today." And when rehearsal was over in the evening, he said, "Bill, you're good for my money. The part's yours."

During all the four weeks that Bill Gargan rehearsed



The Gargans, in their desert home: Bill, Patricia and little Barrie. The baby, now ten-months-old, has already been put to bed

A touch? Not today! Meeting on the set, Gargan and Howard stop to chat. They'll be in "British Agent," their first picture together since the "Animal Kingdom"



Photographed with Papa Bill Gargan at a very tender age, young Leslie Howard Gargan, who was named after his dad's closest friend, scowls at the photographer

"Animal Kingdom" with Leslie Howard, he never could quite make up his mind whether the Englishman liked him.

"An Englishman can like you a lot, and still look like he doesn't even know you," Bill explains.

But on the play's opening night in Pittsburgh, something happened which cinched his own mind about one thing.

The opening was what every actor dreams about all his life. Riotous applause, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105]

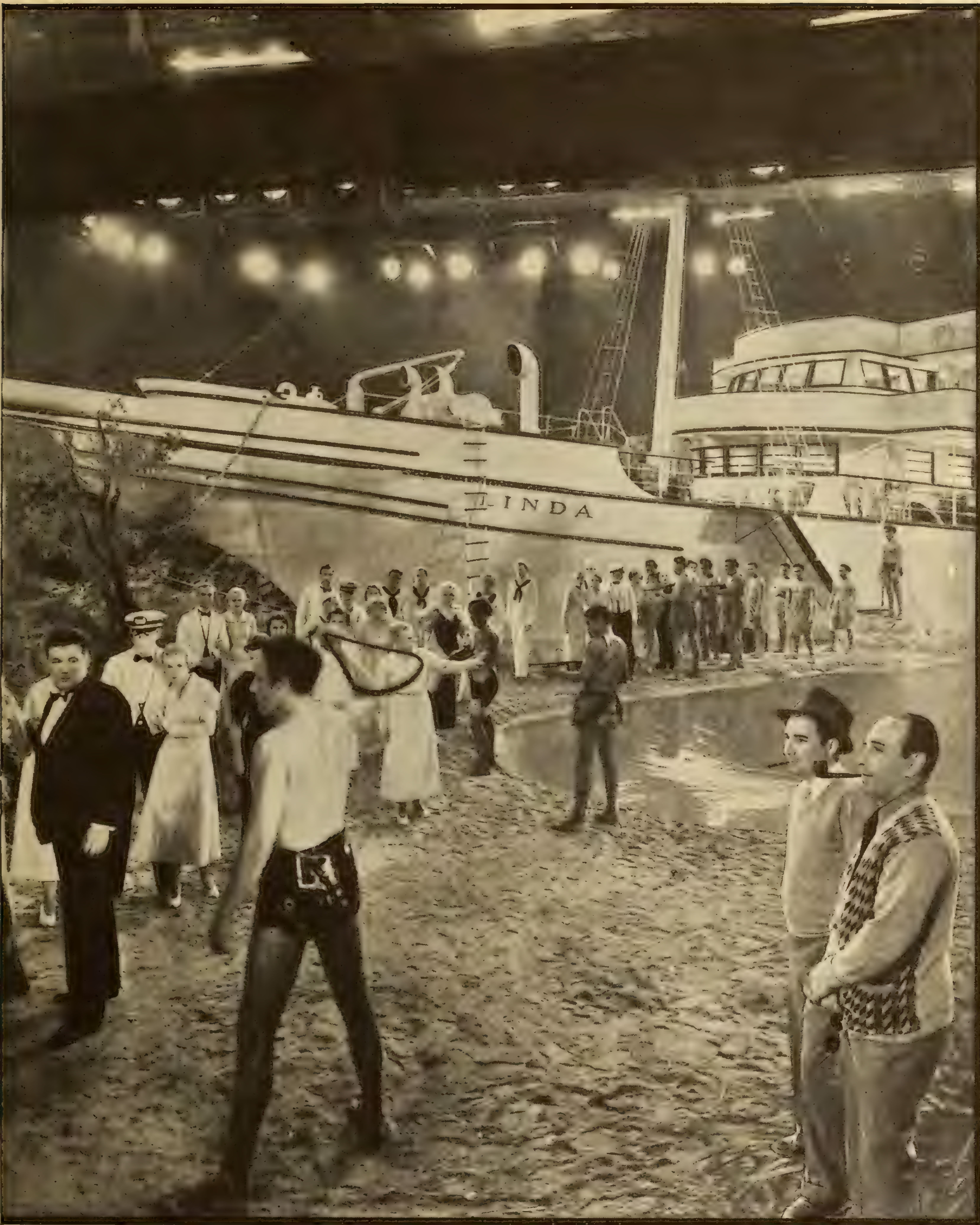


Thrills and Romance Aplenty on an Indoor Island!

ONE of the most lavish sets created in recent years was this one built in the RKO-Radio studios for "Down to Their Last Yacht"—a comedy of adventure, with music. The scene occupies two entire sound stages and represents a South Sea island and a palatial

yacht which has run up on a sandbar. The ship's deck can accommodate three hundred persons and a thousand can be landed on the beach. Sunken tanks were installed for the ocean. Coconut palms, banana trees and various sorts of tropical foliage were planted

here and there. The island—need we add?—is uncharted, but is known to the "Polynesian" natives as "Malakamokalu." It is a refuge for fugitives from justice, so when the party from the grounded yacht goes ashore, there's plenty of excitement. Glance over the startled



Charles Rhodes

Yacht, Land and Ocean Were Set Up in the Studio!

crowd and you can pick out Polly Moran, in a white officer's outfit with braid draped over her shoulder, facing the native farthest left. At Polly's left is Maurice Black. Eyes right—skip the one gentleman in the white monkey jacket, and you have Sidney Blackmer in a

dress suit, holding petite Sidney Fox in his arms. Bring your gaze forward a few steps—the blonde in spangles and feathers is Hazel Forbes, one-time show girl who inherited a lot of money from her late husband. Protecting her is Tom Kennedy. At the extreme lower

right, with the pipe, is Paul Sloane, the director (the set is so immense Paul had to use a loud-speaker system to direct cast and crew). Standing next to him, wearing a hat and cigar, is Eddie Killey, his assistant. Stupendous, colossal, and just loads of fun, eh what?

Hitting Hollywood's High Spots

Meet Mitzi Cummings

(Notes on an intimate letter writer)

Mitzi is young—peppy.

She came to Hollywood about ten years ago and is a graduate of Hollywood High School. At a studio one day, Ramon Novarro asked her to be his leading lady. She couldn't, because she had to finish school. But Novarro became her favorite movie star that instant.

Since her meeting with Novarro she has become the close friend of some of the best known men and women stars of the screen—she goes everywhere and sees everything.

The people you read about in Mitzi's Hollywood letter are all people she knows intimately, and about whom she will write every month.



Mitzi

DEAREST JOAN:

WELL, lambie, I've just finished making nine copies of a chain letter. Now, don't hoot at this display of superstition. After all, if it's good enough for the Bennetts and their friends, I guess I can attach my name to so quaint a custom, too. First of all, it started out with society. Mrs. Alfred Dupont. After a while, through a devious course including barons, authors, theatrical lawyers (John Wildberg who recently married Ursula Parrot—she wrote "Ex-Wife"), etc., it got to Mama Bennett (known to the theater as Adrienne Morrison). With a true display of maternal interest she sent it on to daughter Barbara (dark-haired wife of singer Morton Downey). Barbara, sisterly to the core, shipped it on to Joan. Joan stopped this family business by skipping Constance, and Spencer Tracy got it next.

Well, after one person and another, it got to Ann Pennington; Vivienne Segal, Ralph Bellamy and the new Warner girl, Barbara (Snooney) Blair. Then to me. And from me to you, baby. So pretty soon now you will be chortling with delight at the names of the mighty. Until you have to make nine copies.

THE luscious Claudette Colbert is, as you probably know, making "Cleopatra." Well, little one, there's only this to say. I don't know how you feel about it, but if you're the type of lady who likes her hips and tummy as svelte as svelte, *don't* look at Colbert. Gives you an inferiority complex. Such a figger! And in that costume! One which I saw (they were shooting a scene on her balcony and she was vamping *Antony* for all she was worth) was cloth of gold with drapes fore and aft. How it clung!

The hair, too, will interest you. Long, below the shoulders, and perfectly straight with just a very slight curl-up on the ends. Straight bangs. Completely dramatic looking, and for days now I've been harboring the desire to have a head-dress like it. But you know me. As usual, I'm simply defeating my own purpose. Curls and more curls. Oh well, I couldn't look like Colbert anyway.

A little weak from an excess of self-criticism, I next took

myself to the set where my favorite Southern girl, Miriam Hopkins, and your favorite radio pal, Bing Crosby, were making "She Loves Me Not." A cunning story, Joan. She's a night club girl who's hiding from the police in a boy's dormitory. (Something's going to happen to the morale of Joe College when that's released!) Just outside the stage I met Eddie Nugent, who plays Crosby's pal, and he said:

"Hurry in if you want to see Miss Hopkins in her undies."

Joan, I thought of you. I said to myself, "A description of the indescribably lovely Hopkins, clad in French lingerie of a most desirable nature, will sweeten my Joanie's memories forever and ever." So I rushed in.

But lamb, neither the lovely lady nor the lingerie were in sight. All I saw was a blond boy in athletic underwear, who had, strangely enough, a sweet, breathless kind of a voice. I watched Bing Crosby take the lad's hands in his and scrutinize them.

"Off with the polish—and clip the nails," he said sternly.

I gasped. Then:

"And no powder on the nose, either."

"But I look perfectly awful with a shiny nose," said the blond boy in the athletic underwear with a plaintive voice.

Two little minds are better than one, Joan. I turned to my companion with a quizzical face.

"Miriam Hopkins!" he explained. I nearly swooned. Well, all I can say is, that despite the popular delusion that girls look like the very devil in men's unmentionables, Miriam Hopkins looks adorable. Gay and adorable and infinitely desirable. To the four winds with French lingerie!

I HAD a very special night last week. First, dinner at the Beverly Hills Derby. Then to the fights; on to zee Cocoa-nut Grove and finally to the new Marathon. Just a little evening. Being methodical by nature, I shall report all goings-on in their proper sequence. But briefly, since I have lots of news, my pet, and writer's cramp is slowly but very surely coming into my left pinkie.

In the Derby we saw Charlie Farrell, Virginia Valli's devoted spouse (with wife) and an odd dozen directors. Also Stuart Erwin with the beautiful June Collyer, who is Mrs. Erwin, as you know. They finished dinner and started to leave just as we came in, but they were still leaving when we finished. Everyone in the place kept calling [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]

Has Mae West Gone High Hat?

The gossips say money and success have changed her. Well, here's Mae's answer

By Kirtley Baskette

TAKE it from Mae herself—West is still West.

It has only been a matter of months since Mae tossed some mean curves and busted up more repressions than the NRA—only a few months since the undulating Siren of Sex and Sensation became the bad girl friend of the world—the secret passion



Peek-a-boo! Mae insists she still sees old friends, despite her tall feathers



Mae, the farmer lass! Ritzy? No, but this is a rare photograph of the early West. She got patriotic during the war and planted this corn. How many gallons per stalk, Mae?



Mae wasn't trying to be ritzy when she heard Joe Ritchie, ex-pug, sing prize-ring ditties in the studio and wrote a part for him in "It Ain't No Sin"

for the banker, the baker and the kiddie-car maker.

Mae was Mae. Unlimited. With the cards laid right out on the table and the curves laid right out on the davenport. You came, you saw and you were conquered—no matter who you were—no matter from where you came—from Pea Ridge, Arkansas, or Park Avenue, New York.

"I ain't ice!" said Mae—and you didn't have to be an iceman to understand her—although being an iceman didn't cramp your style. She belonged to everybody.

That was a few months ago.

Even Hollywood, waiving professional jealousy, thrilled to this new kind of woman, this new world sensation, who boosted picture stock wherever she played.

It capitulated—then cooled.

Today you hear everywhere that Mae West is a changed woman.

She has gone high hat. Money has changed her. Success has gone to her head. She imagines herself a great actress. She'll have nothing to do with anyone; she won't even see people who want to write about her. She's out-Garboing Garbo. She's ashamed of her curves, so she's dieting, getting thinner. She's slipping at the box-office and she knows it—so she's hysterically socking her money. She's going back on her old friends; keeping them away with armed guards. Closing her set to everybody—taking it big. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]

The HUSBANDS In Gloria's Career

Miss Swanson's spouses
seem like mile-stones in
measuring her progress

By Mildred Mastin



Wallace Berry, No. 1.
She an extra, he an
important actor when
they first met



Herbert K. Somborn,
No. 2. He was a mil-
lionaire, and connect-
ed with pictures

GLORIA SWAN-
SON has never
done anything half-
way. Throughout
her career when she has
made a change in her pro-
fessional life, there has usu-
ally followed an upheaval
in her domestic affairs. Or
perhaps we had better say
the two changes have been
simultaneous and parallel.

And once again to Gloria
Swanson has come such a
situation. This time it is
a split with fourth husband
Michael Farmer, and, with
the split, Gloria has signed
with M-G-M under the
guidance of Irving Thalberg
in a new screen career.

Throughout her four
matrimonial ventures, the
charming individualist that
is Gloria appears to have maintained one axiom, and only one
—"My career, first, last and always."

Perhaps Gloria feels that only a lone hand, played hard, fast,
without quarter or sentiment, can attain the goal she has set
herself to conquer. Only she knows.

The facts are that Wallace Beery, and the late Herbert K.
Somborn, divorced Gloria on grounds of desertion. Her
eldest child, Gloria the Second, was of the Somborn union.
As to her last divorce—from James Henri, Marquis de la
Falaise de la Coudray—Gloria herself secured it on grounds
of desertion. And, from instructions given to her attorney,
she is evidently about to obtain a divorce from Michael Farmer.

In the case of Michael, when he stated in Paris that he and
Gloria were definitely separated, Gloria appeared distressed.
"If we are separated, why doesn't Mike let me know? I
hear it from others. If it is so, why doesn't he tell me? I had
no idea we were separating for good when he went abroad,"
cried Gloria.

But the following day, Gloria instructed her attorney to file
papers for a divorce.

While this situation was evolving, Gloria was negotiating
with Irving Thalberg of M-
G-M. She said she be-
lieved Thalberg to be the
greatest producer in Holly-
wood.

Some say that to know
Gloria is to believe she was
much in love with each of
the four men she married.
That each time, she ex-
pected her marriage to last.
Others say that each man
she married filled her
definite need at that time.

It was at the Essanay
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]



The cameraman muffed
his shot when Gloria at-
tended a Broadway night
club with Herbert Mar-
shall, who is only partly
shown—in the rear, at
her right



Marquis de la Falaise
de la Coudray, No. 3.
Romance prevailed in
film fashions



Michael Farmer, No.
4. Just what inspired
this union? Read this
article and judge!



IT seems only yesterday that Aileen Pringle and Conrad Nagel electrified the world in Elinor Glyn's "Three Weeks." Gloria Swanson will make the same story for M-G-M after completing her run of personal appearances in New York. The incomparable Gloria here gives us some exotic poses, including one on a tigerskin similar to that famous one used in the silent version of "Three Weeks," ten years ago. After nineteen years, Swanson's star shines as brightly as ever. Good luck, Gloria

Clarence Sinclair Bull





Fred Hendrickson

EVERYBODY loves a costume! Irene Dunne dons several in "Stingaree." Looking as lovely as she does, Irene will probably set a style for bustles and long, yellow braids. She employs several sophisticated hair styles in this picture—worth a rave, too. And there's Richard Dix with a romantic gleam in his eye. And Miss Dunne by his side. It's a musical drama, with a good dash of sentiment. The costumes are lovely, copied mostly after the very elaborate fashions of the seventies



Ernest A.
Bachrach



John Miehle

AWAY from the set, the lovely Ann Harding spends her leisure hours in her pleasant Hollywood home. Outdoors, the garden and the swimming pool are two of her chief interests. Indoors, Ann enjoys reading or playing "travel"—tracing on the globe the places she plans to visit abroad. Probably it will be some time before Ann has leisure for travel. She is scheduled for several pictures now, the next one to be "The Life of Vergie Winters." Exquisitely lovely, a beauty as natural as Miss Harding's is very rare—on or off the silver screen





Eugene Robert Richee

WARREN WILLIAM sheds the suave manners of the drawing-room and dons the purple toga of the noblest Roman of them all, the imperious *Caesar*. It is for the Cecil B. De Mille epic "*Cleopatra*," the lady who made vipers quite a style



Ray Jones

HENRY WILCOXON takes the part of *Mark Antony* in "*Cleopatra*." It was Mark who succumbed to the beauty's charms to the extent he lost an empire



IF the smile of the original *Cleopatra* could make or break nations, what would the smile of Claudette Colbert, who plays the famous queen's part, have done?



Brawn

REB "RUSSELL'S first name stands for "rebel." And there are but three things at which he hasn't bucked. They are his selection for a place on the 1930 All-American football team, to the presidency of his senior class at Northwestern and his job as a Western picture star.

But he started rebelling early, as soon as he learned he had been tagged for life with the fancy handle of Lafayette.

Later on, he rebelled at ranch life and took himself off to college, where he did some high and fancy rebelling against teams aiming to cross the Northwestern goal line. Newspapers printed such things as "Lafayette, here he comes," and "Lafayette, there he goes," for Reb could pack a football places.

At one time, he rebelled successfully against being crippled for life—his back was broken. Then he opposed offers to sell insurance and coach football at Northwestern. He yearned for "a place where I can squall," as he said.

Reb first came to Hollywood when Universal picked him for a part in "The All-American." He stayed to make a serial and play in some Tom Mix Westerns. He was all set to take the place at Tiffany vacated by Ken Maynard, but financial difficulties engulfed the company. Reb went back to football—professional—with the New York Giants.

But he's again in Hollywood, scheduled to star in Harold Bell Wright's "When a Man's a Man," under Sol Lesser as producer. A series of eighteen hard ridin' horse operas are to follow, in which Reb will use a snow white pony from his Oklahoma ranch. The pony's name, by the way, is Rebel.



Brains

IRVING PICHEL, one of the more distinguished character actors, considers acting but a minor side of his career. He says he has a puritanical streak which doesn't permit him to quite approve of actors! He prefers to direct, of which he has done considerable. In fact he turned down a directorship in the Theater Guild to do a Greeley and go West. And he enjoys teaching—the Aesthetics of the Theater—on which he has lectured for ten summers at Stanford and U. C. L. A.

His interest in dramatics began when he enrolled at Harvard for an M. D. and found studying medicine did not permit of an outside job, a necessity. So he changed courses. One of his new subjects was labeled "47." It was a course in the drama under Professor Baker. While at Harvard, Pichel edited the monthly magazine and wrote dramatic criticisms for a Boston newspaper.

He has also been identified closely with the Little Theater movement, having established theaters in Boston, St. Louis, St. Paul and Santa Barbara. And he's still in it, even now directing his wife, Violette Wilson, in "Saint Joan" at the Pasadena Community theater, while he is in De Mille's "Cleopatra" at Paramount. Among other things, he's been a stage manager for the Shuberts.

But above all, Pichel would have preferred being a symphonic orchestra conductor. He goes off on music and poetry sprees. He'll read Milton aloud, for hours! At his home in the hills of La Canada, he is a heart-and-soul gardener. His wife is the first girl he fell in love with. His German-Viennese-Bohemian ancestry shows in his enormous vitality.

CAL YORK *Announcing* The Monthly Broadcast of



Colleen Moore, in a satin, jewel-trimmed suit, makes merry with a noble Roman's toga. The Roman is Roy Brooks. The pantalooned lady trying to make Colleen behave is Mrs. Harold Lloyd (Mildred Davis). It happened at the costume party given by the Lloyds

THE diplomatic relations of Joan Crawford and Jean Harlow have never been of the bosom friend variety—but they've been strained even more than usual recently—because of Franchot Tone. It is no secret that Joan wasn't wild to have Franchot cast in the small part with Jean in "The Blonde Bombshell," but she managed to keep her composure.

Now Franchot has been chosen as Jean's leading man in her next picture, working under the title "100% Pure," but which may be released as "Eadie Was a Lady." And—so the gossips whisper—*La* Crawford is seething.

ROMANCE of "ex's"—

George Brent, Ruth Chatterton's recent "ex," is being seen in the company of Kathryn



A flowery wedding for Raquel Torres and Stephen Ames, aboard the S.S. Lurline. The walls were covered with gardenias. The bride and groom and all the guests wore leis—in true Hawaiian style

Carver, who used to sign her name "Mrs. Adolphe Menjou."

IS Dick Powell casting his dancing eyes toward the altar path? Dick's contract at Warners has a clause stipulating he can't marry for a year. Dick now asks to have the contract crossed out. What do you make of it?



They're off. Bing is watching the horses, but Mrs. Crosby watches Bing. The Crosbys spent their vacation at Agua Caliente. And judging from the expression on Bing's face, he has picked a winner

Hollywood Goings-On!

The heart interests in Dick's life in the past several months have been Margaret Lindsay, Maxine Doyle, Mary Brian and Ginger Rogers—but everyone who knows says Mary Brian hit hardest. But Warners are making Dick stick to his agreement. Cheer up, girls! It's only a few months off!

KATHARINE HEPBURN'S quick action for a divorce from Ludlow Ogden Smith topped a month of rough weather on the Hollywood marital seas. One misalliance after another was dashed against the rocks, among the more prominent being those of Gloria Swanson and Michael Farmer; the Richard Bennetts and Corinne Griffith and Producer Walter Mitchell Morosco, Jr. Vague rumors were also beginning to arise that all was not so well between Gary Cooper and Sandra Shaw, his bride of only a few months, while the gossips were anticipating a final legal split between George Raft and his wife, from whom he had been so long separated. Some people believed Raft and Virginia Pine would wed, regardless of what had been said about his lack of such an intention. Another big nuptial bombshell—and a blonde one—brought the Jean Harlow-Hal Rosson split into the news. They'll be divorced.



The king of comedians goes to see the clowns. It is Charlie Chaplin with his two sons, Charles, Jr. and Sidney, taking in the circus. Like most Hollywood parents, Chaplin strives to protect the boys from publicity. Thus, pictures of them are rare



Alice White and Neil Hamilton came only half-way out of the water for the cameraman. When they swim, they *swim*! (Beach poses not included.) Alice was a guest at the home of the Hamiltons, helping initiate the swimming pool recently built on their place



A screen queen of silent pictures and a famous comedian are wed: Norma Talmadge and her brand-new husband, George Jessel. They were married nine days after her divorce from Joseph Schenck

IT was on the "Treasure Island" set on the M-G-M lot, and Wally Beery was hobbling about on his wooden leg for the rôle of *Long John Silver*. A car drove up and little Carol Ann, Wally's daughter, rushed out to greet her daddy. Suddenly she spied the leg and stopped. Pain passed over her little face.

"Oh, my poor daddy," she said, her blue eyes full of tears and her delicate chin quivering.

"It's all right, honey," he tried to reassure her. "Daddy's all right."

But it wasn't until Wally unstrapped the leg and walked about on his own two feet, that the look of bewildered anguish passed from the little girl's face.

MR. WALLACE BEERY, foster mother of little Carol Ann, remains at this time in a critical condition with heart trouble.

The Beerys have been ideally happy. They have the sympathy of all Hollywood and wishes for a speedy recovery.



Romantic rumor: Marian Nixon and William Seiter, director, are seen together almost constantly these days. Here they are at the Coconut Grove, at a table for two. Seiter was divorced just recently by pretty Laura La Plante



One of moviedom's proudest fathers is John Barrymore. Little John, Jr., pictured with him, is his and Dolores' youngest child. He is two-years-old. Sister Ethel Mae is all of four years now

DOROTHY MARTIN, first ex-wife of Eddie Hillman, organized a party to cruise out to Eddie's and go swimming, but then thought it might be a good idea to telephone first. The baffled butler hemmed and hawed and finally broke down with, "Maybe you had better make it another day, Mrs. Hillman, because Miss Nixon is out here with a party now!" (P.S.—Marian Nixon is the second ex-Mrs. Hillman!)

CONNIE BENNETT'S selection for the rôle in "The Green Hat," with Herbert Marshall opposite, hasn't set so well with several people in Hollywood—and it isn't professional jealousy either.

APERT little blonde with a come-hither look in her eye is being talked about in Hollywood. Adolphe Menjou openly displays a signed portrait of her on his dressing-table. And the little blonde is getting away with it—in fact, she is receiving a great deal of encouragement. Her name is Shirley Temple, that cute little armful of five years.

A smash, a wow, a knockout, in "Stand Up and Cheer," Shirley has been assigned to "Baby Take a Bow."

TWENTY Nubian slaves (from Central Avenue) drawing a litter upon which reposed Claudette (*Cleopatra*) Colbert and four leopards. In the midst of the scene, one of the leopards suddenly sprang from the litter. Twenty Nubians went howling off the set and out the front gate, clad only in loin cloths. Everyone on the street thought they'd gone nudist.

JEAN MUIR is just beyond the Warners' understanding. Or nearly so. A splendid actress, the studio is anxious that Jean be seen



Adrienne Ames and Bruce Cabot are enjoying cowboy thrills at the annual rodeo given by Hoot Gibson at his California ranch. Adrienne may not know much about bull-dogging, but she certainly seems to be well-entertained by Hoot's round-up of bronco-busters and steer riders

places in smart attire. At a rather swanky opening, the studio insisted that Jean attend.

The photographers, they told her, would be there and she should look as lovely as possible.

That night, right behind the elegantly groomed Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford, in came Jean—in an old tweed coat, a pair of slacks, no make-up—nothing that any other actress in Hollywood, except Garbo, considers necessary to advancement.

And wearing flat-heeled sport oxfords.

Openings are not mentioned any more to Jean.

HOLLYWOOD'S colossal ribber, Vince Barnett, was handed a speed ticket by the same traffic cop three times in one week. Positive it was a gag concocted by one of his victims out for revenge, Vince, each time, ignored the ticket.

Even when he found himself summoned to court, he still thought it a gag and trustingly confided his belief to the judge who sternly looked him over.

"Mr. Barnett," the judge said, "just to finally convince you this is no rib, you can give this court the sum of one hundred dollars or go to jail for fifteen days."

And so a thousand of Vince's victims are avenged.

WHAT Adrienne Ames missed—

A new, dazzling \$15,000 Rolls-Royce and a grand mansion in Beverly Hills—especially built.

Ex-hubby, millionaire Stephen Ames came through with these love tokens for Raquel Torres, his new wife.

But then, Adrienne has Bruce Cabot.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]



Col. Victor McLaglen leads a parade of the California Light Horse. A veteran of real and theatrical wars, he organized the company himself. Not for war—just for exercise



Alice Faye attends Hoot's rodeo with a gentleman who knows his ropes, Bill Hart. For many years the hero of Westerns, Bill sits in the grandstand and looks as if he might leap into the arena and show the youngsters a thing or two. With that hat, we bet he'd have a chance!



Jean Harlow is shown at the Del Monte polo games just before her recent split with Hal Rosson. The most strenuous thing Jean did was to present the gold cup at the Steeplechase Meet

\$500.00 in Prizes

Movie Fill-in Contest

AGAIN PHOTOPLAY Magazine presents to its vast reader audience a new, thrilling, exciting contest which will not only provide many hours of entertainment, but bring \$500.00 in cash prizes to the lucky contestants.

"Movie Fill-ins" will prove to be the most fascinating contest ever presented by any magazine. If you know the motion picture players, their backgrounds, their doings and characteristics, you will find the "Movie Fill-in" contest a test of your knowledge.

Absorbing Chatter with words missing constitutes this contest.

Ample clues are given to enable you to complete the Chatter, forming news in the same manner as is done by PHOTOPLAY Magazine's staff of experienced writers and interviewers.

When completed, the list of words and names used to make the Chatter interesting news should be copied in the solution ballot provided for that purpose.

That will constitute the solution.

Blank spaces in the Chatter are numbered. The clues are correspondingly numbered for reference. There will be three installments of this puzzle. Here is the way to go about solving it:

Each single dash represents a single letter and the total number of dashes gives, in each instance, the total number of letters in the name of a player, the place he or she was born, a qualifying word or words.

Read the Chatter first. Carefully observe the blank spaces. Then study the Clues.

The following example explains the fill-in process:

An American star of Spanish and Scotch ancestry came into world-wide fame playing opposite _____¹_____ _____²_____ in some short comedies called "_____³_____ _____⁴_____." _____⁵_____ _____⁶_____ is now married to a screen player whose name is _____⁷_____.

CLUES

ANSWERS

- | | |
|--|-------------------------------|
| 1. Was very often the name of early Saxon and Viking kings—also the title of a Bulwer-Lytton novel | Harold |
| 2. The first half of the last name of a British war-time Premier | Lloyd (<i>Lloyd-George</i>) |
| 3. A solitary state | Lonesome |
| 4. One of the Apostles | Luke |
| 5. The first two letters mean <i>to exist</i> ; the second two letters also, <i>to exist</i> | Bebe |
| 6. Who was delivered from a den of wild beasts? Plural of the name | Daniels |
| 7. His name suggests one of the animals in the den | Lyon |

But not all the Chatter is as easy to fill-in as the foregoing example. Remember, be guided by *sounds* of words as well as *actual spelling* when following the Clues to detect the hidden names, titles, and so on.

Now you are ready to go ahead with the puzzle and try for one of the many cash prizes.

Rules of the Contest

- Thirty-nine cash prizes will be paid by PHOTOPLAY Magazine as follows:

First Prize.....	\$125.00
Second Prize.....	75.00
Third Prize.....	50.00
Fourth Prize.....	25.00
Ten Prizes of \$10 each.....	100.00
Twenty-five Prizes of \$5 each...	125.00
- In three issues (the July, August and September numbers) PHOTOPLAY Magazine is publishing "Movie Fill-ins." Chatter with words and names of well-known motion picture actors and actresses missing will appear in each issue, and the list of missing words will constitute the correct solution of the "Fill-in" for that month.
- Correct solution of the "Fill-in" presented in each issue consists of a complete list of the missing words, correctly spelled, inserted in their proper place in the solution ballot provided for each month of the contest. For example—
 - Harold
 - Lloyd
 - Lonesome
- \$500.00 in prizes, as specified in Rule No. 1, will be paid to the persons who send in the most nearly correct and most neatly prepared solutions of the three "Fill-ins" presented during the contest.
- Do not submit any solutions or answers until after the third "Fill-in" has appeared in the September issue. Solutions must be submitted in complete sets of three "Fill-ins," as stated above. All solutions should be sent to PUZZLE CONTEST EDITORS, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Be sure that your full name and complete address are written on your entry and that it carries sufficient postage.
- Aside from accuracy in listing the missing words in the three sets of "Fill-ins" in their proper solution ballots, neatness and simplicity in contestants' method of submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes. Elaborate presentations of entries are not desired.
- You need not be a subscriber or reader of PHOTOPLAY Magazine to compete. You may copy the solution ballots from the originals in PHOTOPLAY Magazine. Copies of PHOTOPLAY Magazine may be examined for this purpose at the New York and Chicago offices of the publication, or at public libraries, free.
- The judges will be a committee of members selected by PHOTOPLAY. Their decision will be final. No relatives or members of the household of anyone connected with this publication may submit solutions. Otherwise, the contest is open to everyone, everywhere.
- In the case of ties for any one of the prizes offered the full amount of the prize tied for will be given to each tying contestant.
- The contest will close at midnight on September 20th. All solutions should be in by that time. No responsibility for mail delays or losses will rest with PHOTOPLAY Magazine. It will be impossible to return any of the entries.

The complete list of prize winners will be announced in the January, 1935, issue of PHOTOPLAY.

CHATTER

FOR JULY

1 2 was born in 3,
4 She came to fame in "5
6" co-featured with a now prominent male star. On
the same motion picture lot is a charming brunette,
7 8, who comes from 9,
10 After a very short period in American films
she played opposite 11 12 in
"13 14."

To give you a little gossip: a beautiful girl star, 15
16, has been seen a great deal in the company of
17 18 since securing a divorce.

Speaking of advanced surgery, the doctor who operated on
19 20 for appendicitis did not
leave a scar. She made her screen debut over seven years ago
in a silent picture, "For the Love of Mike," as a leading woman
for 21 22.

One of 23 24's favorite occupations when
off duty is to wander off into the wilds of the Rockies to shoot
mountain lions. He was co-starred with 25 26
in "27 28." Both he and she possess what is known
as *sex menace*.

When it comes to hero worship, 29 30
has an autographed picture of 31 32 which
hangs in the place of honor in his den. The latter is his hero,
not only as an actor but as an aviator. To mention still another
actor-aviator, 33 34 considers a flight from
Los Angeles to Central America and back just a mere hop.

A player prominent in the silent days is now coming into his
own again in the talkies. 35 36's most
recent picture is "37 38 39," and you will find
him playing opposite 40 41.

Here's a hard one: one of our most popular players,
42 43, was born in 44.
A picture that added greatly to his popularity was "45
46."

CLUES

FOR JULY

1. The first two letters—German for *yes*, the remaining three letters—to *snare*.
2. The first three letters—the *act of making merry*, the last three letters—a
correlative of *neither*.
3. A Quaker city in the "Keystone State."
4. The first four letters—the name of a great Quaker leader of Colonial days,
the remaining eight letters—a forest.
5. A number from one to ten.
6. A habitation of happiness.
7. A small flowering shrub, loved by Scots. (Scotland.)
8. Referred to in the Bible as both good and bad.
9. A city abroad after which a great university is called.
10. A country in Europe.
11. The first syllable has the sound of a word meaning *not so much*, the last
three letters—to *prevaricate*.
12. The first three letters—in *what manner*, the remaining three letters—a
Cockney pronunciation of the *opposite of soft*.
13. An early colonial governor of Virginia.
14. To be honest.
15. A French heroine.
16. The first four letters—an *organ of fowls*, the last four letters—to cross a
stream on foot.
17. The first five letters—a *French coin*, the last three letters—a *degree of heat*.
18. A character of sound.
19. The first syllable—a *talon*, the second syllable—that *which we owe*. (Be
guided by *sound* in each instance.)
20. The first syllable has the sound of a *fuel*, the last four letters—the first
name of a famous silent picture star.
21. The same as the second name of a widely selling alarm clock.
22. Suggestive of a member of a feline tribe.
23. English pronunciation of a word applied to a person who waits on customers
in a store or shop.
24. Triangular part of an exterior wall of a house or building between the top
of the side walls and the slope of the roof.
25. One leg of a pair of pants.
26. The first four letters—the *barb* from a large feather as of a peacock, the
last two letters—sound a word meaning to be *indebted for*.
27. A fiery color.
28. The bane of a housewife's existence.
29. This is also the name of the most often used trained lion in pictures.
30. A craftsman who makes tubs and casks.
31. The last name of the author of "Ben Hur."
32. To become loggy with a certain intoxicating liquid.
33. To *know*.
34. The first three letters—one of the twelve months, the remaining four
letters—an *aromatic plant*.
35. His first name is the last name of a male star.
36. His last name the same as a daring female star of serial fame.
37. A definite article.
38. A female.
39. To inspect secretly.
40. The first three letters—to *commit to memory*, the final six letters—a *mode*
of *standing*.
41. The first three letters—a masculine name, the remaining four letters or
last syllable reveals an instrument for fishing.
42. The first two letters—a popular contraction of a man's name, the last four
letters—to *fend off a blow*.
43. The first five letters—a species of bird, the remaining three letters—a
male child.
44. A country in Europe—the first three letters has the sound of a three letter
word which means to regret, the last five letters—a form of insanity.
45. An acute stinging sensation.
46. Currency.

July Movie "Fill-in" Contest Solution

1	17	33
2	18	34
3	19	35
4	20	36
5	21	37
6	22	38
7	23	39
8	24	40
9	25	41
10	26	42
11	27	43
12	28	44
13	29	45
14	30	46
15	31	
16	32	



What the Well-Dressed



Costumes from
Mrs. Alexander
Pantages'
Wee Wear Shop

Just to prove that there's nothing sissy about wearing a seersucker play suit, young Mr. LeRoy goes into a big action pose for the camera. The ships embroidered in blue outline-stitch with a sail motif are just the right sort of nautical touch for any fellow's active sportswear



A suede windbreaker, pint-size, is as popular with the younger masculine set in Hollywood as it is with the older. Baby LeRoy wears his for sporting activities. The knitted cap has a visor and pompon. The white jersey suit has a neat crew neckline

Er—a little undressed but quite the proper togs for Malibu if a fellow wants to get any suntan at all. Perhaps you will recognize the shorts—a slightly abbreviated version of the costume above, but with the addition of a knitted beret



Neither Toby nor Baby LeRoy is quite certain about this outfit, but when they learn that it is copied from very collegiate overalls, things will brighten up! Washable white corduroy overalls and striped silk blouse

Young Man *Will Wear*

"Hollywood career demands sartorial perfection," says lively Baby LeRoy

Photos by
William Walling, Jr.



A businesslike suit to wear to the studio in a practical navy blue and white knit. The cardigan buttons down the front, a white pull-on and a pair of matching shorts complete that well-tailored look



A little on the dressy side but not too dandified. It has Master LeRoy's approval — or maybe the grin is for the rabbit. Anyway, a dotted Swiss blouse joined to brown linen trousers is the right answer for parties and such. The "trou" stripes are very jaunty!



A last look finds our hero all set for a motoring trip. A blue flannel coat is correctly man-tailored with double-breasted closing and white flannel lining, lapels and cuffs. Nearly all of Baby LeRoy's clothes, as you can see, are copies of adult masculine attire in detail

The STARS! NOW YOU SEE

They scoot out and vanish in thin air every time a studio wants some acting done. It's uncanny!

By Kirtley Baskette

ALL the stars are vanishing out in Hollywood. Every day, right into thin air they melt. Presto, chango!—now you see them, now you don't—and nothing up the sleeves.

If it keeps on, who knows what will happen to the poor bewildered studios? How can you make movies with a flock of slippery stars who would make the late Harry Houdini look like a piker?

If it does keep on, they'll have to outfit casting directors with handy pocket spy-glasses and sign all term contracts with the Bertillon system of fingerprints. At the cry, "Turn out the guard—a star's



A dream who started the fad of walking out on the studios, and fading from the view of wakeful, frenzied searchers. Margaret Sullavan she is, and she loves raw carrots!



Aimlessly, happily Warren William drifted, becalmed, in the blue Pacific. When rescued by harbor police, he stewed at indignities cast at his seamanship

The whole country was covered in the search for Myrna Loy. Every clue followed, every hide-a-way checked. Nobody thought of looking for Myrna at her home



loose!" they'll have to shriek the sirens and put detective false whiskers on all the prop boys.

It's terrible—and Margaret Sullavan is the girl who started it all—started everyone slipping out of sight for days and weeks and months at a time. For no good reason whatsoever.

Walk-outs for more money are everyday items in Hollywood news. Everyone from Jimmy Cagney to Jean Harlow has taken turns running out on a too-reduced paycheck. It has always been considered a neat piece of business for an actor to romp off in the middle of a picture, and stay until a producer tires of holding up a half-million dollar

'EM—NOW YOU DON'T!



A lover of scenery and solitude, Ann Harding pulled a slick disappearing act when she left her car on the edge of the desert to walk a bit, and wasn't seen or heard from for two weeks

investment and writes a new contract. Jack Oakie did, for such business reasons—and Ann Dvorak breezed for a more personal cause—to go on a four-months-delayed honeymoon with Leslie Fenton.

But since the advent of the increasingly enigmatic Miss Sullivan, neither rhyme, reason nor routine enters into things at all. Stars step off the sets and the earth swallows them up. Wh-s-s-s-t!—and they're gone, like one of Thurston's magic houris. And nobody, nobody — not even their closest friends, relatives, managers, or fairy godmothers—can even get "warm" in the new Hollywood game of hide-and-go-seek.



Lyle Talbot spent a destination-unknown vacation blissfully, never realizing what his fade-out was going to cost him! Lyle will listen in on KFWB next time



Ginger Rogers blended into the scenery of Arizona, and it took the Bureau of Missing Persons, a sheriff and her mother's plea over the radio to get her home again

It's positively uncanny.

Margaret vanished on the very day she was supposed to arrive to make "Only Yesterday," leaving a group of baffled Universal executives, loaded down with flowers and welcome speeches, to huddle at the airport and speculate whether "Only Yesterday" would turn into "Maybe Tomorrow."

Again, half-way through the picture, she casually strolled off the set after a mild tiff with Director John Stahl. Only some quick detective work, which included checking up on her bank and finding she had drawn out every cent, resulted in her capture as she stepped on a plane that night bound for New York. She was persuaded to return to work.

When the final "cut" came on "Only Yesterday," Margaret vanished once more, and inside of a few hours was on her way to New York. For four months, half the studio thought she was doing a play on Broadway and the other half thought she was in Europe. But nobody was certain where she was all the time nor how to get in touch with her, although her contract said she was an employee of Universal studios.

Every now and then fragmentary reports of her whereabouts drifted Hollywoodwards, and finally Universal got word to her [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]

Select Your Pictures and You Won't



★ *TARZAN AND HIS MATE—M-G-M*

THRILL after thrill for squealing audiences. There is a spirit in this picture that was never before caught in any *Tarzan* opus. Here is a world of make-believe where realism and fantasy so skilfully blend that you will find yourself rubbing your incredulous eyes.

Ju-ju drums, trumpeting elephants, gunfire, chattering apes and Johnny Weissmuller's lung power make a tremendous uproar. And when the jungle takes vengeance on men who attempt to rob the elephant graveyard of ivory, your breath stops.

Delightful Maureen O'Sullivan and Neil Hamilton, both of the first Weissmuller-*Tarzan* picture, are in the cast. Cedric Gibbons' direction is expert. Possibly a bit sanguine for very young children.



★ *MANHATTAN MELODRAMA—M-G-M*

A GRIPPING story of the deep friendship between two men and the melodramatic climax of that friendship. As boys, Clark Gable and William Powell find themselves alone in the world. Gable is a born gambler. Powell, a studious lad determined to get on. He becomes district attorney; Gable, a gambling house proprietor.

The combat between the two, the unflinching integrity of Powell and the devotion of Gable and his respect for his friend's ideals, present an unusual situation.

In order to squelch a scandal against Powell, who is running for Governor, Gable kills a man and it is the duty of Powell, his friend, to send him to death.

Myrna Loy, as the girl who once loved Gable and marries Powell, turns in a beautiful performance. Fine support.

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures



★ *THE AFFAIRS OF CELLINI—
20th Century-United Artists*

HERE, at last, is a costume picture out of Hollywood (by Darryl Zanuck) as good as any ever conceived in Europe.

It is frothy, naughty, colorful, opulent. The characters are never once obviously aware that they are dressed in the extravagant costume of by-gone Italy.

And the picture is lifted to heights with a performance by Frank Morgan as the *Duke of Florence*, that is so full of wit, of Machiavellian insight and cleverness, that it overshadows the performance of Constance Bennett and even of Fredric March.

In 16th century Florence lives *Benvenuto Cellini* (March), artist and goldsmith, lover and fighter par excellence. His love-life, a date he has to be hanged, and the *Duchess's* golden service plates, get all tangled up.

Cellini's "command" conquest of the *Duchess* (Constance Bennett) is complicated by the *Duke's* sudden passion for *Angela*, a gloriously dumb dame, played beautifully by Fay Wray, whom *Benny Cellini* is trying to save for himself. Follows the hilarious attempts of the *Duke* and *Duchess* to conceal their amorous escapades from each other.

It is all one of those rip-roaring, swashbuckling, slightly bawdy numbers, reminiscent of "The Jest," and gorgeously mounted with costume and background.

You will have a lot of fun at this one! Not for children.

Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

THE AFFAIRS OF CELLINI	20TH CENTURY
TARZAN AND HIS MATE	MANHATTAN MELODRAMA
HANDY ANDY	SADIE McKEE
LITTLE MISS MARKER	WHERE SINNERS MEET
DOUBLE DOOR	SUCH WOMEN ARE DANGEROUS

The Best Performances of the Month

Frank Morgan in "The Affairs of Cellini"
 John Barrymore in "20th Century"
 Carole Lombard in "20th Century"
 William Powell in "Manhattan Melodrama"
 Clark Gable in "Manhattan Melodrama"
 Will Rogers in "Handy Andy"
 Joan Crawford in "Sadie McKee"
 Edward Arnold in "Sadie McKee"
 Adolphe Menjou in "Little Miss Marker"
 Shirley Temple in "Little Miss Marker"
 Reginald Owen in "Where Sinners Meet"
 Mary Morris in "Double Door"
 Marlene Dietrich in "Scarlet Empress"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 120



★ 20TH CENTURY—Columbia

THIS extravagantly funny film is a worthy adaptation of the play that so amused Broadway the season before last. Charles MacArthur and Ben Hecht, authors of the stage "Twentieth Century," also wrote the picture.

John Barrymore's endless versatility, Carole Lombard's fiery talent which few suspected she had, and Walter Connolly's customarily good performance pack the laughs into the film. It is broad farce with a veneer of satire, moving at a dizzy pace.

Barrymore as *Oscar Jaffe*, theatrical producer with all the idiosyncrasies and poses of his trade, molds a shop girl into a star. This *Lily Garland* (Miss Lombard) becomes as frantically temperamental as *Jaffe*, quits him for Hollywood, and his producing fortunes fade. So he goes after *Lily* with a bagful of cunning schemes. She repulses him with all the egotism of her show-shop personality. This mad war of wits extends cross-country on the Twentieth Century, with *Jaffe* determined she shall sign a new contract with him before the train reaches New York.

Connolly contributes to the hilarity as *Jaffe's* sorely tried right hand man. Roscoe Karns is an effective press agent. Howard Hawks has done an excellent job of directing.

The dialogue has been purged of anything that children shouldn't hear, but retains a sophisticated sparkle.



★ HANDY ANDY—Fox

WILL ROGERS at his very best makes this standard formula picture a real knockout hit. It's all Will—but that happens to be plenty.

As usual, Will is an uncouth husband—an apothecary this time—of an ambitious wife. She badgers him into selling the store for social relaxation, grooms their daughter for a wealthy marriage, forces Will into golf and finally a social excursion to the Mardi Gras, all against his wishes. But it's funny how Will manages to win out with his passive resistance.

Will is seconded by good situations, clever comedy lines and believable burlesque. Supporting cast with Peggy Wood, Frank Melton and Mary Carlisle splendid. Sophisticate or softie, sixteen or sixty, you'll love this.



★ SADIE McKEE—M-G-M

A CANNY bit of film production—Joan Crawford in her real dramatic metier, a semi-tragic Cinderella rôle.

Running away from a servant's place in the household of Franchot Tone, Joan tastes her first love tragedy when Gene Raymond deserts her to team with a blues-singer, Esther Ralston. When drunken millionaire Edward Arnold picks her out of a night club and marries her, she first incurs the disgust of his friend, Tone, and then wins his respect by saving her husband from a drunkard's end. But her love for Gene won't die, so she asks for freedom, comforting him before he passes away. Then Franchot brings Joan happiness.

It may sound heavy, but comedy characterizations of Jean Dixon and Zelda Sears, and brilliant scenes of Arnold keep away too many tears. Not recommended for children.

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)



**LITTLE
MISS
MARKER—**
Paramount



THE story is built around Adolphe Menjou but that new find of the film world, delightful little Shirley Temple, creates a sensation—a superb little mimic that overshadows her elders. Menjou, into whose lap the tot is dropped as security for a debt, shares this responsibility with his gambling friends. Charles Bickford, Dorothy Dell, Lynne Overman. Don't miss this picture.



**DOUBLE
DOOR—**
Paramount



THIS drama about the sister (Mary Morris) who cruelly rules over relics of an ancient family (Kent Taylor, Anne Revere) and concentrates her venom on Evelyn Venable, Kent's bride, seems a fantasy out of the past. But the mood seizes you and holds you in rapt horror. A pathological, melodramatic plot, timed expertly for suspense, and a pulse-pounding climax make this picture genuinely thrilling.



**WHERE
SINNERS
MEET—**
RKO-Radio



CLIVE BROOK, as an eccentric Englishman who devotes this time to waylaying couples eloping over the Dover Road, and his four romantically and maritally entangled victims, Billie Burke, Diana Wynyard, Reginald Owen and Alan Mowbray all do splendidly. But Owen's Wodehouseian thick-headed Lord is priceless. Thoroughly paralyzing comedy situations and brilliant dialogue.



**SUCH
WOMEN ARE
DANGEROUS**
—Fox



A GIRL'S mad infatuation for an older man is a dangerous thing, author Warner Baxter discovers when being kind to a young poetess (Rochelle Hudson) results in her suicide. A clever picture, intelligently directed, with its share of suspense, believable characterization and story logic. Baxter is perfectly cast, Rochelle Hudson does her best work. Rosemary Ames, Mona Barrie, Henrietta Crosman.

**THIRTY DAY
PRINCESS—**
Paramount



MYTHICAL-KINGDOM princess, Sylvia Sidney, visits America to raise bond issue—and raises a case of mumps. What to do? Financier swinging the deal finds her “double,” a chorus girl (also Sylvia). The masquerade includes vamping of publisher Cary Grant, who begins by being hostile to the campaign—and ends, completely subjugated and in love. Grand humorous and satirical touches. A-1 performance.

**HALF A
SINNER—**
Universal



IN this film version of “Alias the Deacon,” Berton Churchill scores again. He is the benign benefactor, cheating cheaters in sub rosa poker game, winning back mortgage on Alexandra Carlisle's hotel, presenting it to her, and departing for “other fields.” Joel McCrea and Sallie Blane, also acquainted with the “Deacon,” provide love interest. Young Mickey Rooney does a good comedy job.

Saves Your Picture Time and Money

**THE
WITCHING
HOUR—**
Paramount



**WE'RE NOT
DRESSING—**
Paramount



AUGUSTUS THOMAS' famous play seems a bit old-fashioned. However, it probably depends whether you are impressed by the occult. Gambler John Halliday, the possessor of uncanny hunches, unintentionally hypnotizes his prospective son-in-law (Tom Brown) and causes him to commit murder. The romance between Judith Allen and Tom Brown is appealing. A good cast makes it plausible drama.

WITH a dash of comedy that fits like a life preserver, Bing Crosby comes through as a big he-man sailor. When Carole Lombard's yacht sinks, the party is stranded on an island where George Burns and Gracie Allen, of all people, live. Bing and Carole are the romancers. Ethel Merman makes her screen debut teamed with Leon Errol. Plenty of grand new songs. And, besides, there's Bing's huge bear.

STINGAREE
—RKO-Radio



**SCARLET
EMPRESS—**
Paramount



ACTION takes place on Henry Stephenson's Australian sheep ranch in latter part of 18th century. With Richard Dix, swaggering bandit lover, and impresario Conway Tearle both aiding Irene Dunne in attaining fame as concert singer. After triumphing in European capitals, she escapes with *Stingaree* (Dix). Irene sings beautifully. Mary Boland, Una O'Connor and Andy Devine provide hilarity.

HIGHLIGHTED with scenes of wondrous beauty, this history of Catherine of Russia is a dull presentation of the life of the German princess (Marlene Dietrich) brought to Russia by the *Empress* (Louise Dresser) to marry half-wit *Grand Duke Peter* (Sam Jaffee). Embittered at the horrible termination of her romantic ideals, she favors the army officers who succeed in making her Empress. John Lodge effective.

**NOW
T'LL TELL—**
Fox



**MANY
HAPPY
RETURNS—**
Paramount



MRS. ARNOLD ROTHSTEIN'S story of the life and death of her daring husband. The only thing he recognized as wrong was failure, his only enduring respect was for his wife. He progresses from a small-time gambler to "King" of gamblers, and to his ultimate downfall. Spencer Tracy gives convincing performance as *Rothstein*. Helen Twelvetrees plays his wife, and Alice Faye his girl friend. Good support.

GRACIE ALLEN is psychoanalyzed, and drives the analyst crazy, in this uproarious comedy. Gracie, George Burns, Joan Marsh and the rest never make sense once, which is a record in anybody's language. Resume of plot is no use, because Gracie takes care of that—and you can't define Gracie. Guy Lombardo's orchestra, Veloz and Yolanda.

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 84]

ACTORS

Don't

Grow Old

George Arliss

tells

Elza Schallert



The *Disraelis* or *Rothschilds* of history, or down-to-earth characters—Arliss plays all rôles with equal zest. Variety is freshening to his art

THERE'S no denying that work takes on something of a thrill when the assignment happens to be an interview with Clark Gable, or Fredric March, or Bob Montgomery, or a dozen other romantic heroes of the screen.

But I must confess that spending the tea hour with Mr. George Arliss in his home overlooking Los Angeles and the Hollywood hills, and listening to him talk about pictures, and the theater, and acting, is an experience of a rare, rare order, indeed. Like rich old wine. And charming, of course. It couldn't be otherwise.

An actor who has spent nearly a half century in the theater, and almost thirty years of that career on the American stage—and who has been a star in his own right for over twenty of

those years, and of recent times a leading film luminary—naturally has observations to make which are illuminating. And these become doubly impressive because they have been reduced by him to their simplest denominators.

Arliss talks in a live, brisk tempo. When he is citing an anecdote or emphasizing a point with humorous inflection, he watches you closely with a sly twinkle in his eyes, to note whether you are catching on. There is a bit of the Peck's Bad Boy quality about him. Mischievous! Incidentally, he has the bluest eyes I've ever seen in a man—the color of Dutch blue glazed pottery (he always wears that monocle, too).

A first meeting with Arliss is something of an austere ceremony. He has never quite lost his native English reserve, despite his many years in America. He does not give spontaneously of himself in the beginning. One feels rather that he holds himself back in order to look over the other fellow with due appraisal. And one also is conscious of being lifted up to a proper realization of who George Arliss is. I don't think Arliss deliberately tries to establish this mood. It is, perhaps, merely the result [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]



Mr. and Mrs. Arliss are nearing their fiftieth wedding anniversary. She plays with him when the story includes a happy wife

Twinkling his brightest at the age of sixty-six, Arliss talks of the energizing, rejuvenating art of acting

Hot Weather Trifles



A cool wave for feet — Hollywood's pet low heeled white kid sandal that even adds perforation to its straps for perfect "airflow!"

A summer classic, the white and brown pump. Ultimate in graceful line and lightness



Sketched this enchanting hat at the Brown Derby. It's linen crash with leather flowers and gay streamers in cerise ribbon



Helen Vinson wears an amusing gingham basque waist with her linen slacks



Build a cool foundation to your summer chic by choosing this favorite all-in-one of the cinemaites. Cool as net but firmly restraining

Hollywood Tries White Magic

HOLLYWOOD CINEMA FASHIONS

heresponsoredbyPHOTO-
PLAY Magazine and worn
by famous stars in latest
motion pictures, now may
be secured for your own
wardrobe from leading
department and ready-to-
wear stores in many locali-
ties. . . . Faithful copies
of these smartly styled and
moderately-priced gar-
ments, of which those
shown in this issue of
PHOTOPLAY are typical,
are on display this month
in the stores of representa-
tive merchants

— Seymour —



THERE'S a childish lilt to Mary Carlisle's white gob hat with its navy blue streamers, but her reefer coat is nautical sophistication to its last nickel button! Mary has chosen her accessories skilfully—she matches the blue braid on her coat with a navy handbag, scarf and lacings in her white pumps. Her white crocheted string gloves are the right detail for this spectator sports costume. You may buy both hat and coat, copied from "Merry Andrew"



On Costumes And Accessories



PLAIDS are clannish this summer! Diana Wynyard, who appears in "Where Sinners Meet," wears this charming plaid silk in a romantic scene with Clive Brook. The white silk piqué cuffs are reminiscent of the lines in our new off-the-face hats! Unusual buttons



GAIL PATRICK adroitly uses a color accent with her all-white costume. Bright tangerine crepe with confetti dots makes the scarf worn like a vestee, also the pocket handkerchief and wrist ties. Gail's next will be "Murder at the Vanities"



HERE'S a perfect formula for beach dress—a pair of blue and white checked wool slacks made with all the masculine dash, a white short-sleeved blouse also masculine as to tailoring, white open-toed sandals and a knitted beret. The sponsor — Marian Nixon!

From A Picture Setting To Your Own Summer One

— Seymour —



THE cool color of water, Aqua blue, for this summer silk frock which Claire Trevor wears in "Wild Gold." White mousseline de soie frills at collar and sleeves add a crisp detail. Fabric buttons around the neckline are used all the way down the front to provide an effective opening

THE title of the picture is "Call It Luck," and that is just how fortunate you will feel to be able to buy this simple wash frock worn by Pat Paterson. Coolest white cotton with a tucked bodice and great flaring cape-like collar of blue and white eyelet embroidered linen with bow





EVENING frocks are a sheer delight this season. Marian Nixon, in "Embarrassing Moments," wears this gaily printed sheer cotton, above. The bodice has a primness about its turn-over collar which the myriad ruffles below quite belie. Velvet ribbons further add to the old-fashioned charm of the dress

A MORE conservative brim than the huge cartwheels everyone is wearing about Hollywood, is the one which shades Marian Nixon's eyes in this picture at right. All white except for a small twist of bright ribbon in front. The brim has an alluring irregularity, dipping smartly over the eyes





"We're Not Dressing!"

— Seymour —



THE hats worn by Chinese coolies have inspired beach hat designs this summer. Fay Wray wears a modified version in the picture above. The brim is medium, sloping down from a peak and flaring out slightly, thus giving sun protection. Fay's is ribbon trimmed



MARIAN NIXON'S hatbox yields so many attractive bonnets this summer that this one can't be left out as a possibility for all of you! Every line of that irregular brim has been copied carefully. It is the perfect small sports hat, being in a ribbed fabric with shallow crown, not too wide brim, and having an arrangement of two ribbons that will go with any costume color scheme

SO perfectly does the title of Carole Lombard's picture fit this beach pajama which she wears in an important scene, that the title was lifted to fit this page! Navy blue jersey is the fabric, enormous plate-like white buttons are the trimming. And that's about all there is to describe this simple sporting outfit. Fussy beach clothes can never hope to equal its practical chic



William A. Fraker

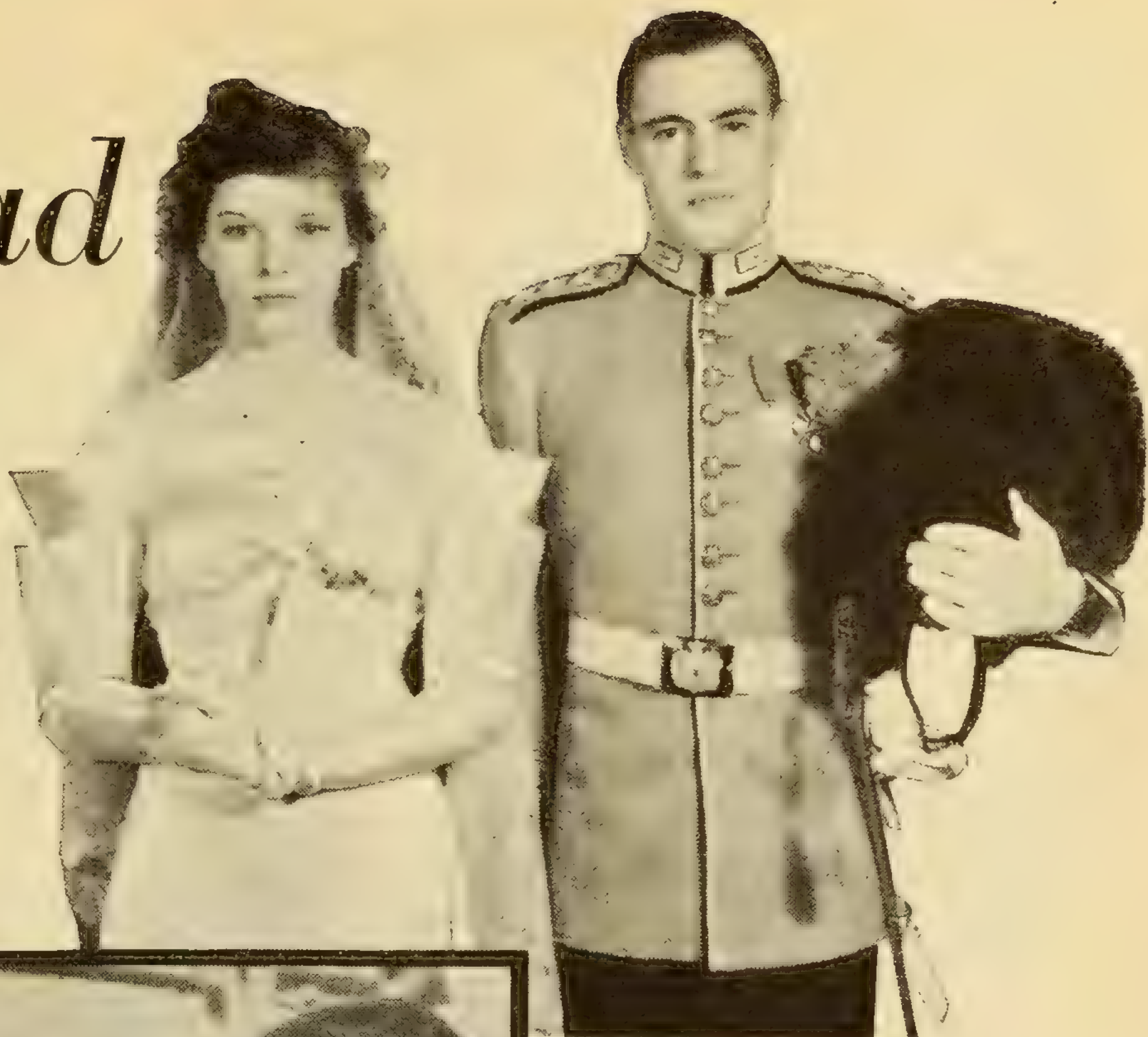
TIME out, on the set, for a lesson on how to stab your rival. Oh, just in fun, of course. Joseph Schildkraut, standing, tells Frank Morgan and Elissa Landi how to handle a fencing foil, while Director David Burton tries to get the trio's attention back to the script. They were supposed to be rehearsing lines for "Sisters Under the Skin"



Mack Elliott

THE stakes must be high, for Mr. Dunn is taking the game seriously! And Miss Gaynor considers carefully before she puts the card down. The spectator is Director John Blystone. Janet and Jimmy played rummy between shots on the "Change of Heart" set. Charlie

What's Ahead for Hepburn?



The director of her film hits says it is up to Kate to overcome the anguish of Broadway's snub

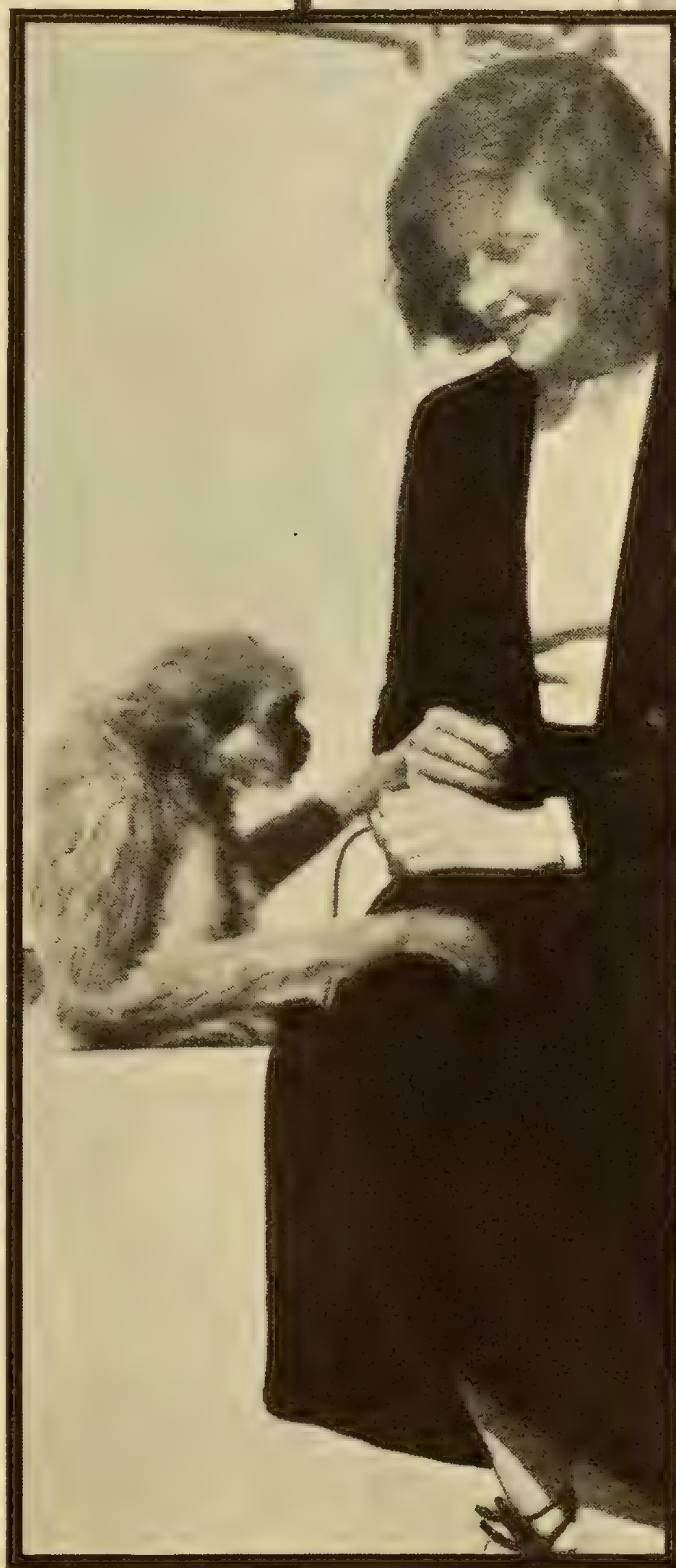
*By Kenneth
Baker*

AFTER the most amazingly contradictory first season career any screen actress ever experienced, Katharine Hepburn is facing the second episode of her melodramatic climb to movie greatness.

The first chapter has ended, leaving a bitter-sweet taste in her mouth. She has, in the short space of a few months, sampled the nectar of a world-acclaimed triumph and the wormwood of a dismal frustration of a personal ambition. And she has broken with her first husband.

Her freckled, artistic face is turned toward a future blurred and confused by what would seem to be a chaos of conflicting desires. Her career and her prestige waver in the balance, buoyed on one side by the unparalleled excellence of her record in "Morning Glory" and "Little Women"; and weighed down on the other by her disappointment in "Spitfire" and the failure of her meant-to-be Broadway stage triumph in "The Lake."

She is in the strange position of holding the highest honor screen-dom can give—the Academy award for the best acting of last year—and the worst affront Broadway can offer—the closing of her play after only a few weeks' run.



Monkey business! Even her staunchest admirers so describe some of Katie's capricious actions. In Hollywood now, Hepburn may fail. Or rise to still greater fame if—

In the play, "The Lake," with Colin Clive, Hepburn went through the torture of defeat. Some think her failure will affect her movie career

It's an uncomfortable, torturing spot for any actress to stew on. Doubly uncomfortable and twice as torturing for an actress of Katharine Hepburn's extreme sensitivity, ambition and pride.

That her position is one which brought her anguish seems to be proved by the fact that immediately following the closing of the ill-fated "The Lake," she fled from herself, her friends and her public on a vague, purposeless trip abroad, and nervously returned in a few days. Even her bosom friend, Laura Harding, did not accompany her.

Then she hopped down to Yucatan and started proceedings for a Mexican divorce from Ogden Ludlow Smith, financial advisor to a New York company. Laura Harding did go with her on this jaunt. And when Katharine returned she appeared in more gleeful spirits, even making herself accessible to the press. But when she was asked if she intended to marry Leland Hayward, her manager, she said she had no intention of wedding anyone. Hayward's wife, incidentally, also sued for a Mexican divorce. Poor Katie Hepburn!

A public idol—not fallen yet by any means. But super-sensitive and self-willed, creating ob-

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]

Let the

The title may be a pun on the chair's announcement, "The ayes have it"; but seriously, Jean—



You mustn't squint like that! Your eyes aren't as big as some of the other stars', and, if you are going places and see things—and be seen—you'd better listen to Sylvia

DEAR JEAN: You certainly didn't bother about *climbing* that ladder to success that so many people talk about, did you? You just took it all in one leap and landed on top as a star. More power to you!

A little over a year ago, when you played on the stage in "Saint Wench" with Helen Menken, I saw you many times from the audience.

But the night we were introduced, we were all in such a hurry that I didn't have a chance to chat with you. That's why I'm writing to you now. And I'm glad I waited, because I have much more to discuss with you than I would have had then. You see, your responsibility is much greater now.

To become a movie star is one thing. To remain a movie star is another. I've seen them come and go. Some last six months, a year or two, and then slowly they are pushed aside until they are forgotten. Others continue year after year having greater and greater success. Why? Because they are intelligent enough to realize that to keep the interest of the public they must give the best they have—and that doesn't mean in acting alone. The next most important job for any actress is keeping physically fit and attractive, staying mentally alert and alive.

Some actresses sit back and



Don't let that nice mouth droop at the corners, as it is prone to, Jean; and reduce your bust. So says Sylvia, after seeing our Jean Muir with Richard Barthelmess in "A Modern Hero." And Sylvia offers the remedies



You see, Jean, when you smile, that mouth of yours is a joy to behold! That's why Sylvia, with the friendliest intentions, offers these facial exercises that will protect you, and other girls, against drooping lips

say, "I'm a great movie star." They stop right there, thinking that the public is awed by the very words, "movie star." Well, believe me, darling, the American public is pretty smart. They demand perfection from their idols, and competition is so great that if they don't find that perfection in one star, they watch for another.

Some of our movie stars who have been making personal appearances, now realize that just showing themselves is not enough, particularly when they've allowed themselves to get fat. Stars must be slim and lithe—not bumpy and bulgy. They must walk correctly and gracefully. The distance across a movie theater stage

Eyes Have "It," Sylvia Advises Jean Muir



Sylvia

is considerably longer than that across a Hollywood set, and in the theater the public has a chance to get a good eyeful of every waddle and bump.

I know, Jean, you are smart enough to realize that what I'm telling you is not idle talk. It is frank, yes, and outspoken—that's my way. But I'm most sincere when I tell you that I want you to be one of our *lasting stars*. I want you to be one of the great artists of the industry. If my humble advice and help can be of any value, you're welcome to it at any time.

Some girls in Hollywood can't take it. But, Jean, for goodness' sake, don't you ever get that way. Remember, darling, when anyone gets the fantastic idea that she can't improve herself, it's the beginning of the end. The way up is glorious. The way down is heartbreaking. And that goes for anyone in any walk of life. So remember that what I'm telling you is for your own good.

I saw you in "As the Earth Turns," and with Dick Barthelmess in "A Modern Hero." Fine performances, both of them. But here are some of the things I noticed. Your eyes aren't as large as some of the stars' eyes. But that doesn't matter, they're expressive. Norma Shearer's eyes aren't large, either, and look what she has done with them with proper make-up. But you, Jean, further handicap yourself by squinting in some of your scenes.

Yes, I know—those lights under which you work are terrible. That's why you must have good,

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 80]

Jean had to be a stoop-shouldered, rural girl, as here shown with Dorothy Appleby, in "As the Earth Turns." But Sylvia warns her against carrying this slumping off the set



On page 80 Sylvia solves the beauty problems of many who have written to her



Can't Get London Off Her Mind

WHEN Mona Barrie was ten years old, she left London, her birthplace, behind. Many times since, she started out to see London once more, but something always interfered. Not so very long ago, she thought the time had come when she was going to make it. Mona had finished well up in fame on the Australian stage, particularly from her work in "Autumn Crocus" and "Bitter Sweet."

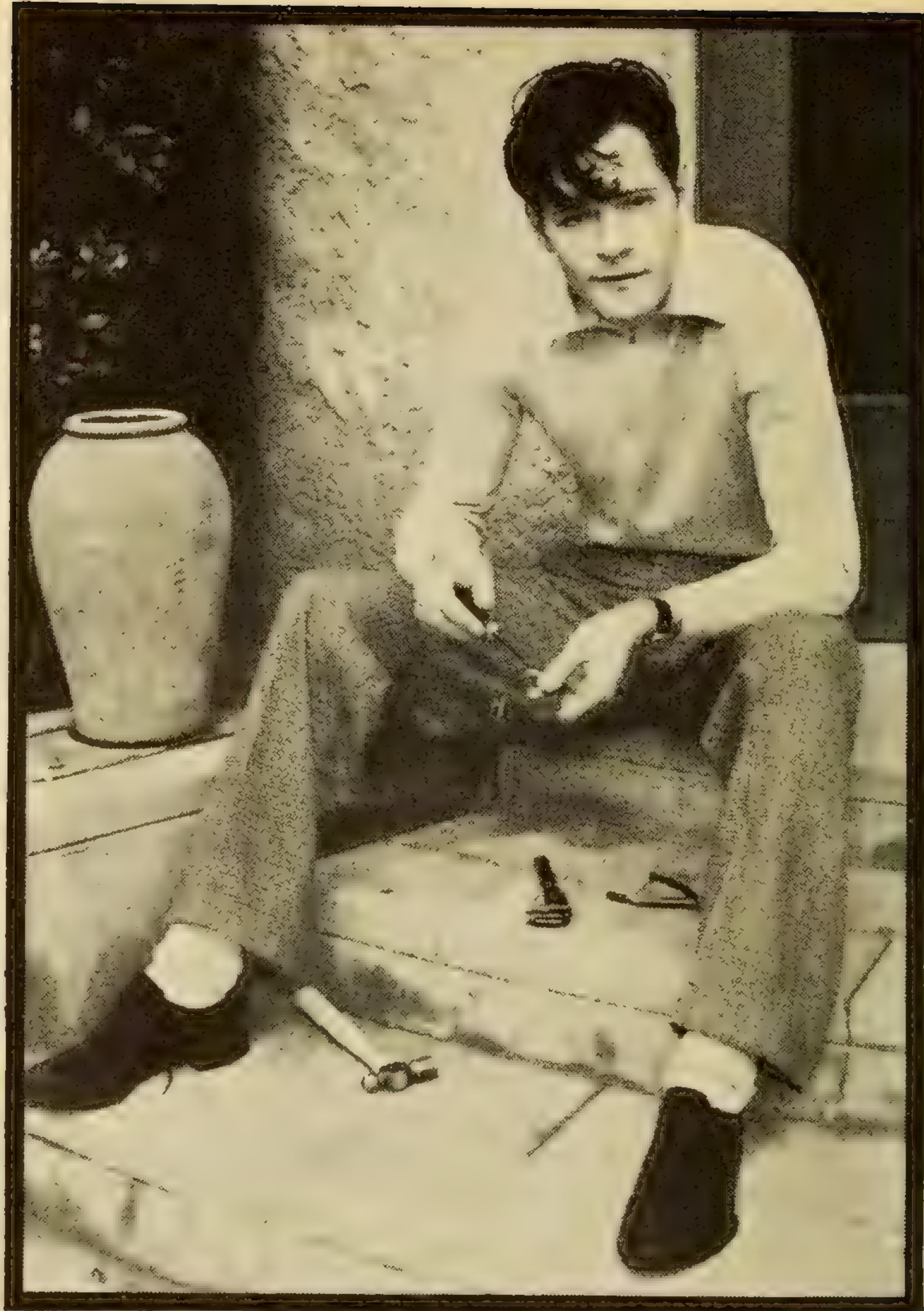
Mona booked passage to London, by way of the United States. She arrived on the West Coast from Australia, but gave not one thought to visiting Hollywood. It was her first trip, too. No, she was headed for home this time, no stop-offs. So, New York was reached. Home was now only five days away.

Then it happened. She was riding on top of a double-deck Fifth Avenue bus when a Fox executive, who was a fellow passenger, saw her. He tracked her to her hotel, learned who she was and arranged for her to take a screen test.

Right then and there her trip home was indefinitely postponed again. Fox liked the test; gave her a contract.

Her first picture was "Sleepers East." "Carolina" followed. Next came "All Men Are Enemies" and "Such Women Are Dangerous." Mona was then loaned to Columbia for a featured part in the Grace Moore picture, "One Night of Love."

But, in Hollywood, Mona keeps pretty much to herself. She has very few friends, lives alone in the Hollywood hills, and there buries herself in books. Not that she couldn't be popular if she wanted to—people around the studio are fond of this smartly gowned, gracious girl. But she even rides and swims alone. And she just can't get London off her mind.



Moral: Don't Be Too Anxious

"I'M too busy," countered the irritated young man, who was born Ralph Zink and changed his name to Donald Woods. "Can't you see I haven't time to make a picture test?"

It took twenty minutes to revive the picture scout from Warner Brothers' Hollywood studio. The news spread, and two other major studios entered the game. A lively bidding followed for this talented stock leading man, who displayed such indifference toward pictures. He knew about Hollywood—went to high school there, in fact—and two good stock jobs were in hand. His psychology worked perfectly on the movie men.

Forty-eight hours after he arrived in Hollywood with the persevering scout, Donald had settled his wife and two-year-old son, "Splinter," in a house, signed a seven-year-contract with the Warners at a very healthy salary—and gone to work in his first picture, an important lead in "As the Earth Turns."

He is good in it. Why not? In seven years Donald played two hundred and twenty-three parts with stock companies, and two good rôles on Broadway. At twenty-eight, he is a veteran actor. He was born in Winnipeg, Manitoba, and brought to California when a baby. He is a naturalized American, played football at the University of California. Broke his nose and says the doctor who fixed it improved his profile.

In college, he met Josephine van der Horck, who would be a baroness if nobility were still in vogue in Germany. They have been married six years.

Donald prefers light comedy, but his nearest approach to it in Hollywood was being "dunked" several times in a cold ocean for "Fog Over 'Frisco." And that wasn't so funny at the time.

He has been loaned to Fox for "Charlie Chan's Courage."

PHOTOPLAY'S

Hollywood Beauty Shop

Conducted
By Carolyn
Van Wyck

•
All the beauty
tricks of all the
stars brought to
you each month

SUMMER ought to mean the happiest season for us all. A season of gaiety, being yourself and doing things. Bright skies, inviting waters, golf, tennis, vacations, cunning sports clothes and slithery chiffons. All the things that girls like. But, like all good things, there's a darker side. And it's spelled in three words—sunburn, freckles and tan!

Think for a moment of the dollars, time and distress spent in correcting this harvest of summer. Instead of correcting this year, prevent. The whole moral of my story is that a few



Curls go coronet in this original coiffure from Minna Gombell in "Hell Cat." In place of the usual braids, flat curls circle the crown of the head and the smooth back ends in a double roll low at the nape of the neck. The slightly exposed ears invite earrings. The perfect coiffure for your summer chiffons



minutes for prevention will save hours of correction. And to prevent, you will need perhaps just one or two of the following preventives: reliable protective oil or cream, foundation in any form, plenty of powder, and a good bleach and nourishing cream to be used after exposure.

As a matter of fact, you can draw upon mother's pantry closet for several good preventives, but since we've all been educated to lovely containers, sweet smells and a certain sense

A Small Place

for our sunburn, freckle and tan exhibits A to K, because of the great variety in skin tone and texture. These eleven girls were brought to the Coast by Earl Carroll, and the additional ones in the cast chosen from the Paramount studio.

California was the perfect place for our test, because in addition to its brilliant skies and sparkling waters, California can't be beat for a dry, sunburning climate.

We start with Beryl Wallace, a dusky brunette with black hair and eyes and a dead white skin. That's a matchless combination for beauty if you can keep that skin white. Once it is darkened, you're just another brunette. And in spite of the beach and tennis, Beryl is still white by a clever little idea. Before any exposure she covers her face and neck with a dark shade of liquid powder, and over this base puts on her make-up. The sun makes no inroads on her white skin. The liquid powder is, in itself, very protective, but over that, you see, you lay an additional veil of powder, perhaps a little cream rouge. The combination makes you doubly safe from the sun. You can work the same magic on arms, shoulders, back and legs.

But as perfect as this precaution was for Beryl, it won't work with all. Anya Taranda and Evelyn Kelly are the fairest of blondes, with delicate, pink complexions. They tried Beryl's way, and freckles were generously sprinkled over their respective noses after each outdoor venture.

Anya discovered that by applying a strong bleach to her nose and cheeks as soon as she finished swimming or tennis, the freckles disappeared or became light enough to cover with powder. Evelyn followed this method also. After each bleaching treatment both girls used generous applications of nourishing cream to counteract any dryness that might be caused by sun, wind and bleach.

If you, reader, are blonde, inclined to freckle, you must employ the examples of Beryl, Anya and Evelyn. The trick being to prevent all you can and correct a little as you go along. For your type of skin is "duck soup" to sun and wind. And if you wait until September or Octo-

Linda Parker is wisely planning her campaign for a perfect tan. Plenty of protective oil on shoulders, back and legs is the secret of her sun-tan success

Skin lotion applied well to the neck prevents discolored circles and V's from wind and sun. Phyllis Barry suggests this for all summer girls

A few sprays of special hair fragrance is one of Helen Vinson's pet nocturnal tricks. This essence blends perfectly with all scents

of luxury in our toilet preparations, the temptation to go out and buy something nice in a bottle or jar is very strong. And I'm with you there. Your cup of olive oil and vinegar, half in half, is a great aid to a nice tan, but I'd rather have a sweet-smelling fluid in a smart bottle any day. And so would most of you.

In looking about Hollywood, I chose eleven girls from the cast of "Murder at the Vanities,"

in the Sun

ber for your bleaching, you'll have a long, hard job on your hands—or face, rather.

Leda Nacova, Russian, brown-haired, brown-eyed, found that California dried her skin. And California isn't the only place that has this neat little way of ruining your skin. It happens everywhere.

Leda immediately gave up a soap-and-water facial for the time and resorted to a liquefying cleansing cream. Then she used a nourishing oil on her skin before retiring, and over her entire body before taking a bath. The pores, opened by the warmth of the bath, absorbed the oil. There are some delightful oils and creams made expressly for this pre-bath treatment, and they leave your body as smooth and fine as a baby's.

Ernestine Anderson found another treatment for the prevailing ailment of feminine skins in the West—dryness. Ernestine has fair skin and red hair, which at once puts her into that class

which shies away from summer as it would a disease. Powder wouldn't stay on Ernestine's face and her nose peeled. So, in addition to the use of cleansing and nourishing cream, she used a foundation cream that left her skin moist, and over this applied make-up. It was the moist quality of the cream that saved Ernestine further skin worry. If your skin is fine and fair, this type of foundation is

perfect, for it not only protects but enhances your appearance. It gives you that fresh, dewey look. Ernestine used it on both face and neck.

Wanda Perry, with brown hair and eyes, had only roughened lips to worry about. After applying her powder, she touched her lips with cold cream, and over the oily base applied lipstick. The result was ravishing. This gives that screen-mouth effect, about which so many of you write me. It gives a tempting gloss, almost, to the lips.

Marion Callahan and Constance Jordan are both ash blondes and their secrets are synonymous. To ward off freckles and burn, both girls used plenty of vanishing cream and powder, and a nightly treatment that comprised steaming the face slightly to open the pores and then applying muscle oil mixed with nourishing cream. That, by the way, is a great night treatment for summer skin. It softens, lubricates and does wonders toward eradicating wrinkles and lines, especially about the eyes. For necks, too, that age prematurely, there's nothing like it. First, scrub lightly with a soft brush to remove any dead skin and arouse circulation, then spread on the muscle oil-nourishing cream mixture. Sleep with it on. It works on the younger and older neck alike.



A thorough application of liquid powder before make-up is one perfect method of dodging painful burn and many freckles, says Sidney Fox



Sidney Fox believes in the good old home remedy of equal parts of olive oil and vinegar sponged on skin to protect against wind and sun while at the beach. Apply this before and after exposure

If you're blonde like Mary Carlisle, you'll find that your legs will burn as painfully as face or neck. Mary rubs a protective oil over thighs and legs. It's a wise self-defense





Four episodes in the story of the day and night life of a coiffure are told by Gail Patrick. Hair off the face, a few shadow waves and small, tight roll curls brought forward over the cheeks tell the youthful, distinctive day story. An enduring good style for many

Laurie Shevlin, a tiny brunette from Scotland, used a bleaching recipe handed down to her from her grandmother. She mixed equal parts of almond meal and water to a thick paste, and applied it to her cream-cleansed face and neck. When the paste was thoroughly dry, it was removed with warm water, and plenty of nourishing cream was then applied to the skin. This treatment keeps the Shevlin skin camellia-like, even in Hollywood.

Ruth Hilliard, a gray-eyed brunette, scrubbed her face daily with soap and water, but used an oily foundation beneath her make-up. Soap and water is usually the skin salvation of the oily type.

The pantry shelf came to the aid of the blue-eyed brunette, Dorothy Dawes. After a week-end of tennis and golf, Dorothy found unmistakable signs of suntan. She hurriedly applied the beaten white of an egg to her cream-cleansed face. It's Dorothy's way of combatting too much



Gail retains similar face hair-lines for her evening coiffure but banks the back hair in a *señorita* manner. A highly romantic, Carioca effect to top your summer dance frock and particularly charming on the dark-haired girl. A hair-dresser is necessary for this style

tan. Since the egg white is also very astringent, Dorothy applied plenty of nourishing cream later on.

This egg-white treatment, by the way, is a splendid pick-me-up after a tiring day when you have a big evening before you. It is especially helpful for the face that is coarse-pored and inclined to droop, because the tightening effect seems virtually to lift the face and refine the skin. If you use this before going out, let the white dry, rinse off in cold water and use a foundation. That night, use a nourishing cream if your skin is inclined to dryness. If it is oily, don't, because you will then need the general drying effect of the white.

Now you know the summer secrets of eleven of the "Murder at the Vanities" cast. Be guided by the type that you are, and the tricks will probably work as well for you as for Earl Carroll's eyefuls of beauty. And when you see the picture, you can smile to yourself and think, "I know how this one and that and the other one do it."

In casting my eye around Hollywood for other typical summer ideas, I came across Helen Vinson, golden haired, brown-eyed, with a deep peach skin. Helen also resorts to Sidney Fox's trick of olive oil and vinegar to induce a nice tan and to avoid too much.

Helen also passes on another little intimate summer secret. She has a perfect figure, but believing in the virtues

of the right girdle to make you stand, sit and walk correctly, Helen wears a light, solid gum-rubber girdle from which she removes the garters, so there can [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]





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■ Miss Anne Gould spent much of her early girlhood in the Hawaiian Islands. Her adventurous spirit not only made her an expert surf rider, but she went to the bottom of the ocean herself to secure certain rare shells and corals for her col-

lection, the finest private collection in America. She studied in Paris under two famous French masters and her paintings are exceptionally fine. She is a proficient horsewoman and loves the open country. She always smokes Camel cigarettes.



CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER,
MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS THAN
ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND

Why Miss Anne Gould, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jay Gould, prefers Camels

"Why do I smoke Camels? Because I honestly like their taste better than any of the other cigarettes," says Miss Gould. "Like most of the girls I know, I prefer a mild cigarette—that's another reason I am devoted to Camels.

Besides, I see no reason for letting cigarettes make you nervous—Camels never make me edgy or jumpy. And I really believe you could smoke Camels forever and ever and not get tired of their fine, smooth flavor."

Camel's costlier tobaccos are Milder

MAE WEST



"IT AIN'T NO SIN"

with ROGER PRYOR, John Mack Brown, Duke Ellington & Band • Directed by Leo McCarey
If it's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE it's the best show in town!



Ask The Answer Man

ETHEL MERMAN—she's got rhythm and she's got everyone asking about her. Her performance in "We're Not Dressing" has the picture-goers saying that when "better torch songs are sung, Ethel will sing 'em."

Neighbors heard her first lusty try-out when she entered this merry old world on January 16, 1909. The place was Astoria, Long Island, just across the river from the Great White Way. As a youngster she was always called upon to entertain at parties. Won prizes when she sang in contests in neighborhood theaters.

When she graduated from Bryant High School she secured a secretarial position, but spent her evenings singing in local night clubs. An introduction to Archie Mayo, motion picture director, resulted in a six months' movie contract. However, no suitable rôles were available at that time, so she joined Clayton, Jackson and Durante. Engagements at New York and Florida night clubs followed and a vaudeville tour which culminated at the Palace Theater. Next came motion picture shorts at the Astoria Studio and engagements at the New York and Brooklyn Paramount Theaters.

Ethel's first real recognition came when, on the opening night of "Girl Crazy" she stopped the show with her blazing torch singing. Then she appeared in George White's "Scandals" and "Take a Chance."

Her real name is Ethel Agnes Zimmerman. For professional purposes she dropped the "Zim" and thus got the name you know her by. She is 5 feet, 6¼ inches tall, weighs 118 and has brown hair and brown eyes. Is of Scotch-German descent, the Scotch having the upper hand. Her favorite color is red, and her greatest ambition is to be a dramatic actress.

ARDINE ANDERSON, OAKLAND, CAL.—The twin girls who appeared with Will Rogers in "Mr. Skitch" were Cleora Joan and Glorea Jean Robb.

A SAGINAWIAN, SAGINAW, MICH.—The picture "Court Martial" was produced by Columbia in 1928. The cast included Jack Holt, Betty Compson, Pat Harmon, Doris Hill, Frank Lackteen, Frank Austin, George Cowl and Zack Williams. Robert Armstrong was born in your home town. His latest picture is "Manhattan Love Song" in which he appears with Dixie Lee. Bob is fancy free at this writing.

CHARLOTTE BRINSTEIN, NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.—Margaret Sullavan was divorced from her husband, Henry Fonda, last year. Her new picture is "Little Man, What Now?"

JOSEPH KIKER, BRECKENRIDGE, TEX.—Buster Crabbe is a native of Oakland, Calif. He was married to Adah Virginia Held, April 13, 1933. His latest picture is "You're Telling Me."

WILLIAM FISHER, NEW YORK CITY.—The last three pictures of that grand character



Ethel Merman, the pretty blues singer, whose work in "We're Not Dressing" won her many new admirers. She gained fame singing in night clubs, vaudeville, musical comedy and radio

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. For a personal reply, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, self-addressed envelope must always be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

actor, Noble Johnson, are "King Kong," "White Woman," and "Son of Kong." I am sorry but I have no address for him at this time.

DAURICE HOYT, WEEDSPORT, N. Y.—Don't waste your time arguing, just send your questions in and I will be glad to settle them for you. Spencer Tracy has been celebrating birthdays since April 5, 1900.

ROBERT H. MCRAE, SAN PEDRO, CAL.—The lad who played *Bradley, Jr.*, in "Dancing Lady" was Maynard Holmes. He will be seen next in "Madame DuBarry" the new Dolores Del Rio picture.

THREE BLONDES, OMAHA, NEBR.—Wouldn't Eddie Tamblyn, pint-sized collegian, be pleased to hear that you girls like his acting so much. Well, here's the low-down on Eddie. He was born in Yonkers, N. Y., January 5, 1912. Stands just 5 feet, 5½ inches high (he failed to tell whether that is with or without shoes), weighs 120 and has light brown hair and blue eyes. He is an expert horseman—he says so himself; plays golf and likes fishing and hunting. He originally intended to be an electrical engineer, but drifted into show business through winning a Charleston contest.

BEATRICE E. HIGGINS.—Lovely Kay Johnson was born in Mount Vernon, New York. She is 5 feet, 4 inches tall and has blonde hair and blue eyes. She appeared on the stage prior to making her talkie debut in "Dynamite." In private life she is Mrs. John Cromwell. Kay's latest pictures are "Eight Girls in a Boat" and "This Man Is Mine."

HELEN BOLLMAN, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—After a vacation in Europe, New York and Miami, Gene Raymond has settled down to work again. He is appearing with Joan Crawford in "Sadie McKee."

ERIC MESSEYER, YORK, ENG.—If you will give me further details on just what information you want on American pictures and stars, I will be pleased to advise you what to do about it. If you are interested in any particular stars and desire to keep in touch with their activities in the studios, you can do so by joining some of the Fan Clubs and corresponding with the officers of the clubs. I'll be waiting to hear from you.

Let the Eyes *Have* "It," Sylvia Advises Jean Muir

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

strong eyes to stand up under those lights. And, first of all, I want you to have my wonderful eye exercise to make you keep your eyes wide open, even when you're doing a great emotional scene. The rest of you girls can listen in, too, so that when you go to the beach this summer you won't squint under the glare of the sun—so you'll look attractive at all times. This exercise is also good for tired eyes.

Here goes. Shut your eyes for the flash of a second. Now look at the object farthest away, preferably something green. Next, look at a closer object and a closer one and still closer, until you're looking at your own lap. Why, your eyes seem rested already. They're not tense and tired any more, are they? Do that just before you begin a scene.

HERE'S another eye exercise. This will strengthen the eye muscles and, therefore, keep away those tiny little lines that cluster about so many otherwise attractive orbs. Sit quiet. Without moving your head, look as far as possible out of the corner of your eyes over your left shoulder. Slowly move the eyes, without moving the head, until you're looking over your right shoulder. Then look up as far as you can. Then slowly, slowly bring the eyes down, and look down as far as you can. But never move your head. That's a marvelous exercise for you, Jean, and for every person who wants strong, bright eyes. Do that once a day, at least.

When the eyes are tired close them and very gently, in a rotary movement, roll two fingers of each hand over the lids. Then, with the thumbs, press right under the eyebrows on that bone. Next, with the palms of the hands press on the temples just as hard as you can. Hard, darling, press plenty hard. That's right. Now, with the palms of the hands, press the forehead as hard as you can. When you've finished all that, rest for a little while, placing two pads of cotton soaked in witch-hazel over your eyelids. Just try that—all of you girls—for a month. You'll be amazed at how strong your eyes will become and how they will snap and sparkle.

Just one more thing about your face. You know, darling, you have lovely hair, a beautiful neck and a wonderful smile. I want you to

smile more often because, at times, your mouth has a tendency to droop at the corners. Well, we've just got to get those corners up, because it makes you look older when you pull them down, and you're really so young.

Put your thumbs right under your cheek bones and work around until you find the muscles that control the corners of your mouth. When you're on the right spot you can feel those drooping corners lifting. Now, with the thumbs, press and move them in a slight rotary movement—just on those muscles. Relax and do it again. Do that any time you think of it. The more the better. The rest of you girls do that when you're sitting at your office desks or when you are reading a book at home. It will give you a much more cheerful expression. And, Jean, smile—smile a lot. You're beautiful when you do.

Now, darling, I want to give you a wonderful exercise for your bust. Even in those country woman costumes you have worn in your most recent pictures—particularly in "As the Earth Turns" and "A Modern Hero," I could see that your bust was too large and also, because you're tall (and tallness is an advantage, not a defect) you are inclined to slump. Well, don't do it, for that makes your bust look as if it sags. Recently, I reduced a woman's bust thirteen inches. You don't need that much of a reduction, but you still have a problem.

With your two hands, squeeze and dig into the flesh and muscles of your back, just over the shoulder-blades. (I don't need to tell you that you mustn't touch the bust. I'm sure you have sense enough not to do that.) Those back muscles support the bust. You must make those muscles hard and firm so that they will support the bust properly. And this pinching and squeezing stimulates the glands so that the busts are pulled up where they belong.

Here's another grand bust exercise. This will reduce the bust and the upper arms, too. You must have someone to help you, and if your maid is shorter than you are, have her stand on a chair. In your stocking feet, stand with your face flat to a wall and reach up with your hands as far as you can. Then have your helper grab you around the arms just below the elbows and hold you up against the wall. While she's trying to hold you up, you try to

pull down until your heels touch the floor. Gosh! You can feel every muscle in your body pulling and stretching. Sure it hurts, but after you've done it, it's a wonderful feeling and particularly will you feel your bust lifting. Your upper arms will become thinner, too.

In working on the bust you mustn't expect miracles. You've got to have unlimited persistence, and don't forget to wear a good brassière as a support.

I want you to eat plenty of red and white cabbage, and raw grated apples with lemon juice. I could give you my famous buttermilk diet for bust reducing, but since you don't need to take an ounce of flesh off your lower hips—in fact you need a couple of pounds there—I'd rather you would try the other methods I've given you first. And, to develop your lower hips, at the back, and also your legs, here's a grand thing for you to do.

At the beach float in that wonderful California salt water and—keeping your arms and the upper part of your body perfectly quiet—paddle vigorously with your legs. In that way you can enjoy the water and, at the same time, build up the lower part of your body. A few tap dancing lessons wouldn't do any harm as a hip builder, either.

JEAN, darling, I'm not going to say anything about your walk—except one thing. I know you affected that droop of your shoulders for the character you played. Your director tells you what to do and I don't claim to be a director. I'll stick to my own job—that of telling you girls in Hollywood and all over the world how to be as beautiful as possible.

But there's just one thing I want to warn you about—since you are playing so many character rôles—be careful not to get into the habit of slumping off-screen as the character demands that you do on. A walk like that can so easily become a habit. Don't take your screen personality into your private life.

There, darling, go to it. I hope not only you but all the other girls and women who read this letter find help in it.

I send you my best wishes for a successful and glamorous career.

Sincerely,
SYLVIA

Answers by Sylvia

Dear Sylvia:

I am very anxious to follow your reducing system. I assure you that I will do exactly as you say. There is just one question I want to ask. Should the exercises be taken night or morning?

Mrs. R. J., Pittsburgh, Penna.

That's the spirit! It thrills me to hear somebody say she will follow my advice exactly. Just keep up that spunk and courage, and I assure you that you will be amply rewarded. You can use your own judgment about when to take the exercises. I think a person has more pep in the morning and, therefore, does them more vigorously, but if you're too busy in the morning to do them thoroughly, then

MY, how the troubles come in—but how I like to see them! I know, you see, how I can make them disappear—so you'll understand why Aunt Sylvia says, the more the better. If you have a problem, I'll be glad to help if you'll just write, addressing your letter to Sylvia, care of PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City. For a direct answer, enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope; otherwise watch these columns. No obligations whatever, of course—I'm only too glad to help.
SYLVIA

take the time at night. A lot of the exercises are so simple that they can be taken during the

day when you have a few minutes to spare. Make every moment count. You won't regret it.

My dear Sylvia:

Will you please tell me how to reduce my cheeks?

B. D. N., Riverside, Calif.

You don't tell me in what places you want the cheeks reduced, and you know that certain muscles control other muscles; but, as I have said so many times and now repeat, you can model your own face exactly as a sculptor models moist clay. However, you must be just as careful—if not more so—with your face as an artist is with his masterpiece. Very, very

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 99]

"I Love Summer Clothes"

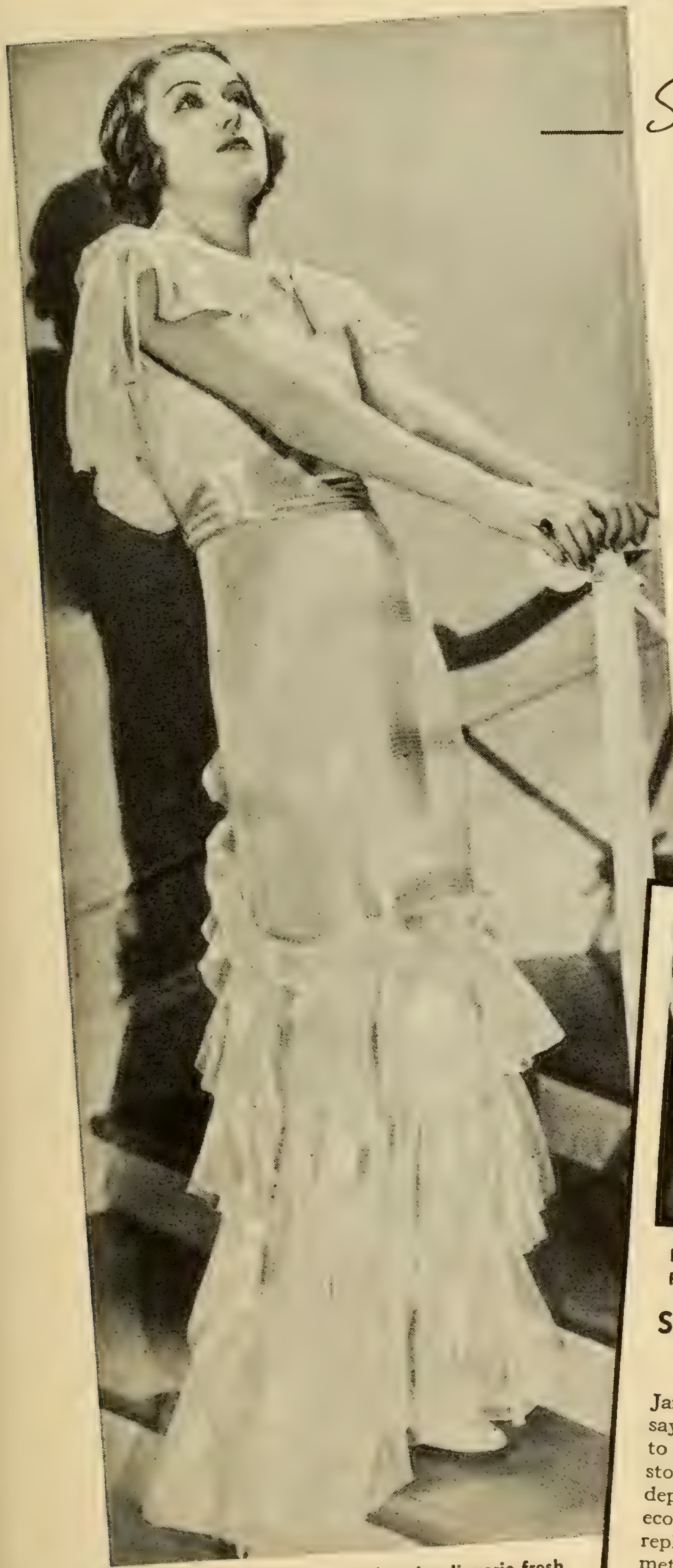
says Fay Wray

"It's so easy to keep them fresh and smart with LUX"

"With such exciting new cottons and gorgeous washable silks nowadays, summer clothes have loads of smartness. But, of course, they must be absolutely fresh to look their best.

"That's why Luxable clothes are so heavenly. Just a whisk through a froth of lukewarm Lux suds, and they look grand as new. My maid always tests the color first in clear water—then we know if it's safe in water alone, it can be trusted to gentle Lux."

Why don't YOU try this Hollywood care for your own summer things? Lux will keep them fresh and unfaded. But don't risk cake-soap rubbing or using ordinary soaps containing harmful alkali. These things are often disastrous to color and fabrics. Lux has no harmful alkali—keeps lovely frocks new looking all summer long.



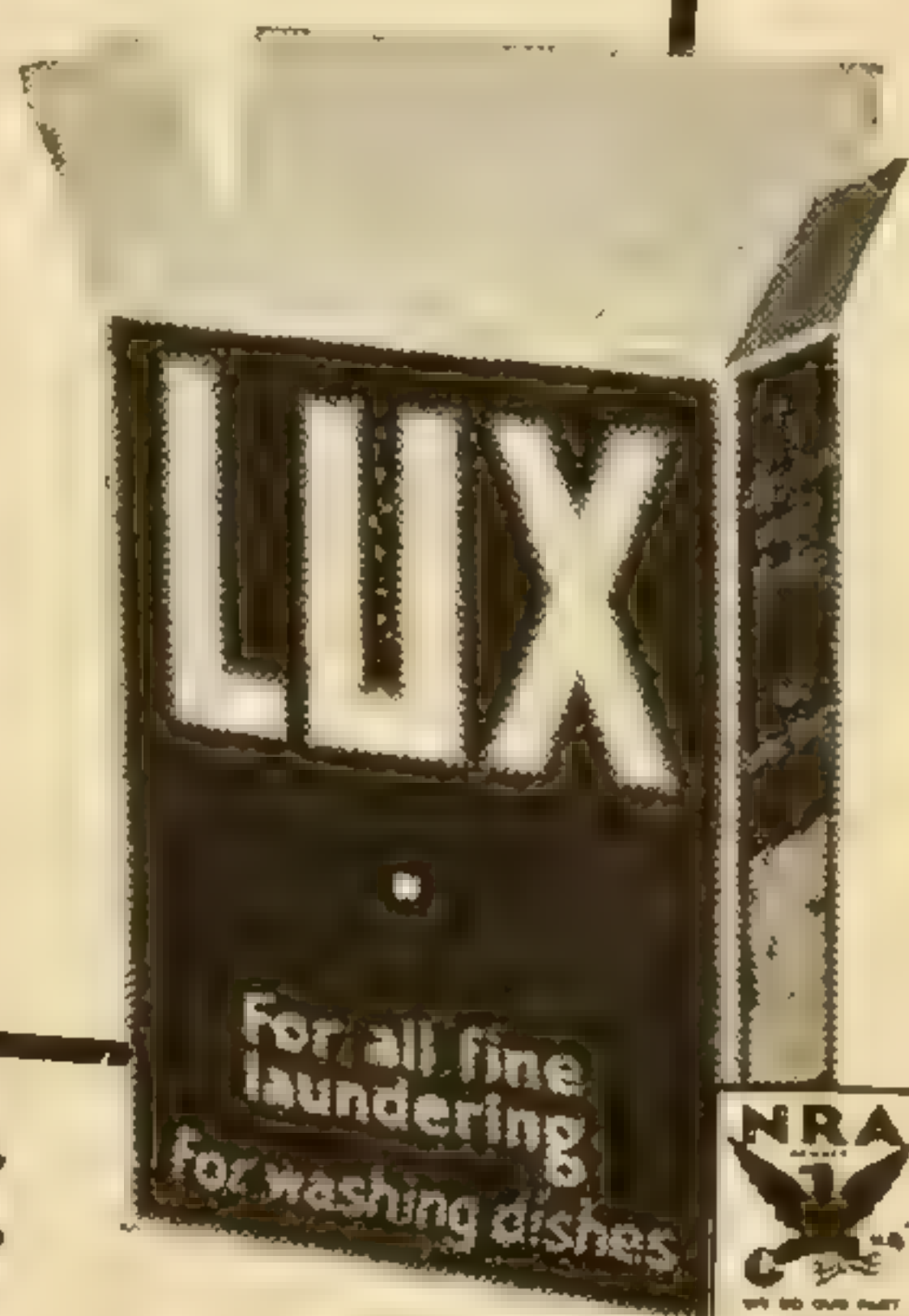
"Lux is marvelous, too, for keeping lingerie fresh and lovely without fading the color," FAY WRAY says. "And how it cuts down stocking runs!"



Kallach, Columbia stylist, discusses costumes and color with Fay Wray, lovely young star of Columbia's "BLACK MOON."

Specified in all the big Hollywood studios . . .

Janet Henle, Columbia wardrobe department, says: "In my job it's important to know how to take the best possible care of costumes and stockings worth many thousands of dollars. I depend on Lux. It has proved an invaluable economy and a wonderful help in cutting down replacement bills. Lux is the best and safest method of cleansing all washable garments—silk, cotton, wool."

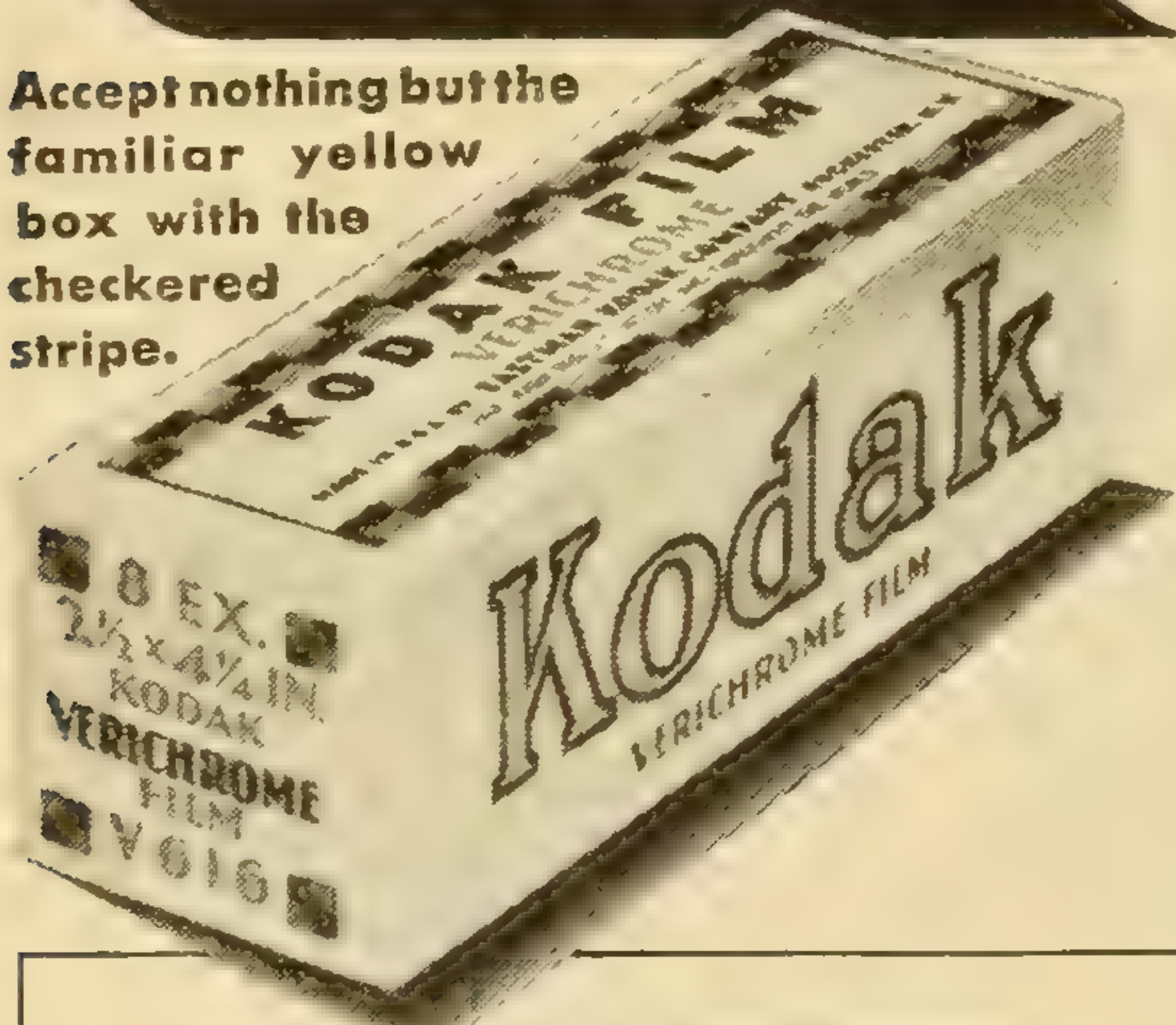


Hollywood says—Don't trust to luck **TRUST TO LUX**

Even "first timers"
get good snapshots
with Verichrome.
This adaptable
film tolerates
exposure errors...
you'll get good
pictures even when
the timing is not
just right.



Accept nothing but the
familiar yellow
box with the
checkered
stripe.



HOW VERICHROME DIFFERS FROM ORDINARY FILM

1. Double-coated. Two layers of sensitive silver.
2. Highly color-sensitive.
3. Halation "fuzz" prevented by special backing on film.
4. Finer details in both high lights and shadows.
5. Translucent, instead of transparent.

Made by an exclusive process of
Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

KODAK
VERICHROME
FILM

Addresses of the Stars

Hollywood, Calif.

Paramount Studios

Brian Aherne	Ida Lupino
Adrienne Ames	Helen Mack
Richard Arlen	Fred MacMurray
George Barbier	Julian Madison
Mary Boland	Joan Marsh
Grace Bradley	Herbert Marshall
Carl Brisson	Adolphe Menjou
Burns and Allen	Ethel Merman
Kitty Carlisle	Gertrude Michael
Claudette Colbert	Raymond Milland
Gary Cooper	Joe Morrison
Larry "Buster" Crabbe	Jack Oakie
Eddie Craven	Gail Patrick
Bing Crosby	George Raft
Alfred Delcambre	Lyda Roberti
Dorothy Dell	Lanny Ross
Marlene Dietrich	Jean Rouverol
Jessica Dragonette	Charlie Ruggles
Frances Drake	Randolph Scott
W. C. Fields	Clara Lou Sheridan
William Frawley	Sylvia Sydney
Barbara Fritchie	Alison Skipworth
Frances Fuller	Sir Guy Standing
Gwenllian Gill	Dorothy Stickney
Julia Graham	Colin Tapley
Cary Grant	Kent Taylor
Jack Haley	Eldred Tildbury
Charlotte Henry	Evelyn Venable
Jay Henry	Mae West
Miriam Hopkins	Henry Wilcoxon
Roscoe Karns	Dorothy Wilson
Charles Laughton	Howard Wilson
Baby LeRoy	Toby Wing
Carole Lombard	Elizabeth Young

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Rosemary Ames	Harry Green
Heather Angel	Lilian Harvey
Lew Ayres	Rochelle Hudson
Jane Barnes	Roger Imhof
Mona Barrie	Miriam Jordan
Warner Baxter	Victor Jory
John Boles	Suzanne Kaaren
Clara Bow	Howard Lally
Charles Boyer	Frank Melton
Nigel Bruce	Conchita Montenegro
Madeleine Carroll	Herbert Mundin
Joe Cook	Pat Paterson
Henrietta Crosman	Will Rogers
James Dunn	Raul Roulien
Jack Durant	Wini Shaw
Charles Farrell	Sid Silvers
Alice Faye	Shirley Temple
Peggy Fears	Spencer Tracy
Stepin Fetchit	Claire Trevor
Norman Foster	Helen Twelvetrees
Ketti Gallian	Blanca Vischer
Henry Garat	June Vladek
Janet Gaynor	Hugh Williams
James Gleason	

RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

Fred Astaire	Wynne Gibson
Nils Asther	Ann Harding
Ralph Bellamy	Katharine Hepburn
Joan Bennett	Dorothy Jordan
El Brendel	Pert Kelton
June Brewster	Edgar Kennedy
Clive Brook	Francis Lederer
Tom Brown	Dorothy Lee
Bruce Cabot	Eric Linden
Mowita Castanada	Joel McCrea
Ada Cavell	Colleen Moore
Chic Chandler	Ginger Rogers
Alden Chase	Robert Shayne
Jean Connors	Adele Thomas
Frances Dee	Thelma Todd
Steffi Duna	Nydia Westman
Irene Dunne	Bert Wheeler
Skeets Gallagher	Thelma White
William Gargan	Robert Woolsey

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Douglas Fairbanks

Mary Pickford
Anna Sten

20th Century Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

George Arliss
Janet Beecher
Constance Bennett

Ronald Colman
Fredric March
Loretta Young

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Patricia Caron
Walter Connolly
Donald Cook
Richard Cromwell
Dick Heming
Jack Holt
Edmund Lowe
Tim McCoy
Geneva Mitchell

Grace Moore
Jessie Ralph
Arthur Rankin
Gene Raymond
Joseph Schildkraut
Billie Seward
Ann Southern
Raymond Warburn
Fay Wray

Culver City, Calif.

Hal Roach Studios

Don Barclay
Billy Bletcher
Charley Chase
Billy Gilbert
Oliver Hardy
Patsy Kelly

Stan Laurel
Billy Nelson
Our Gang
Thelma Todd
Douglas Wakefield

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Katherine Alexander
Tad Alexander
Elizabeth Allan
John Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Alice Brady
Charles Butterworth
Mrs. Patrick Campbell
Mary Carlisle
Leo Carrillo
Ruth Channing
Maurice Chevalier
Mae Clarke
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Marion Davies
Marie Dressler
Jimmy Durante
Nelson Eddy
Stuart Erwin
Madge Evans
Muriel Evans
Louise Fazenda
Betty Furness
Clark Gable
Joan Gale
Greta Garbo
C. Henry Gordon
Russell Hardie
Jean Harlow
Helen Hayes
Ted Healy

Jean Hersholt
Irene Hervey
Jean Howard
Otto Kruger
Myrna Loy
Jeanette MacDonald
Ruth Matteson
Florine McKinney
Una Merkel
Robert Montgomery
Polly Moran
Frank Morgan
Karen Morley
Ramon Novarro
Maureen O'Sullivan
Jean Parker
Nat Pendleton
Esther Ralston
Donald Reed
May Robson
Shirley Ross
Norma Shearer
Martha Sleeper
Mona Smith
Lewis Stone
Gloria Swanson
Franchot Tone
Lupe Velez
Henry Wadsworth
Johnny Weissmuller
Diana Wynyard
Robert Young

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Henry Armetta
Lew Ayres
Vince Barnett
Dean Benton
Russ Brown
Russ Columbo
Ann Darling
Andy Devine
Sally Eilers
Hugh Enfield
Francesca Gall
Sterling Holloway
Edward Everett Horton
Leila Hyams
Lois January
Buck Jones
Boris Karloff
Lenore Kingston

June Knight
Paul Lukas
Ken Maynard
Chester Morris
Neysa Nourse
Edna May Oliver
ZaSu Pitts
Roger Pryor
Claude Rains
Ellalee Ruby
James Scott
Onslow Stevens
Gloria Stuart
Margaret Sullivan
Slim Summerville
Alice White
Jane Wyatt

Burbank, Calif.

Warners-First National Studios

Loretta Andrews
Mary Astor
Robert Barrat
Joan Blondell
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
Lynn Browning
James Cagney
Enrico Caruso, Jr.
Hobart Cavanaugh
Ricardo Cortez
Bette Davis
Dolores Del Rio
Claire Dodd
Ruth Donnelly
Marine Doyle
Ann Dvorak
John Eldredge
Patricia Ellis
Glenda Farrell
Philip Faversham
Kay Francis
Pauline Garon
Geraine Grear
Hugh Herbert
Arthur Hohl
Leslie Howard
Josephine Hutchinson
Allen Jenkins
Al Jolson
Paul Kaye

Ruby Keeler
Guy Kibbee
Esmond Knight
Lorena Layson
Hal LeRoy
Margaret Lindsay
Emily Lowry
Marjorie Lytell
Aline MacMahon
Frank McHugh
Jean Muir
Paul Muni
Theodore Newton
Pat O'Brien
Henry O'Neill
Virginia Pine
Dick Powell
Phillip Reed
Philip Regan
Edward G. Robinson
Barbara Rogers
Kathryn Sergava
Barbara Stanwyck
Lyle Talbot
Verree Teasdale
Genevieve Tobin
Gordon Westcott
Renee Whitney
Warren William
Pat Wing
Donald Woods

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Neil Hamilton, 351 N. Crescent Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif.
Ned Sparks, 1705 No. Sycamore Ave., Hollywood, Calif.
Alan Dinehart, 2528 Glendower Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

I'm sending some of the latest
snapshots of Bill—he's swell, Sis,
and wants to meet you.

Captain
a hot
I
So he
with
Sis



How much more one snapshot tells about the way he looks than a whole letter! One snapshot, and you almost know him. What a fascinating way to make letters clear and interesting. The friends—the places you go—the things you do—slip them into the envelope in the form of snapshots. They really tell the story. Snapshots are more truthful, more expressive than ever, when you use *Kodak Verichrome Film*. Make your next pictures with Verichrome and see the difference. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Don't just write it—PICTURE IT—with snapshots

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]

SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY—Fox

A NICELY naughty whimsey about what happens to a playboy under the influence of Spring and "a good pure woman." Otto Kruger is a charming *Henry*, and Nigel Bruce is exactly *Johnny*, the smug Britisher who feels playful, too. Nancy Carroll is perfectly cast, as is Heather Angel, the "good woman." Herbert Mundin is the valet.

STRICTLY DYNAMITE—RKO-Radio

AN astonishingly unfunny picture that should have been amusing, at least, but just isn't. Jimmy Durante and Lupe Velez are a radio team in need of good gags (like the film). William Gargan, an agent, procures poet Norman Foster as gag man. He becomes a sensation, but eventually fails, is deserted by everyone and is finally brought back to success by wife Marian Nixon. Sterling Holloway good.

SISTERS UNDER THE SKIN—Columbia

SUDDENLY obsessed with desire to recapture his lost youth, forty-nine-year-old Frank Morgan takes a last wild fling at romance (in the person of Elissa Landi). Morgan does a convincing characterization and Doris Lloyd, as his society wife, is superb. Composer Joseph Schildkraut plays Elissa's young sweetheart. Some strong scenes.

THE BLACK CAT—Universal

ALTHOUGH Boris Karloff manages to look reasonably sinister, this isn't the chiller it is intended to be. The film takes you through one night and day in the fanatic's mysterious abode, where Bela Lugosi, who has an all-consuming horror of cats, David Manners and his bride, Jacqueline Wells, stop during a storm. Plot holds little suspense.

PRIVATE SCANDAL—Paramount

ONE of those comedy-murder mysteries which doesn't succeed in being either. However, you'll probably overlook the obvious plot when the laughs start rolling. Story centers around real estate operator Lew Cody's undetermined murder or suicide. Phillips Holmes, fiance of Lew's daughter, Mary Brian, becomes involved. Ned Sparks, ZaSu Pitts.

SMARTY—Warners

ANOTHER marital mix-up in which Joan Blondell, as the vexatious wife, starts out with Warren William and after a divorce marries Edward Everett Horton. Only to return later to husband Number One. There is a definitely light touch throughout the film, but it attempts to go dramatic in spots that ought to have been entirely devoted to humor. Frank McHugh, Claire Dodd adequate.

WILD GOLD—Fox

THIS misses being the saga of the old ghost mining towns come back to life by a long shot. There isn't much excuse for anything that happens and only through efforts of a

good cast does the picture rate notice. John Boles plays a drunken engineer in love with Claire Trevor, cabaret girl. Roger Imhof, as the old desert prospector, is excellent.

AFFAIRS OF A GENTLEMAN—Universal

A MURDER mystery solved in a unique way. Camera cleverly goes back of scenes and shows you events that the inspector never finds out. And the whole thing never would have happened if Paul Lukas hadn't used the women in his life as heroines of his novels. Lukas gives a polished performance. Dorothy Burgess handles a perpetual jag well. Sara Haden, Patricia Ellis, Murray Kinnell.

WHIRLPOOL—Columbia

JACK HOLT is excellent in a powerful melodramatic yarn. Railroaded on a murder charge, he fakes a death notice while in prison to free his bride Lila Lee from marriage. Years later, now a big-time gambler, his daughter (a reporter) recognizes him. To protect Lila, remarried, "Enoch Arden" Holt shoots his way—and himself—out of a jam. Jean Arthur charming as daughter. Donald Cook.

I HATE WOMEN—Goldsmith Prod.

GAY, amusing situations, a cast of capable players and grand dialogue make this newspaper story entirely satisfactory entertainment. Professed woman-hater Wallace Ford clears June Clyde, suspected of murdering her husband, and falls in love with her. Fuzzy Knight gives a standout comedy performance. Bradley Page, Barbara Rogers, Alexander Carr do nice work, too.

UNCERTAIN LADY—Universal

A COMEDY of errors with Edward Everett Horton, as usual, making most of the errors. When Horton decides he loves Renee Gadd, wife Genevieve Tobin agrees to a divorce providing he secures another husband for her. And thereby hangs a tale. Paul Cavanagh, a family friend, plots with the wife to help win back her husband. Plot succeeds, but then Genevieve finds she's in love with Cavanagh. Just fair.

FOG OVER FRISCO—First National

A MODERATELY exciting mystery-romance. The mystery revolves around a wealthy society girl, Bette Davis, who desires excitement and so becomes a "fence" in the stolen security racket. Romance is supplied by Margaret Lindsay, as Bette's younger sister, and Donald Woods, newspaper reporter. Lyle Talbot and Arthur Byron also in cast.

THE PARTY'S OVER—Columbia

WHAT might have been a collection of keen characterizations is hereby relegated to the limbo of anything for a laugh. Stuart Erwin wants to paint, but instead juggles figures to support his shiftless family. However, his secretary (Ann Sothorn) speeds the break, and then the party is over when Stu gives them the air. Indifferent support.

SMOKING GUNS—Universal

WRONGLY accused of murder, Ken Maynard impersonates the officer who was to bring him in. But he can't fool the policeman's sweetheart (Gloria Shea). No suh. A glaring example of why Westerns are practically washed up. But the youngsters may go for it. Then there's Tarzan, Ken's horse.

CHEATERS—Liberty

BILL BOYD, leader of a group of racketeers just released from prison, picks up June Collyer, also just "out." The gang makes her into a "lady" to capture the heart of wealthy Alan Mowbray. The tables are turned—Bill falls in love with June and makes them all go straight. Dorothy Mackaill is amusingly hard-boiled. William Collier Sr.

THE LOUD SPEAKER—Monogram

AMUSING tale of a small town lad (Ray Walker) who goes to New York, wins a radio audition and becomes a sensation. He falls in love with Jacqueline Wells, a poor but proud actress, and secures her a radio job. But success finally goes to his head and he hits the skids, only to be brought back by Jacqueline. Interesting and well done.

THE CONSTANT NYMPH—Fox-Gaumont-British

BASED on Margaret Kennedy's popular novel about the children of the mad composer, Sanger. As a musician friend of the family, Brian Aherne gives an exquisite portrayal. All cast members are English, including Virginia Hopper, the constant nymph in love with Aherne from girlhood to womanhood. An emotion-stirring drama for intelligent audiences.

MONTE CARLO NIGHTS—Monogram

AFTER reading the story by E. Phillips Oppenheim, one is apt to expect more than this film offers. The night before his wedding to Mary Brian, playboy John Darrow is arrested for murder. He escapes on the way to prison and tracks down the real criminal in Monte Carlo. Excellent photography.

UNKNOWN BLONDE—Majestic

IF it weren't for the credible work of each player, this film about the divorce racket would be of no account whatever. Having always abided by a strict code of ethics, lawyer Edward Arnold resorts to unethical practice only when he finds his wife (Dorothy Revier) is unfaithful. John Miljan, Barry Norton, Arletta Duncan. Not for children.

JUST SMITH—Gaumont-British

THIS film version of Frederick Lonsdale's play, "Never Come Back," is a cheery little farce. It boasts an entirely British cast, headed by Tom Walls, as a slick crook. He plans to rob a society leader, but falls in love with her daughter (Carol Goodner). Action takes place aboard a yacht and in Monte Carlo.

Join America's gayest Radio Party! Hear Borden's "45 MINUTES IN HOLLYWOOD"

EVERY SUNDAY AT 10:30 P. M., E. D. S. T., COLUMBIA NETWORK

Never a dull moment . . . something doing every minute in this gala Borden parade of movieland!

There's nothing "made-up" about this

show of thrills. It's fact, not fancy—bringing you the true Hollywood, the glamorous Hollywood!

Tune in *this* Sunday evening on

Borden's "45 Minutes in Hollywood." Make a note now of this: 10:30 P. M., E. D. S. T. (9:30 P. M., E. S. T.), Columbia Broadcasting System.



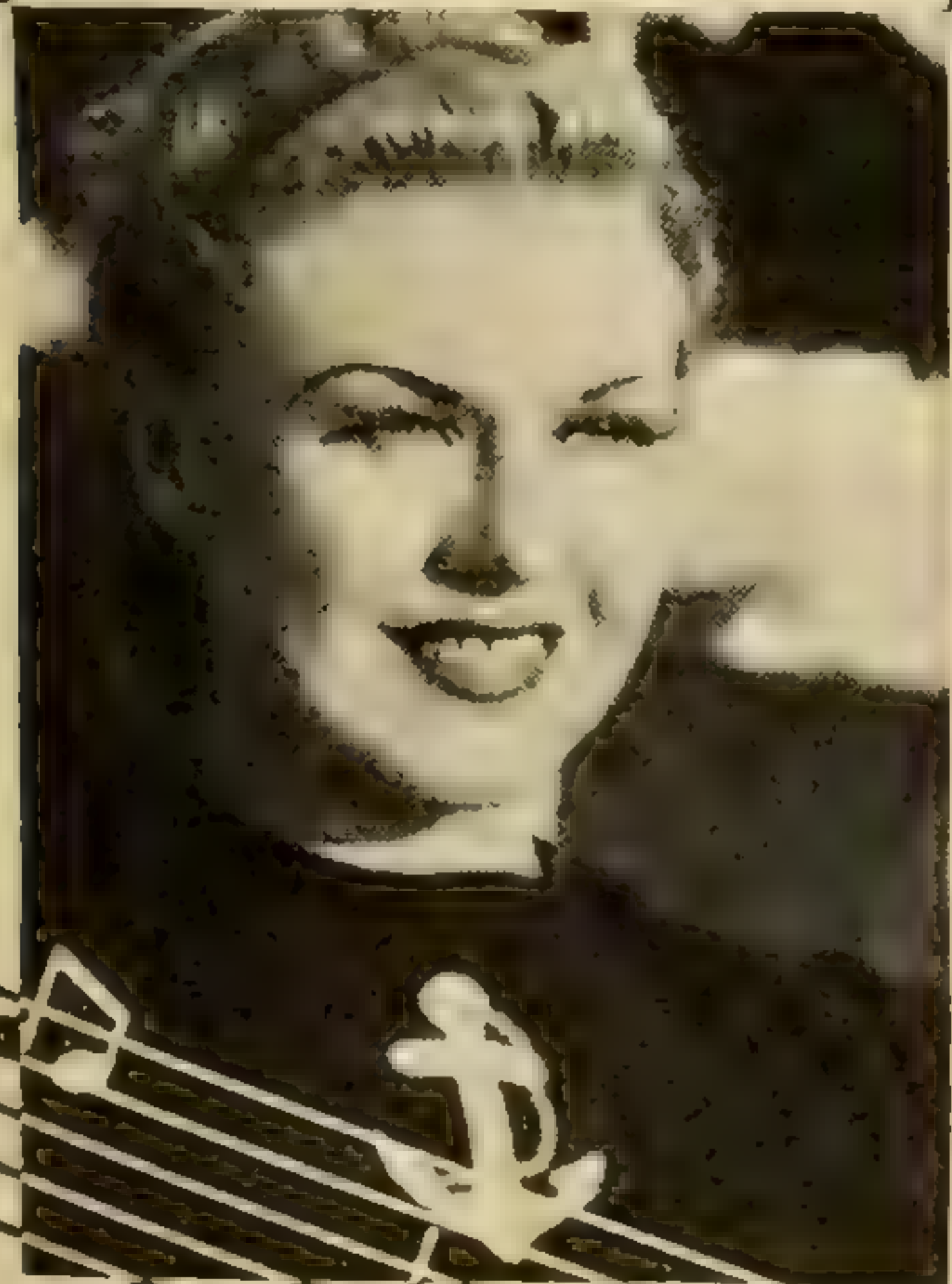
MARGARET SULLAVAN AND DOUGLASS
MONTGOMERY IN UNIVERSAL'S
"LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?"

The stars are going places . . . and you're included! Roam around Hollywood with vivacious Ginger Rogers, RKO star, interviewed on this program.

We're going on location now. Come on along! Learn how a big film is made, right down to the fadeout. The picture is RKO's "Stingaree" with lovely Irene Dunne.

Tonight we dance . . . strike up the band, Mark Warnow! Hear the hits from the latest pictures played by this sparkling orchestra. And just try to keep your feet still!

We've just finished a picture. Preview it with us! It's Sylvia Sidney and Cary Grant in their new Paramount Picture, "Thirty Day Princess"



Presented by the makers of
BORDEN'S EVAPORATED MILK
Borden's Cheeses, and other fine dairy products



When you undress for bed—

**Use all the Cosmetics you wish, but remove them thoroughly
Hollywood's way—guard against unattractive Cosmetic Skin**

MANY a girl who *thinks* she cleans her face before she goes to bed does not *thoroughly* free the pores, but actually leaves bits of stale daytime make-up to choke them all night long.

"Heavens! What's wrong with my skin?" Soon, to her dismay, she discovers the warning signals of unattractive Cosmetic Skin—enlarged pores, dullness, tiny blemishes—blackheads, perhaps.

*Cosmetics Harmless if
removed this way*

To avoid this modern complexion trouble, thousands of women

are adopting the Hollywood screen stars' beauty method. Cosmetics need not harm even delicate skin unless they are allowed to *choke the pores*.

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its rich, ACTIVE lather sinks deeply into the pores, carries away *every vestige* of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

During the day before you put on fresh make-up, and ALWAYS before you go to bed at night, give your skin this gentle Lux Toilet Soap care. In this simple way you protect your skin—keep it so clear and beautiful!



Precious Elements in this Soap.

In this soap are precious elements Nature herself puts in skin to keep it soft and youthful. Hollywood stars, whose complexions are literally priceless, have used this pure, fine soap for years. Begin *your* Lux Toilet Soap beauty care today!

Joan Blondell

STAR OF WARNER BROTHERS' "SMARTY"



I use cosmetics, of course!
But thanks to **Lux Toilet Soap**, I'm not a bit afraid
of Cosmetic Skin





You'll need a deep pan such as Helen Vinson is using to prepare the chicken Southern style

Fowl may be fried long before guests arrive, and served cold. Stays crisp and delicious

Buffet Supper—Southern Style

ENTERTAINING Sunday night? And you can't decide what to serve? Then let charming Helen Vinson, who hails from Houston, Texas, come to the rescue with one of her favorite menus—

Peach Cocktail
Hot Biscuits
Cold Asparagus Tips
Egg-nog Float

Southern Fried Chicken
Shredded Raw Carrots
Watermelon Pickle
Coffee

Helen's meal is always carefully planned in advance. And guests are never conscious of any last minute fluttering about on the part of their hostess. All foods are in proper dishes, in refrigerator, ready to be set out at a moment's notice.

Peach Cocktail—Peel and slice peaches and soak one-half hour in brandy, enough to cover.

Southern Fried Chicken—Have fowl cut up, roll in flour, sprinkle with salt and pepper, fry in *deep*, very hot fat.

Biscuits—Sift 4 level teaspoons baking powder and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt with 2 cups flour. Mix in with tips of fingers lard size of an egg and 1 teaspoon butter. Work lightly with water and a very little milk until right consistency, and roll on board. Cut with biscuit cutter, and put in pan. Oven is turned on when guests are eating cocktails. Serve hot.

Orange Mayonnaise is served with finely shredded raw carrots. It is prepared as usual, except that orange instead of lemon juice or vinegar is used as flavoring.

Vinaigrette Dressing is set out in boats, to be served with cold asparagus tips. Method: Mix well 3 cups vinegar, chopped parsley, 1 chopped hard-boiled egg, dash of paprika, 1 teaspoon onion juice.

Watermelon Pickle—This can be bought all ready to serve. But you may prefer the home product.

Cut rind into pieces and weigh. One-half melon usually makes about $2\frac{1}{2}$ pounds, and this recipe is for that amount. Make syrup of $2\frac{1}{2}$ pounds sugar, $1\frac{1}{4}$ pints vinegar, $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce cloves, $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce stick cinnamon and let come to boil.

Cover fruit with hot water and boil until you can pierce with straw. Then drain off water, put fruit into syrup and let boil up once. Put in stone crock and let stay covered for 3 days. Then pour off syrup and boil. Now pour over fruit in jars. It will keep indefinitely.

Egg-nog Float—Whip 2 quarts of cream, mix with 1 cup of sugar, add rye whiskey to taste. Serve in meringue shells.

Clever use of liquor as a flavoring is an art in which the Southerner excels. Plug in coffee urn when guests start eating chicken, so coffee is ready with dessert.

BEAUTIFUL . . .

AND THE PICTURE OF HEALTH

THELMA TODD

KNOWS BREAD IS ONE OF HER BEST FRIENDS!

THELMA TODD'S striking blonde beauty is bright with animation. Her health, she knows, is a priceless possession . . . and she plans her diet carefully to provide the energy she needs. That's where *bread* proves a friend! Read her letter to Betty Crocker, menu expert.

Dear Betty Crocker:

In Hollywood we have to keep up our vitality. So much depends on it--our looks, our ability. They tell us to be sure we get enough energy food--like bread. I eat bread in some form at every meal.

Thelma Todd

The fascinating Thelma Todd adds many delightful high spots of comedy to the new Wheeler and Woolsey laugh riot, "Cockeyed Cavaliers", an RKO-Radio Picture.

109 NEW WAYS TO SERVE BREAD

BY BETTY CROCKER, MENU EXPERT

Free! This fascinating new book of recipes and menus, "Vitality Demands Energy (109 Smart New Ways to Serve Bread, Our Outstanding Energy Food)." By Betty Crocker, noted cooking authority. Clever suggestions for combining bread with other foods to make tasty, well balanced meals. Tempting menus for every occasion. Intriguing ideas for sandwiches, ap-

petizers, accompaniments for soups, salads. Interesting new uses for the delicious breads, and other baked wheat products, supplied you in delightful variety, by your baker. Include breads in every meal! Products Control Department of General Mills, Inc., Minneapolis.

SCIENCE REVEALS WHY BREAD IS OUR OUTSTANDING ENERGY FOOD

Proves that Bread:

1 *Supplies energy efficiently.* Abundantly provided with carbohydrates, which furnish endurance energy (largest need of diet). Important in proper combination of foods necessary for a complete diet.

2 *Builds, repairs.* Contains also proteins, used for building muscle and helping daily repair of body tissues. Thus bread, and other baked wheat products, used freely for essential energy needs, do not unbalance the diet in respect to proteins as do large amounts of energy foods lacking other essential nutrients.

3 *Is one of the most easily digested foods.* 96% assimilated.



These three statements have been accepted by the noted authorities on diet and nutrition who comprise the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association, largest and most important association of medical men in the world.

For full explanation by eminent scientists, read the valuable new free book on bread, "Vitality Demands Energy."



SEND FOR BETTY CROCKER'S FREE BOOK

Offer good only within continental limits of U. S. A.

Betty Crocker, Minneapolis, Minn.

Please send me your valuable new free book on bread, "Vitality Demands Energy" in which science states facts about bread, and you suggest 109 delightful new ways to use it.

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Bread ENERGY FOR *Vitality!*

"Extremities" In Fashion

*By Carolyn
Van Wyck*



Greta Nissen presents an interesting theory on hosiery and shoes. Nothing is so flattering to the leg contour as that unbroken line of color. She always matches her tones, tan, beige or bronze

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76]

be no little bulges under the suavest of frocks. Helen's girdle can be washed every night as easily as a stocking, and is a perfect suggestion for general summer wear, for sports, evening dancing or even the beach under a suit, if you really need it. The rubber should make it mildly reducing, too.

You won't get by this summer without lacquered toes—that is, if your toes ever show. In these pages you will find Betty Furness with matching fingers and toes, and you may be sure they make loveliness—if not music, wherever she goes. Always keep finger and toe tone in harmony.

Another idea that came out last summer and of which you will see more this year is that stocking-toned leg make-up, a cream-like affair that you simply smooth over your legs, then slip on your sports shoes or beach sandals, and away you go without a thought of stockings. It comes in a variety of shades, is easy to apply, and leaves you feeling so cool and free, and looking well leg-groomed. The younger set simply loves it, and it saves stocking cost and bother.

Another summer idea comes to us from the RKO cameramen, who insist that all stars, whether blonde, red, black or brown-haired, use the same colored hairpins in pictures—gray. The camera, it seems, will not pick up gray, whereas black or gold stands out like a beacon light. The point for us is that pins must match your hair. Nothing is more annoying than to see a lovely blonde head marred by a black hairpin here and there. And of course the gold hairpin is just as much out of place on the brunette. If you will take the trouble to investigate at the notions department of any store, you will find hairpins as perfectly styled for your needs as your hat or summer sandals.

Ann Harding's simple madonna coiffure has been the butt of much controversy. Is it or isn't it right for Ann? I think it is. A while ago I published in this department some pictures of Ann nicely curled, just to see what you readers thought. If there is still any doubt in your mind, watch out for "The Life of Vergie Winters," Ann's new picture. Because it covers a period of time from 1910 to 1932, the star will vary her coiffure in keeping with the different times. Watch for the picture and see what you think about Ann's hair.

Virginia Pine has a very homey slant on her beauty methods. Her tastes in both clothes and toilet preparations are very simple.

"I wash my face with soap and water and then apply honey," she said when asked about her pink and white skin. "The honey remains on about twenty minutes and then I sponge it off, adding an ice rub to the treatment."

There are several comfortable ways to use ice. If you prefer it directly on your face, swathe it first in cotton. It's much easier to handle this way and will not slip.

Jean Harlow's method is to toss several cubes in a basin of cold water and bathe her face in this.

At this point, Carolyn is sleuthing about Hollywood trying to find out how the stars manage to look and feel as crisp and cool as a lettuce leaf in August. Watch for Hollywood's solution in the next issue.

A new edition of our leaflet, "Sunburn, Freckles and Tan," offers some practical solutions for your summer skin worries. Leaflets on general skin ailments, hair, lovely eyes and a home manicure are also yours for the usual stamped, self-addressed envelopes. Please send a separate envelope for each leaflet. All information offered is based on the beauty practices of the stars plus our own knowledge of what is right and safe for you. Your letters have our conscientious and prompt attention. Carolyn Van Wyck, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.



Matching nail lacquer for finger and toe adds a fillip to your summer costume, beach, evening or boudoir, thinks Betty Furness. Rich rose tone blends perfectly with her blonde skin

Advice to Blondes on Make-Up

by Genevieve Tobin



GENEVIEVE TOBIN
AND
CARY GRANT IN

"Kiss and Make-Up"

A Paramount Picture pro-
duced by B. P. Schulberg

Max Factor's Make-Up
Used Exclusively



POWDER... Blonde, with blue eyes and very fair skin, Genevieve Tobin chooses Max Factor's Flesh Powder. Its lifelike color imparts radiant beauty to the skin, and its smooth texture creates a satin-like make-up that will cling for hours.

ROUGE... The color tone to give a youthful flush to the cheeks is Max Factor's Flame Rouge. Delicate in color, it harmonizes beautifully; and its creamy-smooth texture make it easy to gain perfect naturalness in rouging.

...As told to Florence Vondelle

"AFTER all, whatever we do to be beautiful, it is really color that enhances our attraction...so we must choose colors in make-up carefully. Particularly, pastel tones of the blonde require delicate harmony of color.

"In Hollywood, Max Factor, genius of make-up, has solved this problem for us. With screen stars as living models, Max Factor created color tones in powder, rouge and lipstick to harmonize together and accent beauty naturally. A make-up secret that really holds fascinating beauty."

★ ★ ★

Whatever your type... blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead... there is a color harmony make-up for you, created by Max Factor. This luxury, originally created for the screen stars, is now available at nominal prices. Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Now featured by all leading stores.



LIPSTICK... Lips accented in color harmony with Max Factor's Super-Indelible Flame Lipstick enhance the appeal of her lovely beauty. Perfect lip make-up! ...for it is moisture-proof, and thus the color remains permanent and uniform.

Max Factor * Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP... Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick in Color Harmony

TEST YOUR COLOR HARMONY IN FACE POWDER AND LIPSTICK

JUST FILL IN the coupon for purse-size box of powder in your color harmony shade and lipstick color sampler, four shades. Enclose 10 cents for postage and handling. You will also receive your Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and a 48-page illustrated book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"... Free. 1-7-82 © 1934 Max Factor

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here ☐
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	

MAIL THIS COUPON TO MAX FACTOR... HOLLYWOOD.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]



For a gag and comfort, Jack Oakie wore a tweed coat with his tuxedo to a Hollywood party. Prefers an apple to caviar, too

GEORGE JESSEL, after his marriage to Norma Talmadge in Atlantic City, said he has never been happier in his life. "Why—I've been waiting nine years," said George, "and it was worth it." Norma and George are furnishing a Park Avenue, New York, home.

J. P. McEVOY, the writer, talking to a visiting writer said, "The most marvelous and intriguing thing about Hollywood is, that everything you hear, and everything you make up about Hollywood is true. Or comes true."

CLARK GABLE was at the recent Spinsters' Ball, exclusive social soiree of Los Angeles. At the Spinsters, girls cut in on the men. Five hundred eager debutantes!

For Clark, the evening was something like a game of rugby. No sooner would one cooing, little, starry-eyed girl snuggle into his arms than a smack at her elbow would jerk her away and another was in her place. It went on until six the next morning.

NO news of the Marquis' homecoming as yet, and Hollywood is beginning to wonder if the separation is a harbinger of anything permanent. Meanwhile, Connie Bennett doesn't seem to be lonely.

She and Gilbert Roland are stepping out to the screen colony's dining spots. They slipped in late at "The House of Rothschild" première to dodge the photographers, but not late enough.

GEORGE BRENT has moved bag and baggage from the Chatterton bungalow, and is now occupying an ordinary dressing-room. His hair turned quite gray.

AND now Lee Tracy is an angel, even if Mae West isn't.

Isabel Jewell was just about the most disappointed little girl in town when M-G-M failed to take up her option.

But the reporter who hinted it might be because the studio and the boy friend, Lee Tracy, were at odds, got the dressing-down of his life.

"How dare you suggest that 'Angel' had anything to do with it," stormed the faithful little Jewell. "And don't you dare blame him. It was my own fault, not 'Angel's.'"

SHE had to become a mother to do it. Louise Fazenda is Hollywood's latest important "discovery"!

Louise, who masked her talent for years in slapstick rôles, practically went off the screen when the talkies came in. She returned occasionally, but never regained the importance she once enjoyed. Now, after becoming a mother, Louise has blossomed forth and attracted the attention of movie-goers and producers alike. Result—an M-G-M term contract—her first since the old silent days.

"LOOK at me—I'm practically naked!" Such a disturbing scream came from

Lupe Velez at the Little Club the other night. And the reason was that Lupe was sporting only *one* diamond ring.

All the rest of her famous "ice" was in the safe deposit box at the bank, during the confusion of redecorating her home.

AND of course you've heard about the Earl Carroll "Vanities" cutie who strolled into a famous Hollywood book shop and asked the clerk for the book called, "Little Man, So What?"

ELIZABETH BERGNER'S sensation in the British produced picture, "Catherine the Great," will be followed up by her in person this fall on the New York stage in her current London stage success, "Escape Me Never." Charles B. Cochran, London producer, the manager, is due in America to arrange for the opening of "Escape Me Never." More significant, he will confer with movie executives, particularly Fox.

DOLORES DEL RIO'S bedroom is upstairs, and her husband's, Cedric Gibbon's, is right below hers, downstairs. A ladder and a trapdoor through his closet ceiling leads to Dolores' room. Pretty romantic, we call it.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 124]



"Chu Chin Chow" comes to life on the screen. Anna May Wong, who left Hollywood for English pictures, is dressed for the rôle of Zharat in British-Gaumont's movie version of the musical comedy

"AREN'T YOU GOING
TO FILL 'ER UP?"

"SURE...AT THAT MOBILLOIL
DEALER'S RIGHT AHEAD!"



*With Mobiloil Dealers Everywhere—why
take chances with a fine, modern engine?*

THERE'S SOMETHING behind the big grin on this car-owner's face. It's the grin that comes from owning a smooth-running car—and knowing the secret of how to keep it that way!

He has found out this about modern automobiles. They are *fine* pieces of machinery. Precision built, with parts that fit like a glove.

And because they are such fine mechanisms—the secret of keeping them at their best lies in the oil they

get. Oil that resists high engine heats. Oil that *stays* tough—even though it's spread out between parts in a film thin as onion skin.

In one word—Mobiloil. Because Mobiloil is specially refined from choicest crudes to have just these properties. Toughness, no matter how thin the film. Resistance to heat. Surer, longer-lasting lubricating qualities.

You'll find — as this man has — that it's easy to give your car the

*More people
buy Mobiloil than
any other Brand*

benefit of this better oil. Mobiloil is the largest-selling motor oil in the world. There are dealers everywhere.

And, every dealer sells from a mistake-proof chart that shows which grade your car should have.

Stations that show the sign of the Flying Red Horse also sell Mobilgas. This gasoline is Mobiloil's quality mate. Try them both in your car.

Mobiloil



Socony-VACUUM

CORPORATION

AND FOR COMPLETE SMOOTH PERFORMANCE...MOBILGAS

The Husbands in Gloria's Career

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40]

Studios, nineteen years ago that Gloria Swanson met Wallace Beery. She was an extra. He was the most important man on the lot. She married him.

It was shortly after her marriage that pictures began to move to California. Gloria moved with them.

On the coast she got a job as a bathing beauty with Mack Sennett, in one and two-reel comedies. Every day, she walked past the gates of Famous Players-Lasky studios. De Mille was inside. And Gloria shrewdly believed that De Mille was slated to do the big things of the future in pictures.

In 1918 came her chance to break from comedies. She was given the lead in a movie drama called "Smoke," on the Triangle lot. In this, her first feature picture, she was a success. She knew now that she need never return to slapstick.

SHORTLY after her graduation from short comedy rôles to dramatic leads, the parallel begins. A change in professional status, a change in the matrimonial alliance. Wallace Beery got a divorce from her on grounds of desertion.

During her first year in De Mille's spectacles, Gloria married Herbert K. Somborn, millionaire with movie connections.

On the screen, she was placed in glittering settings of magnificence. And in private life, too, her public saw her, a dazzling lady on a golden throne, surrounded by the splendors and luxuries Somborn could easily afford.

Four years after their marriage, in 1923, when Gloria was on the crest of her success, Somborn, like Beery, divorced her on a desertion charge. About this time came another change in her career.

The day of vamps was about to end. A lot of gorgeously gowned ladies with spit curls were about to be lost in the shuffle.

Gloria was not to be one of these.

The trend of the movies was toward romance and adventure. So Swanson put aside her headdresses and gorgeous gowns and, dressed as a boy, won further laurels in "The

Humming Bird." This story of a thieving little Paris urchin and her romance with an American soldier brought thunderous applause from the public and praise from critics.

The vogue for romance-adventure grew. Gloria grew with it. Her climactic picture in this era was "Madame Sans Gene."

The volume of feature pictures now produced was rapidly increasing. Gloria kept up with the rapid and ever-changing growth of the movies. In two years, she starred in twelve pictures.

There had been little time for her private life, little time for personal romance. Was she, perhaps, losing some of her glamour in the eyes of the movie-going public?

Gloria went to France. When she returned she was the bride of the Marquis de la Falaise. They had been married in Paris. Her return to Hollywood was a triumph. If her glory had dimmed a little, its luster was quickly restored. For Gloria had a golden crown, a golden crest on her calling-cards and an old-world title a mile long.

The following year, 1926, her contract with Paramount expired. Would Gloria sign a new one? Paramount offered her twenty-five thousand dollars a week for the fifty-two weeks of the year.

Gloria had worked under the Paramount banner for seven years; had made a total of twenty-four pictures under it. She had a horror of becoming a type, set in a mold. She had watched many big stars fall by the wayside when the "type" went out of style.

Back in 1919 ranking stars organized a company to produce their own pictures. It was called United Artists. With one grand gesture, therefore, Gloria turned down Paramount's offer of one million and three hundred thousand dollars a year. She decided to produce her own pictures. She joined the United Artists group—Mary Pickford, Doug Fairbanks, Sr., Charlie Chaplin.

Gloria tossed in her money and went to work on "The Love of Sunya."

The picture was a terrible flop. There was a reason—the trend toward realism had set in.

Gloria recognized the trend and started on another picture. She chose "Rain," the stage play adapted from Somerset Maugham's story. The play, she knew, was highly censorable for the movies. She submitted it in story form to Hays office under the title of "Sadie Thompson." Apparently the Hays office saw no connection between "Sadie" and "Rain." The script was approved and work began.

"Sadie Thompson" was a tremendous box-office success.

Once again Swanson was on top of the world.

She immediately went to work on "Queen Kelly." This picture was almost finished when sound hit Hollywood like a tornado. Gloria knew that the silent "Queen Kelly" would be obsolete by the time it was released. She began the tedious job of retakes, dubbing in sound. When she saw the rushes, however, she realized it was hopeless. She simply was not ready to cope with the talkies. The picture was too poor to release. She scrapped it. It had cost her nine hundred thousand dollars and months of exhausting labor.

HER problem now was to meet the exacting demands of the talkies on voice and diction. After intensive work, she chose her first talkie, "The Trespasser." It was hailed as one of the best talkies up to that time. Gloria had sailed triumphantly forward on the waves of sound.

It was that year, 1930, when her success in talkies was assured, that she lost the Marquis. Many believe the cause of their break was due to her absorption in "Queen Kelly" and "The Trespasser."

New impetus for her movie career—and with it husband Michael Farmer, passes out of Gloria's marital life, with the latest shift in her screen fortunes.

Motion pictures have become works of art. Gloria has made her choice. She believes the band wagon is M-G-M. History has repeated itself, for her—on more than one occasion.

Rumor says she may soon find a new marital mate. The parallel still stands. It remains to see whether Gloria will continue the cycle.

Actresses Clamor for This Man!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

And Norma is right. You will probably never see "Bart" playing a gangster. But it doesn't matter, does it, so long as you can see him as a gentleman? There are so many who can play gangsters.

Edmund Goulding, director and writer of "Riptide," has still another and unique reason to advance for Marshall's appeal.

"It is his voice. He has the most seductive voice on the screen," Goulding says.

And how does Claudette Colbert, the lady who was "so thoroughly and convincingly loved," feel about him?

"He has a miraculous quality of sincerity and great sympathy, which he conveys to the person playing with him. He makes every scene so real that at no time did I have the feel-

ing we were merely *acting*. It all seemed to be living, and a part of our own very personal existence. Absolutely no artificial note.

"His charm on the screen is doubled off. He kept everyone in a good frame of mind on that hazardous trip we made for 'Four Frightened People.' His remarkably good disposition under the most trying circumstances—his even, unruffled temper, stood up infallibly under the test. I think women sense this as soon as they see him, and it adds a permanence and stability to his unmistakable romantic charm."

This from Claudette, who had more opportunity to judge the *real* Herbert Marshall than any star he has played opposite.

There is certainly a very subdued but definite challenge in the Marshall eye. No woman

alive could miss it. But he sits back and smiles when a lot of other men would make the mistake of being busy. He may appear to be remote and detached, but you can bet there isn't a woman in the room who is not alertly conscious of him in every nerve and fibre!

He has an impersonal politeness that never chills. It is warm—the one enjoying it feels favored, yet knows he is exactly the same toward everyone. He has an extraordinary memory for names that has surprised many persons in Hollywood. Days after they meet him casually in a large group, he greets them by name—and is surprised at their surprise! It is typical of the man's graciousness.

Marshall is not a sheik or a lounge-lizard or a gigolo type—nor is he arrogantly a he-man.

He is simply a cultured, well-bred, instinctive gentleman.

There is a good word that has been sadly misused, which describes him with perfect accuracy. *Gentle*.

Another man tells us that Marshall's presence always makes him feel a trifle uncouth, but he is never antagonistic toward him for it. Just a little sad. He wishes he had worn a different scarf, and shaved more carefully that morning. That he could erase the Hollywood *argot* from his conversation.

"It is the same feeling, I imagine," this man says, "that women have when watching an incomparably graceful dancer on the stage. A wistful yearning toward perfection and ease which they know is not for them."

Marshall has established a new standard among leading men.

He has successfully conveyed the idea to a number of women that it must be great to be loved by a gentleman.

After the push-in-the-face, the "hi yah, baby," and "scram" attitude that has dominated the screen for the past few seasons, they have turned to Herbert with one great universal sigh of relief—and longing. And if he can't convey more in the way of sex-conflict, urgent desire, and you-name-it, with one long intense look and nary a move—then he'll do till one comes along who can.

Marshall is a real sophisticate. He doesn't represent the night club, party hound, smart crack, bold business that used to pass for sophistication. He is the type to make any woman, on the screen or off, know she was having an unusual and worldly experience which would set her apart from her sisters and flatter her vanity. His is superb *finesse*.

GABLE has flash, and suggests a latent cruelty. Montgomery is light, airy, gay—the perfect companion for two weeks on the Riviera. Jack Barrymore has a fantastic, Afternoon-of-a-Faun unreality that defies capture.

And Marshall is a Rock of Gibraltar—a very suave Rock. He is the combination of romance, stability and dependability that wise women dream about. He would never say extravagant things, he would say only what he meant. They would not be voiced with calculated purpose, but with sincerity.

After "Riptide," several women broke down and told us that Herbert Marshall was the nearest to their ideal of the perfect husband of any man on the screen. And yet, when you analyze it, he played rather an ugly part.

His was a character bitten raw with jealousy and suspicion, who refused to believe or trust a woman who was being honest with him. There probably was not a woman in the audience who had not had a similar experience. But they did not blame him for doing just what he did.

The answer, I presume, is that the female prefers her man that way, no matter how violently she denies it. It gives her a good head start, and keeps the man so busy catching up he has no time to glance off-side.

In spite of his fatal fascination and the aura of romance around him, there is a "good provider" quality about Marshall which can very nearly take preeminence over the other irresistible attributes. There isn't a woman who is not alert to it—and there are few men on the screen who have it. Will Rogers is the other most outstanding example. But you wouldn't say Rogers and Marshall were remotely alike, offhand, would you?

A very frivolous girl went to see Marshall and described him this way: "He is the kind of

WHAT WAS KAY'S *Summer Secret?*



What was there about Kay that warm July night that captivated Jerry, the town's hard-to-get bachelor? If romance is passing you by, read this true story—

Adorable Kay! Sticky heat waves don't interfere with *her* popularity—she knows how to keep herself attractive to men. In the summer-time she's especially careful to take *odorless* Ivory baths. For she realizes how quickly the faintest trace of perspiration—or soap perfume—repels a man's interest. It was her freshness, her feminine daintiness that won Jerry—and now she's engaged!

You can't insist too strongly on having odorless Ivory Soap beside your tub in this hot weather. No perfumed or "medicinal" soaps, please! For their odor may linger for hours. But Ivory leaves your

skin fresh as a camellia—with no soapy perfume to conflict with the fragrance of your real perfume.

If you want your complexion to have that fine-pored, baby-smooth look, wash your face with Ivory night and morning. Ivory is *pure*—so pure that doctors advise it *even for the super-sensitive skins of tiny babies*. It doesn't dry up the natural oils that keep the skin young.

For a few spare pennies you can get a whole summer's supply of Ivory from your grocer. Don't risk another unpopular date—start your odorless Ivory beauty treatments today!

IVORY SOAP

99 ⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % PURE • IT FLOATS

The SHERRY-NETHERLAND



Spacious living-room



Guest-room overlooking the Park



Exquisitely decorated bedroom

Tower Homes, for Even Brief Visits

A five-room tower apartment, lifted high over New York and Central Park . . . furnished individually, as a charming private home, occupying the entire floor. Living-room, dining-room, two master bedrooms with boudoir dressing-rooms and baths. Guest-room and bath. Maid's room and bath. Refrigerated serving pantry. Smart visitors prefer the spacious restfulness of The Sherry-Netherland, for even flying visits.

FIFTH AVENUE AT 59TH STREET • ON CENTRAL PARK • NEW YORK

man who would always have bread and beans—and *pâté de fois gras*—in a pantry, and a roof overhead. A roof probably in Beverly Hills. And if he had an affair, his most intimate man friend would never hear about it—from him."

Proving that frivolous women, as well as practical ones, are far from immune to the stable virtues and advantages.

And to continue the thought, she imagined him as the perfect, the ideal father. Patient, tolerant and understanding with his children.

If a man can convey all this through the medium of the screen, you know what effect he must have on the beautiful ladies who play flesh-and-blood-scenes with him before the camera. Do you wonder that they are all screaming for him?

The Real First Lady of Films

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

under the circumstances, should have been extremely doubtful.

Norma Shearer is a woman's idol. Her biggest following is not among men, but among women. To them she personifies a wistful longing—a lament. She is what every woman thinks she might have been—or would like to be. Her gorgeous, ultra-smart clothes are designed and worn for women to admire and crave. Most of her pictures have been constructed to appeal to the feminine mind.

More women would rather be like Norma Shearer than like Garbo, Hepburn, Dietrich, Crawford or Minnie Mouse—you can bet on that. Which is another reason why she qualifies as the First Lady—professionally.

It's a personal distinction, too.

Norma Shearer is one big feminine star about whom Hollywood has nothing to whisper, has never had anything to whisper. Gossip has flown about the heads of every one of her rivals at one time or another.

She has maintained in her personal life a patrician dignity—not a remoteness or spectacular seclusion—but an aloofness from the town talk of the gossipers, which completely defeats rumors.

She has never stepped down from her fresh, assured, smiling ladylike character. She has never been seen anywhere she should not have been, doing anything she should not have been doing. Her life, like her home, is smoothly ordered and serenely right. And her taste, in the affairs of life, as in her home, is flawless. She has never been guilty of bad taste in handling the wealth and fame which Hollywood has brought her.

Norma Shearer is always "Mrs. Thalberg" in her home. She is "Miss Shearer" only on the set. The Thalbergs entertain frequently, but you don't read much about it, because the parties are smooth, well-ordered, poised affairs—not spectacles. She doesn't conduct her home like a movie set, and her quality does not rely on the glamour of motion pictures.

How can a woman whose education ended in the first year of high school impress polished people? How can a woman whose formative years were spent battling for a living in theatrical New York instead of being devoted to acquiring social graces—how can such a woman with such a background ring true as a sophisticate and a lady? What could she possibly have for the sophisticates to admire?

Here's a guess—that back of that patrician

profile of Norma Shearer's lie generations of breeding whose heritage instinctively causes her to lend good taste to her screen lives as well as her real life.

Norma Shearer would be the last person to pretend to aristocracy. Her father was a moneyed man, importantly established in the life of Montreal, her birthplace. Her uncle was a professor at Cambridge University, England—but their father was an emigrant carpenter from the Shetland Islands.

Norma's mother came from a family fairly loaded down with Church of England clergymen. Not even Norma has traced her lineage very far. There might have been lords and ladies, regents and royalty—who knows?

BACK somewhere, something gave Norma Shearer the mettle to meet both adversity and opulence and remain a lady, no matter what happened.

Life early forced her out of the luxurious surroundings into which she was born. From Montreal's fashionable Westmont Heights section she was plunged into a shabby Manhattan theatrical boarding-house.

She fought hunger, cold, poverty and discouragement in New York for four of her teen years, but still held her head up. She deported herself with a lean pocketbook—when she was a fashion and commercial art model—with as much self-respect and assurance as she does today as a successful and wealthy star in Hollywood.

Recently, while in New York, Norma and Irving Thalberg strolled from their hotel suite and visited Columbus Circle, where her likeness smiled for years on the passing crowd, warning them pleasantly that it was "time to retire." Intrinsically, there was no difference between the successful and glamorous star who recalled memories and the poor little girl who had posed in the red tam o'shanter for that sign.

Hundreds of times in those days gone by, she came home from the heartbreaking business of hunting a job to the little gray, gas-lit room that was home, and worked far into the night brushing and pressing her clothes. Often she was down to her last dollar, but she was never frowzy. She won the admiration and respect of everyone with whom and for whom she worked then, with her pride and self-respect—and her gameness, too.

PERHAPS that's a reason why leisure-class, sophisticated audiences admire Norma Shearer; she represents something which they, with idle lives, are forced to admire. She is a lady who came through in a pinch—who got out and did something against tremendous odds. And still remained a lady.

Maybe there are other reasons why.

But if there are still lingering doubts as to whether or not Norma Shearer is the First Lady of the Screen, consider this:

Every studio in Hollywood would have liked to screen "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."

But the central character, *Elizabeth Barrett*, demanded an actress who looked like a lady, could act like a lady, and actually be a lady, and still be an actress of enough depth to unmistakably imply the emotional unrest of the character.

Katharine Cornell, who starred in the part successfully on the stage, wasn't available for pictures, and only one actress in Hollywood was considered capable of playing the rôle.

M-G-M had that actress, so they bought the play. And Norma Shearer is playing *Elizabeth Barrett* in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."

In the *Charmed Circle* walking becomes a new joy

Summer shoes to send you gaily on your way, out where the fun begins... Vitality Health Shoes! When you wear them, you'll find new joy in walking... a new sense of smart vitality in the way you look and feel. Cleverly conforming to your foot, their "vitality principle" gives you grateful, poised support. They are light, too, and splendidly made of fine quality materials by true craftsmen. Note particularly the selection of white shoes featured here and their moderate prices. Don't they urge you to walk in the *charmed circle* that Vitality Health Shoes place around your feet?

VITALITY SHOE CO. • ST. LOUIS Division of International Shoe Co.

• And don't forget that Vitality Health Shoes are also featured for children and youngsters in their teens. Their long wear and good looks make them popular values. Priced \$2.00 to \$5.00 according to size.

VITALITY

health shoes



SIZES 2 TO 11 • WIDTHS AAAA TO EEE

HOW PERFECTLY SIMPLE



A NEW DEODORANT CREAM APPLIED LIKE A LIPSTICK *Instantly banishes odor for the day*

BEAUTY advisers to more than 10 million women have poured their praises upon Perstik because it is the *dainty* new way to rob perspiration of its offensive odor. Your fingers hold the handsome lipstick case—they never come in contact with the cream.

A few quick strokes each morning gives you unfailing all-day protection against odor.

Physicians' Wives Use Perstik

Wives of thousands of physicians are daily users of Perstik because it is just as safe as it is easy to use. Perstik never irritates, even after shaving. Not greasy. Heartily approved by Good Housekeeping.

Perstik is as friendly to fabrics as it is to your skin. You can apply Perstik and slip right into your dress.

On Sanitary Pads
Perstik is just the grandest thing in the world for sanitary napkins. Two strokes across the pad—and your secret is your own.

All the best department stores and druggists supply genuine Perstik at 50¢. Beware of imitations.

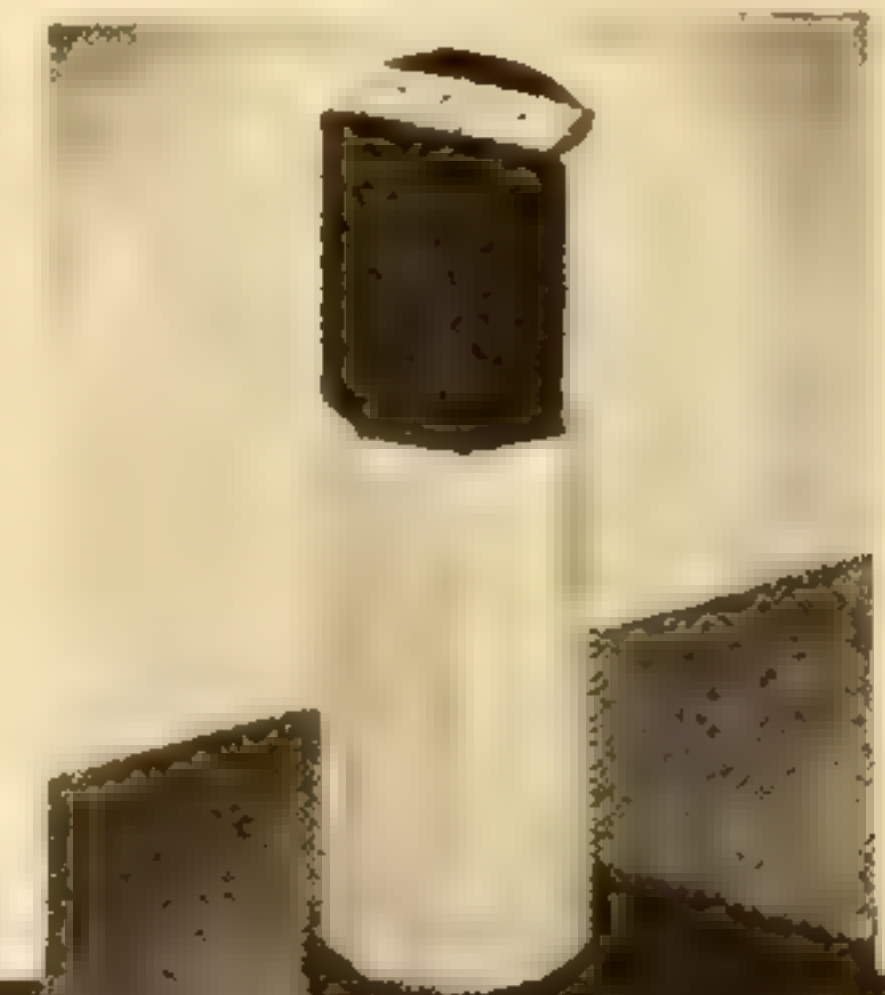


PERSTIK,
Fifth Avenue, New York

Perstik
THE ORIGINAL "LIPSTICK" DEODORANT



Doctors say that perspiration increases during moments of excitement. To freshen up before your "big moments", carry an extra Perstik in your bag



Voting Goes On

For The Best Picture Of 1933

WE are giving you more time to cast your ballot for the best motion picture released during 1933. Each week shows a marked increase over the preceding week in the number of ballots cast. Because of this deluge of coupons it is hardly possible to set a closing date now, but be sure to watch August PHOTOPLAY for further announcements.

As you have been told in previous issues of this magazine, since 1920 when PHOTOPLAY Magazine inaugurated the famous Gold Medal contest, thirteen pictures have been awarded this signal honor by readers of this magazine. This year we add the fourteenth. To recapitulate what we have said in previous issues:

For your convenience, we have listed fifty outstanding pictures of 1933. But you are not limited to these. Any film released up to December 31st is eligible. Pictures reviewed in either our January or February 1934 issue are qualified.

There are no rules to follow, no limitations. In making your selection, simply consider acting ability of players, story, photography, direction and the spirit behind the making of the picture.

The medal, donated by PHOTOPLAY, is of solid gold, weighing 123½ pennyweights, and

is two and one-half inches in diameter. It is designed by Tiffany and Company, New York.

This annual award is the highest honor in the movie world—the Nobel prize of the Cinema. Moreover, it is the only award going direct from the millions of movie-goers to the makers of motion pictures.

On the contents page of this issue you will find a list of previous winners. Make your nomination worthy of stepping into the ranks of these memorable screen dramas.

It is not necessary that you be a regular reader of PHOTOPLAY Magazine to vote. We want everyone interested in the betterment of motion pictures to take part in awarding this prize of prizes—to spur the producers on to even greater things for the coming year.

By signing the coupon below or sending a letter naming your choice, you will be performing a real service for the industry that gives us all so many pleasant hours.

Regardless of the fact that there has been an extension of time, we still urge you to send your ballots early.

Because of the tremendous volume of mail, counting the votes will take just that much longer. So don't delay. Mail your ballot now!

Fifty Outstanding Pictures Released in 1933

Adorable
Another Language
Berkeley Square
Blonde Bombshell, The
Bowery, The
Cavalcade
College Humor
Counsellor-at-Law
Dancing Lady
Dinner at Eight
Double Harness
Farewell to Arms, A
Footlight Parade
42nd Street
Gabriel Over the White House
Gold Diggers of 1933

Hold Your Man
I'm No Angel
King Kong
Lady for a Day
Little Women
Mama Loves Papa
Masquerader, The
Morning Glory, The
Night Flight
One Man's Journey
Only Yesterday
Paddy, the Next Best Thing
Peg o' My Heart
Picture Snatcher
Pilgrimage
Power and the Glory, The
Private Life of Henry VIII, The

Prizefighter and the Lady, The
Reunion in Vienna
Roman Scandals
She Done Him Wrong
Sign of the Cross
State Fair
Sweepings
This Day and Age
Today We Live
Too Much Harmony
Topaze
Tugboat Annie
Turn Back the Clock
Voltaire
When Ladies Meet
White Sister, The
Zoo in Budapest

Photoplay Medal of Honor Ballot

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
221 W. 57th Street, New York City

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1933.

NAME OF PICTURE

Name

Address

Send
in
This
Ballot

Answers by Sylvia

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80]

gently, with the thumb and forefinger of each hand, press away the flesh you want to get rid of. Be sure your face and fingers are both generously smeared with cold cream and work very carefully and gently, but keep at it and the flesh will roll off. Of course, if your face is fat all over, what you need is my reducing diet. Because, nine times out of ten, if you have a fat face, you also have a fat body.

Dear Sylvia:

I am rather thin, but not too thin, except my waistline. I'm sure that it's out of proportion. Can you tell me how to enlarge it?

D. D. R., Cripple Creek, Colo.

Well, for goodness sake! In my long experience teaching women how to be beautiful, this is the first time I ever had anyone ask me how to increase the waistline. Most women beg me on bended knees to get rid of the spare tire around the waist for them. You should be thankful that you have a small waist. Of course, if you're too thin all over, you need my building-up diet; but you say you're not—that it's just the waist you want bigger.

Dear Madame Sylvia:

I am underweight but am carefully following your diets and exercises. I noticed that you say it is good to give one's self a gentle massage to relax the nerves. How is this done?

T. K., St. Joseph, Mo.

Just rub your body gently but firmly all over with the flat of your hands. Have both your body and your hands smeared with cocoa butter. Don't rub too hard, but rub all over—with the exception of the bust.

Dear Sylvia:

I have a job in which I read all day. My eyes have never seemed to feel the strain, but I notice that I now have lines around them. I would like to stop these before they become too pronounced.

H. T., New York, N. Y.

Well, you're a smart girl. You remember that old saying about an "ounce of prevention," don't you? And that's right, too. I wish a lot more women and girls would nip the beginning of a defect in the bud. Read my letter to Jean Muir in this issue, and do for your eyes everything that I have told her to for yours. The way to keep those lines away is to strengthen the muscles around the eyes.

Dear Madame Sylvia:

Sometimes in my office I feel so nervous that I could scream. Is there anything I can do for immediate relief?

S. W., Chicago, Ill.

Tight neck muscles, caused by leaning over a desk, will invariably make you feel jumpy. With your two hands, rub and squeeze the back of your neck until those muscles relax. Then take a couple of minutes off and stand with your arms stretched out in front of you and your head bent as far forward as it will go. Move the upper part of your body slowly from side to side. Repeat eight or ten times. Be sure to feel the spine pulling, especially at the back of the neck.

KOOL

MILDLY MENTHOLATED CIGARETTES—CORK-TIPPED



SOMETHING TO CELEBRATE



When will you, too, sign this declaration of smoking comfort? "Down with cigarettes that dry our throats. We want a refreshing smoke. We want Kools'.... (signed) "A nation of contented Kool smokers." KOOLS are mentholated, mildly. The smoke is cooler but the fine tobacco flavor is fully preserved. Cork tips protect lips. Finally, FREE coupons packed with KOOLS bring gilt-edged Congress Quality U.S. Playing Cards and other attractive merchandise. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) Send for illustrated list.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp.
Louisville, Ky.

CORK-TIPPED... 15¢ for TWENTY 25¢ IN CANADA

NEW 10¢ CLEANER FOR WHITE SHOES IN BIG DEMAND!



All can now clean stains off white shoes easily, quickly with Shinola...and save money

A new cleaner called Shinola White was introduced last season. Women tried it. Found it cleaned all kinds of white shoes quicker, easier, better, yet it sold for only 10¢! Delighted, they told friends. Soon, thousands were asking for Shinola. The demand exceeded the supply.

This season we promise plenty of Shinola White Cleaner for all. No one shall be disappointed. Stores everywhere are now stocked with this marvelous new cleaner that costs only 10¢!

No more worrying about stains on women's shoes, children's shoes, men's shoes. Shinola cleans in a jiffy. Makes shoes white as new. Choice of liquid, tube or cake. Try Shinola. You'll be delighted!



Actors Don't Grow Old

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60]

of his naturally imposing and impressive demeanor.

If one wins his approval, there is a second meeting one day, and on such occasion he is charming and amiable. And then, when the third meeting has come about, he is friendly and warm-hearted, and his manner indicates that one has his confidence.

CERTAIN players who have appeared in pictures with him have told me how uncomfortable they felt in his presence the first few days of a production, but that after a while he warmed up, for one reason or another, and then was graciousness and simplicity itself.

However, all players in an Arliss cast see to it that they are on their mettle in speaking lines, and in matters of diction. Because the star is very exacting on the point of clear, clean enunciation from actors and actresses in his pictures.

Arliss has completed his second picture under his new contract with 20th Century Pictures, called "The Last Gentleman." ("The House of Rothschild," of course, was his first.) The story, laid in New England, is one of his popular down-to-earth rôles, which he can make so amazingly human and understandable. After finishing this film he returned to England for his usual summer vacation. In the fall he will again come back to Hollywood.

Before he left I asked him which kind of rôle he prefers playing, the historical character in the setting of splendor, such as his *Nathan Rothschild* or *Disraeli*, or the man in the middle stratum of society.

He replied roguishly: "I prefer them both!" And then he continued:

"I have no preference for particular rôles, because I think it is a mistake for an actor to allow himself to become prejudiced. If he did, he might give a better performance one time than another. His work would soon show unevenness and, ultimately, he would restrict if not imperil, his interpretative faculties. The danger signal for the actor is similarity of rôles. He should constantly seek variety, and he should never be bored by a rôle, otherwise he will bore his audience. And that's disastrous! It would appear wise for an actor, also, always to feel that the rôle he is playing at the time is his best."

AS to which he thought was the more artistically fruitful period of an actor's career—when he is unknown or when he reaches stardom—Arliss answered:

"The best work, I feel, every actor does during his career is when he is unknown," he replied. "Of course, in making that statement, I am reminded of the actor who spends many long years in the theater getting ready and who has the advantage of playing a broad repertory and also supporting artists who have already arrived. It is during that period he puts forth the very best and highest effort, hoping in each rôle to make his artistic strike, to achieve his goal. However, only a comparatively few actors are touched by the luck of stardom."

Then I questioned him as to whether he felt an actor lets down after he reaches stardom, and if it is harder to sustain success than to achieve it. He replied:

"After fame comes—and stardom—the best parts, the best lines and the most favorable working conditions are offered the actor. Naturally, the way is made easier for him, in certain respects, yet stardom entails newer and greater responsibilities. Obviously, he cannot lay down. But he adopts a different psychology with stardom, because his painting, so to speak, has been mounted in a more dazzling frame. Despite that, he may never excel or even approach his work of a less renowned day, artistically or from the standpoint of earnest, undying effort."

Arliss recently celebrated his sixty-sixth birthday. His has been a full and active life.

He and Mrs. Arliss are as devoted to each other as they were the day they were married, which was long, long ago in England—just about the time an enterprising, young actor named George Arliss was gaining somewhat of a steady foothold in the theater, after many years of hard struggle. Before another decade, the distinguished couple will celebrate their fiftieth wedding anniversary.

MRS. ARLISS often appears in a picture with her husband. It is stipulated in his contract that she is always to play the part of his wife in a production, providing the character is a happily wedded woman.

That was a very tender tribute Arliss paid his wife, when he inscribed his charming autobiography to her with these words: "To the Girl with the Nice Arms." He tells of how he first noticed her pretty arms when she played the piano at a party given by him and a young theatrical manager for a group of their friends, at which they had "supper, music and games."

That happened a long while ago, yet Arliss speaks of it as if it occurred yesterday.

Certainly he is a remarkable study in energy and alertness. He explains:

"Acting is the cause of it all! Because acting preserves one's youth. It never allows you to grow old, for the reason that you are lifted out of yourself for a definite period each day.

"You may go to the theater or a picture studio, as the case may be, feeling very glum over your personal worries. Then for a number of hours you are transported into a different realm—the world of playing another character. His worries become yours, his problems, griefs and joys. By the time the day's or night's work is over, you have forgotten your own troubles. This demand of the profession, concentrating on someone besides yourself, is the grace that keeps actors from aging."

No piece on Arliss would be complete without telling about his four to six mile walks every day of his life, and about Jenner, who has been his "man" for more than twenty-five years.

It's quite amazing, this systematic walking. When Arliss is working, he leaves his home early in the morning at a given hour, and then some thirty or forty minutes later the chauffeur and Jenner leave to follow him. They pick him up at a certain point along the road and take him to the studio. Then at sundown, he usually walks again.

On the dot at three-thirty each afternoon, Jenner serves his master with two cups of sweetened tea, into which hot milk has been

poured. This ritual is as regular and unfailing as Jenner's own heart-beats.

There's another thing that he does at precisely an hour later each afternoon, when Arliss is working. Jenner takes him off the set, and announces that it is time to finish for the day. No retakes can be made, delaying matters for fifteen minutes. As sure as destiny, Jenner steers Arliss homeward at exactly four-thirty!

Devious schemes have been perpetrated on Jenner by the directors and assistants at various times to get rid of him by sending him on wild errands, when it seems necessary to overstay the time limit.

ON one such occasion, Jenner was diplomatically edged off the set, presumably to get something for Arliss, and the entrances to the stage were locked and guarded. It was a sound picture and, of course, absolute silence must reign during the shooting. The scene progressed until a terrific banging on the main stage door, equal only to the roar of cannons, made the director stop. The banging continued louder and longer, until sound experts and assistants gave up in despair.

On opening the door, Jenner was discovered in irate mood, red in the face, and with a brick in each hand! The director felt his behavior had been an outrage and said so, but Arliss turned to him chuckling, and said:

"It must be apparent to you now why I have to obey Jenner's orders."

Hysterical Honeymoons

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

on seeing them do it. First Cary fought through the mob and lost Virginia, and then Virginia fought through and lost Cary, and then they both fought through and lost the license, and it was terrific.

"Now, after the ceremony," Cary told Virginia, "in case we get separated, you take that taxi parked right out in front and wait for me. If I get shoved through first, I'll wait for you."

So after the ceremony Cary, swept along by the mob, got shoved into the wrong taxi, which blithely and gaily went galloping off to the races. Looking behind, he spied Virginia in the other taxi, driving off in the opposite direction, toward Ireland, screaming like mad, "I want my husband!"

WELL, sir, the sight of a brunette young man leaning from a cab yelling, "I want my wife!" and a blonde young lady leaning from another cab going the other way screaming, "I want my husband!" just about finished the good old "Lunnoners" for all time. Just as the gangplank was being lifted the couple somehow made the boat, but the shock left them weak and jittery the whole trip over.

During their two days in New York, Cary insisted Virginia tramp for miles looking at smelly boarding-houses in which he had once lived while getting a foothold on fame, until she practically died from the effects, and no sooner had they walked into their Hollywood home than Archibald, Cary's pet Sealyham, gave one sniff and walked out the back door. Somewhere else.

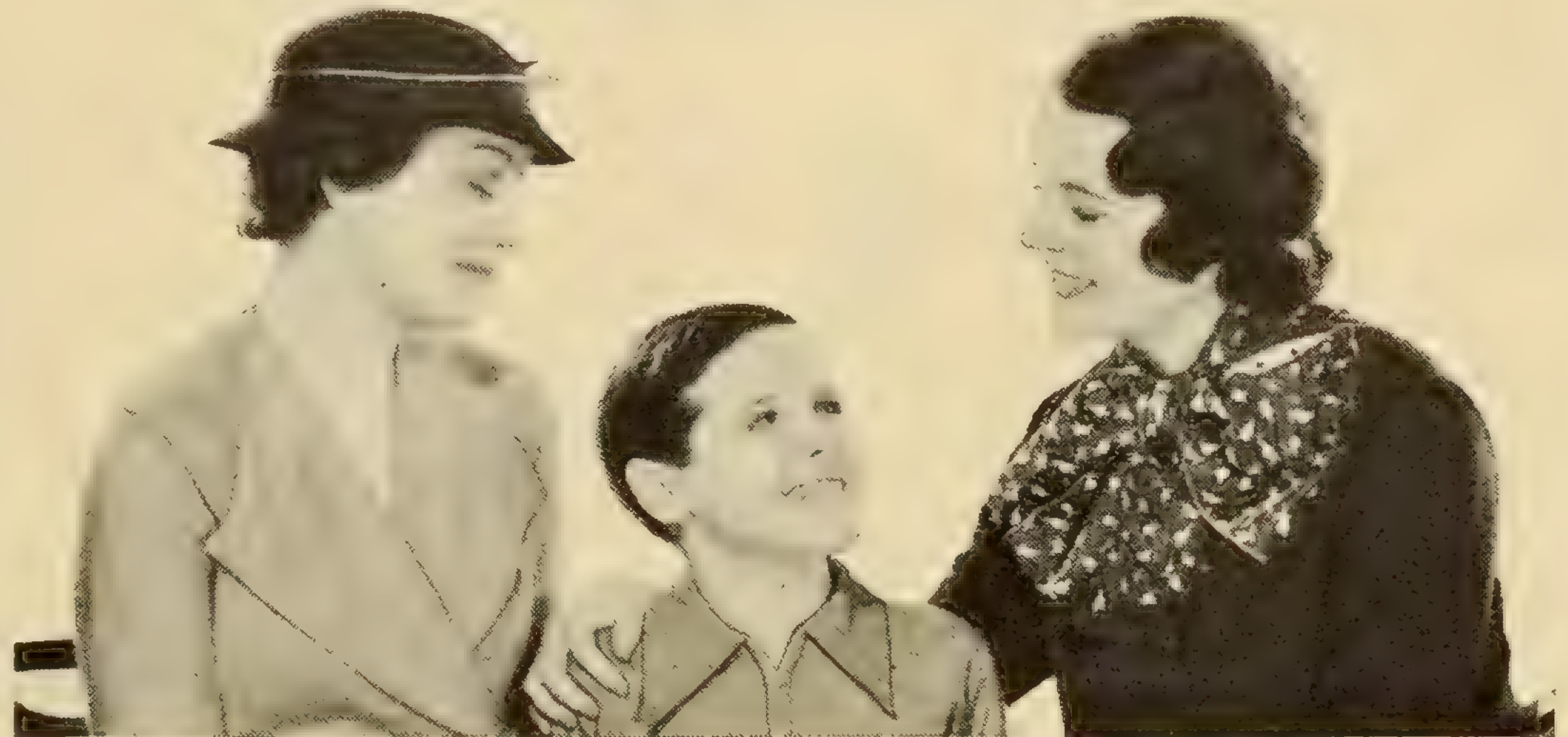
The confusion, the weeping, the advertising that followed, beat anything yet. For five



"Aren't you going to eat your ice-cream, dear?—Polly, I don't know what ails Tommy—he isn't a bit like himself. He won't eat, and he's lost all his pep!"



"Alice, I wouldn't worry about Tommy. Jack was the same way a month ago, and I found all he needed was a laxative. Give him some Fletcher's Castoria."



"You're just the person I wanted to see, Polly! Tommy's been out playing all morning. I gave him some Fletcher's Castoria last night, and it's certainly wonderful!"

● "Yes, it certainly is, Alice. Fletcher's Castoria is the ideal laxative for children. It's pleasant to take, too—because it tastes awfully good. You know, it hasn't any of the harsh drugs in it that are in some grown-up's laxatives. Don't forget that it's just the thing for colic in little babies, too! The signature *Chas. H. Fletcher* is always right on the carton."

Chas. H. Fletcher. CASTORIA

The children's laxative

• from babyhood to 11 years •

Mother, whenever your child needs a laxative—for relief of constipation, for colic due to gas, for diarrhea due to improper diet, for sour stomach, flatulence, acid stomach, and as the very first treatment for colds—give Chas. H. Fletcher's Castoria.



Now *May's Lips* say "KISS ME"



Try the Stage and Movie Lipstick

If you admire the appealing "kissableness" of the lips of the movie stars and the girls in the Broadway shows, just try their lip make-up *yourself*—the new **KISSPROOF** Indelible Lipstick, *Special Theatrical Color*... This lipstick discovery is so wonderful it has been placed by the make-up experts in the dressing-rooms of both Hollywood Studios and New York Theatres! The stars could certainly pay anything—yet you can have exactly the same smooth, alluring **KISSPROOF** they use for a few cents! Have the thrilling new "lip appeal" it will give you *tonight*. You can get **KISSPROOF LIPSTICK** in all shades, including the *Special Theatrical Color*, at all toilet goods counters and at the 10c stores.

Kissproof

Indelible LIPSTICK

nights from midnight till five in the morning the phone rang with strange people screaming, "Hold everything. Think I have Archibald!"

Well sir, after the Grants were near prostration what with the lack of sleep from the phone ringing and all, Archibald returned.

Just honeymoons in Hollywood, that's all. Just honeymoons.

Of course, there was the wedding and honeymoon of Connie Cummings and Benn Levy over in England, also at the registry's office (the wedding was; not the honeymoon). Afterward they all repaired to the groom's mother's where a large garden party in their honor was in progress, with formal speeches on "What Lies Ahead for England?" the little feature of the afternoon.

But somehow neither the bride nor the groom cared much about what lay ahead for England. Just couldn't get steamed up about it, so, slipping off unnoticed, they flew to Paris to pick up Connie's trousseau which awaited her there.

And, after getting the precious new clothes packed in two trunks, they had exactly twenty minutes to catch the train for Venice—only Connie was afraid to trust the trunks to a taxi driver, so what to do?

FINALLY, it was agreed Connie should ride in one taxi with one of the trunks on top and Benn should ride in another taxi with the other trunk atop. And a nice little parade of its kind it made, too, what with the bystanders waiting for the band to catch up with the rest of it, and everything.

And then Connie heard a sudden thump and looking out, there lay her trunk in the street and yonder drove her husband and his trunk, all unaware of what had happened behind him. Well, here was another of those little Hollywood touches. Just the way they always happen, no matter where these movie people roam.

"I'll miss my train, I'll miss my husband, I'll miss my honeymoon!" screamed Connie, while the taxi driver, who understood not a word she said, simply stood and looked. First at the trunk and then at Connie jumping wildly up and down, which so incensed the bride she flew at him and practically demolished him on the spot. And all the while her agitated husband paced wildly up and down a railway platform looking for a bride.

At three minutes to twelve she made it while Benn handed the trunk checks to an astonished friend with the instructions to check them on. Naturally the friend thought he meant to Hollywood, and calmly sent the trunks on to California while Connie, hot and tired and no clothes, wept in Venice.

OH, you just can't beat it. It just happens and that's all there is to it.

You know about Lupe and Johnny, or don't you? Well, never mind, for neither do they. It was all very confusing and mixed up. It was Las Vegas, Nevada, that received the happy pair and once again a judge (there is no life as full of little surprises as a Nevada or an Arizona judge's) was routed out to perform the ceremony. But when Lupe felt Johnny was a bit too slow in his answers of "I do" and "I will," she reached over and gave him an encouraging little pinch, whereupon Johnny let out a *Tarzan* yell that blasted the judge straight up to the chandelier, where he hung and refused to come down until Johnny promised not to yell any more. And then Johnny forgot his promise when Lupe felt he was much too slow in producing the ring and, reaching over, gave him another pinch, and again *Tarzan's* call rang out over the Great Southwest until even the Indians, miles away, took to the trees and stayed there. They were actually four days coaxing the wedding witnesses out from under the davenport.

AND then followed the hectic "Are You Married or Aren't You?" act back in Hollywood.

"Yes, I think we are," Johnny would tell the reporters on Monday, while on Tuesday Lupe would tell them "no" with variations.

Finally Lupe and Johnny got so mixed up themselves they had to send to Las Vegas for the papers (word was also brought back that the Indians were still in the trees) before they were sure just what had gone on.

But the honeymoon of the McCreas takes the cocoanut-covered cookies. After Joel had gone to New York to marry Frances Dee and had to fly right back to movies again, he hied himself out to the old McCrea ranch to await the return of the bride. Well, the bride came and so did the rains. It rained and it rained and it rained, and there were the McCreas, shut off from the outside world, with telegrams



Mr. and Mrs. Fredric March caught by the camera at the Tingle Tangle theater. That blurred spot on Freddie's face is a burnside (real hair). And our Mr. March is proud of it!

pouring in from the studio to come at once as all kinds of productions were being held up for them. A car couldn't possibly make it over the dirt road, so finally they got themselves into an old hay wagon, and half-way down the dirt road the nasty old wagon sunk knee-deep in the mud. And the rain poured, the cat in the back of the wagon had kittens, the bride wept and half the hillside just up and poured itself into the groom's lap.

CAME the dawn. And with it were the McCreas still in the wagon with the rain busily pouring, the cat still with the five kittens in the back of the wagon, over three-fourths of the hillside cuddling cozily in the front with the bride and groom. Just to cheer them up, a neighbor ploughed through with the news that someone had broken into their Hollywood home and stolen Frances' diamond engagement ring.

Of course, this could just go on forever. There's no end to the things that happen to happy Hollywood couples.

For instance, when English Pat Paterson and French Charles Boyer decided they wanted to get married along about ten o'clock one evening, they just called up the police station and asked them where to go. "To Yuma," the police said, "and good luck." So off to poor, tired-out Yuma they drove, while a waiter, in the same all-night stand, calmly took off his apron while the couple finished breakfast and went out to shop for the ring and the license. "Need anything else?" he asked them. "Got plenty of handkerchiefs and underwear?" And with the dollar-and-twenty-five-cents ring the waiter selected, the two were married. And no kidding about this, mind you. These things actually do and did happen.

Why, believe it or not, when Adrienne Ames made that famous flight from a Reno divorce court to New Mexico to marry Bruce Cabot, someone called to her to hurry, that the plane was taking off. And with one leg in her slacks and one out, Adrienne raced for the plane. She arrived to meet the groom with one leg still in the slacks and one out and a popcorn ball in her hand.

Where the popcorn number came from no one could ever explain. Least of all, Adrienne. But there it was.

But, of course, the prize pair of them all were the Coopers. The Gary Coopers, to be exact. Headed for a fast round-up in Arizona, the bride and groom, with the bride's papa and mama, no sooner arrived than surprise, surprise, here came Gary's papa and mama. What a round-up!

THE Balfes (her people) and the Coopers (his people) spent long hours, of course, discussing their respective offsprings and what they broke out with as children. "My, yes," Mrs. Cooper would say, "Gary had a dreadful time with chicken-pox. It left the funniest strawberry on his hip. Gary, did you show Veronica your strawberry mark?"

And when the two would fly to their horses to ride off in the moonlight, there at the end of the trail would be the two papas patiently sitting on a cactus awaiting the happy couple.

Well, to be exact, the wedding took place sometime in December, and sometime in May, Gary and Veronica were aware, one day, that something was wrong. After thinking it over Gary suddenly hit on it. "Good heavens, dear," he yelled, "we're alone at last."

And that, gentle readers, is honeymooning in Hollywood.

The well-dressed Leg by PHOENIX

• Put your money on these smart Phoenix "Doggy's"



They're winning out in every hosiery fashion race—these Phoenix "Doggy" colors! *Collie*, a true beige, is 'way ahead with summer pastel costumes. Also with cool navy or brown prints. Play *Setter*, a warm beige, for your bright sports things a la Mexicano. It looks well with a lightly sun-kissed skin. For real honest-to-goodness tanners, we recommend the darker beige called *Spaniel*. Very smart with white, with certain pastels, and with all the variants of the red and brown families. *Greyhound* always shows with the wearers of navy blue and grey-beige. Ask to see "Doggy" colors in Phoenix Everyday sheers, No. 705, \$1. Others, 85c to \$1.95.

• Sheer and Shadowless—and so-o-o seductive



They've always been sheer—and seductive—have Phoenix stockings. And now they're Shadowless as well. That's news! Imagine these exquisite Phoenix stockings, with an absolutely clear and cloudless texture from toe to hem! A new method used in Phoenix knitting banishes hosiery rings forever. Of course, you get all the other famous Phoenix

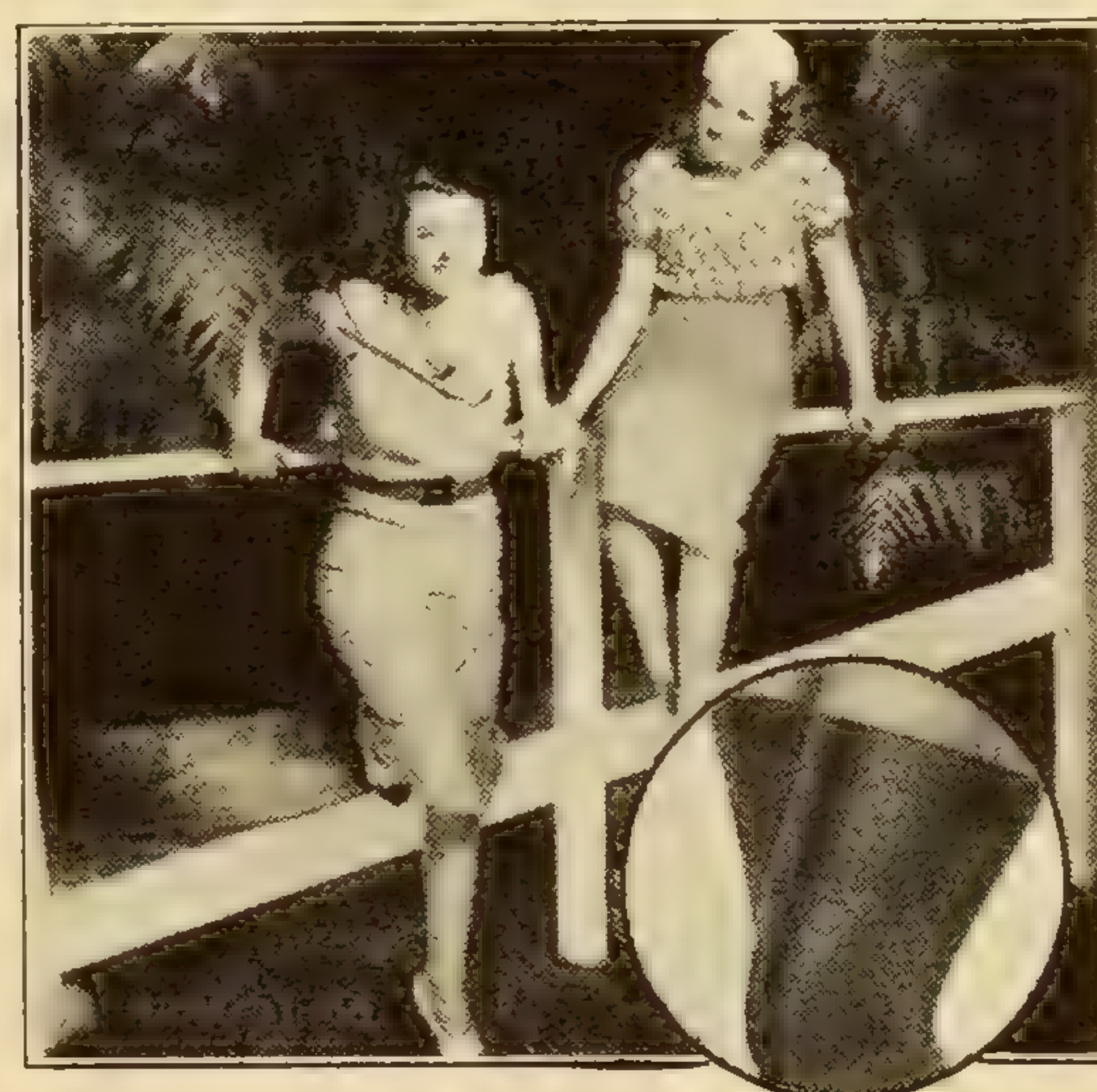
features in Shadowless Hosiery, too. Phoenix Shadowless Hosiery is priced from \$1.25 to \$1.95 the pair. Ask for "Fluff," Phoenix Shadowless Chiffon, No. 779, \$1.25 the pair.

• Long-mileage Foot wins in any game



Very considerably, the Tipt-toe and the Duo-heel are doubly reenforced where wear is hardest. When you're clad in this Phoenix stocking with Long-mileage Foot, you can feel secure about no holes cropping up. Ask for Phoenix "Standby" service sheers, No. 772, \$1.25 the pair. Phoenix lisle mesh Sportees come in pastel shades, to be worn over Phoenix silk hose.

• For climbing fences—and other girlish sports



Any knee-action is safe and comfortable if you're wearing Custom-Fit Top! For only Phoenix has this famous Top which stretches both ways (up and down, or round and round), yet fits like the skin, whether you're tall or short, slim or plump, or just average. Because it fits so smoothly, Phoenix Custom-Fit Top insures perfect grooming. Ask for "Gadabout," super-sheer Shadowless grenadine stocking, No. 743, \$1.35 the pair.

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with CUSTOM-FIT TOP

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Win and Hold Men

It is called Trublond. Try it just once. It is **SAFE**—*not a dye*. Simply acts to bring out the *natural hidden color*, golden light and fluffiness to your hair. And when hair has darkened and become streaked, Trublond quickly brings back its original color and sparkle.

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Hitting Hollywood's High Spots

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38]

them over to their table for a little chat. Evidently a much liked couple.

At the fights was that sensational charmer, Mae West. She looked just as elegant and just as morally explosive as you would imagine. Alice White was present, too. And in such a nobby dress. Blue lines running around in circles and ending in a staring white target right in the middle of her back! Adrienne Ames and Bruce Cabot, her husband, and pals Lupe Weissmuller and Johnny were all together. The latter couple (particularly the Mexican half) was in a varying state of either hypnosis or audible hysterics, according to the fisticuffs. It was such fun.

But the spirit of carnival really entered in when sudden raucous "Whoopees!" rent the air. The cowboy kind. Looking up, I spied two real Westerners making their way around the arena. To the cheers and cries of the crowd they jovially waved their tengallon sombreros. A fantastic sight, Joan, and who do you suppose these gay *caballeros* were? Richard Bennett was one. And Leo Carrillo the other! A couple of kids, that's all. To repeat myself, it was a gay night. And just a dollar ten a ticket, my dear.

On to the Grove and an impressive ringside table. First little starlet that came into vision was the fresh, lovely Anita Louise, with her best boy friend, Tom Brown. She wore a long, black georgette dress with crisp white organdy collar and cuffs and a little black hat. Such love shone from those azure eyes! Ah, but they're an adorable couple, Joan. Then I saw that frivolous young article, Toby Wing, sitting with a young millionaire (the Sunday night before she had been at the Beverly Wilshire with Junior Laemmle). She was dressed in the same combination as Anita Louise, black with white organdy.

Just about this time a faint but detectable fragrance stole into my nostrils. It was exquisite... and well it should be, since it was on the person of that superlative beauty (hold your breath), Marlene Dietrich. This was a night! She was dancing with Maurice Chevalier, and she, too, was in black georgette. But not a drop of white anywhere. On her arm were several coruscating (large; glittering) diamond bracelets (I said bracelets... she's gone feminine, dear). And the same, hypnotic Mona Lisa smile was on her white face. I moaned softly under my breath. It was all such a rhapsody. And I do get so envious.

I will dispose of the Marathon quickly. It was mobbed. I was weary, however, and if you will forgive me, I merely bothered to spot Jack LaRue and the cute Mrs. Jolson before giving myself up helplessly to Morpheus. However, there will be more to report at a later date. You know those things. The older they get the better they are. So eventually I will delight your childish heart with a detailed report of all the nobby picture people who will doubtlessly crowd the place for a good laugh.

YOU'VE written practically nothing about your love-life, little one, so I take it you've been curled up in front of the fire with a book these nights. Well, just to brighten your perspective, let me give a short but eloquent rhapsody on the bed they're using in "The Merry Widow." First off, it's about as large and massive as the Empire State Building.

Second, it's in pure, gleaming white satin, and when I peeked at it, in the workroom, there were exactly seven men at work on it. But all this is as nothing. Wait till you see the pure white bedroom. Simply a knockout, and so fragile that you have to cover your boots with big cloth slippers before you can step on the set at all. The lady who will anguish among such snowy splendor is Jeanette MacDonald. She came to inspect it when I was there (everyone at the studio had already gone into short swoons), and she shook her head and muttered: "Hardly a place to sleep in!"

However!

YOU know, it's warm as anything on the desert. Just the place to scatter one's cold from one's system. (Don't ejaculate, we catch colds in California, too.) So I traveled down one day, all loaded with slacks and shorts and suntan lotion. Not Palm Springs this time, but a grand little ranch that Hedda Hopper went into a young rave over, because it had all the advantages of said Palm Springs, but none of the crowd.

First, I was met by five big dogs. One of them, I was told, belonged to David Manners (who has his own charming adobe house right next door to the ranch). But I didn't know which pooch was which, so I didn't bother trying to discriminate. Anyway, David wasn't there, although I speedily took the trouble to find out that he was liable to come any time at all... whenever he could get away from the studio, and that news, of course, was something to cheer about.

Dorothea Wieck was one of the guests. She wore jersey slacks (and said material, as you know, necessitates a splendid and flawless figger, which the lady has) and tiny skull caps. Not a hair showed from under. I waited for days to see if it would, and went home quite disappointed. Never saw a hair. She is so quiet, Joan. And as tender in manner as a child. Mostly she walked, by herself. The first night she arrived, she requested to be awakened in time to see the desert sun rise. I can imagine how that pure, lovely face glowed with pleasure at the sight. Myself, I take my version of sun rises in the movies, but somehow this appreciation of beauty shamed me. So, the very next morning, I was out for a walk at seven o'clock. All five dogs accompanied me, making me nervous by their ecstatic gambolings.

It was just exactly seven-thirty when the noise of a swiftly approaching car rent the quiet desert morn. Immediately one of the police pups went into wild spasms of joy. The next moment a stunning roadster careened around the bend in the road. There was a screech of brakes. The following few minutes were occupied by a confusion of sounds. Man-with-dog sounds... which gave me a chance to ogle David Manners to my heart's content. Such lavish goings-on between the two of them gave a feeling of definite success to the morning's walk. And I now say that any woman who does not rise with the sun leads a life that is infinitely sad and insipid.

Of course, I could scribble on and on, and you'd never be the one to call a halt, but I'm about to get a curvature. So I shall make a statement, slick and simple. This is the end.

Yours,

Mitzi

A Good Pal Is Worth Three Dollars

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

twenty or more curtain calls. Bill was standing in the wings while Leslie took five calls by himself. Then he ran off stage.

"Come on, Bill," he commanded. "They want you, too."

Together, Leslie leading Bill by the hand, they took bows. Then Leslie retired, pushed Bill out alone on the stage, while the audience deafened him with their approval.

What a moment for an unknown actor, a sensitive, sentimental Mick!

Those blue Irish eyes swam in grateful tears.

"I didn't care whether Leslie Howard really liked me or whether he hated me," says Bill. "I knew that from then on I was going to like him for the rest of my life."

Next morning when the producers called a conference with author Philip Barry, because of the comparative weakness of Howard's part, Leslie stood firmly on one thing.

"I don't want one line of *Red Regan's* part cut," he said.

Which was just the same as handing Gargan a ticket to fame. He scored a hit during the twenty-three week New York run of "Animal Kingdom." And that eventually led to Hollywood.

THOSE weeks on the stage were what really cemented the Gargan-Howard family friendship. Leslie Howard's dynamic wife, Ruth, met Bill Gargan's quiet, reserved mate, Patricia, and they became fast friends. Ruth was the only one who could handle tempestuous little Barrie Gargan. She awed him and made him mind his manners. There were dinners together and pleasant evenings.

Once Bill and Leslie went with the play to Cleveland for a week. Leslie put up at the swankiest hotel in town, but Bill still had to watch his nickels, so he registered at a less pretentious house on the outskirts of the city. It made it hard for them to get together much except during the play.

"Look here," said Leslie one night, "this won't do. I've an idea. How would you like to be my secretary?"

Bill gasped.

"You see, there's half-rate here for servants," Leslie explained, "if you don't mind coming down in the world."

Bill didn't mind—not so long as it meant a luxurious room and bath adjoining Leslie's in a ritzy hotel.

But if Leslie did bring Bill down in the world one week, he helped boost him up in the world a few weeks later.

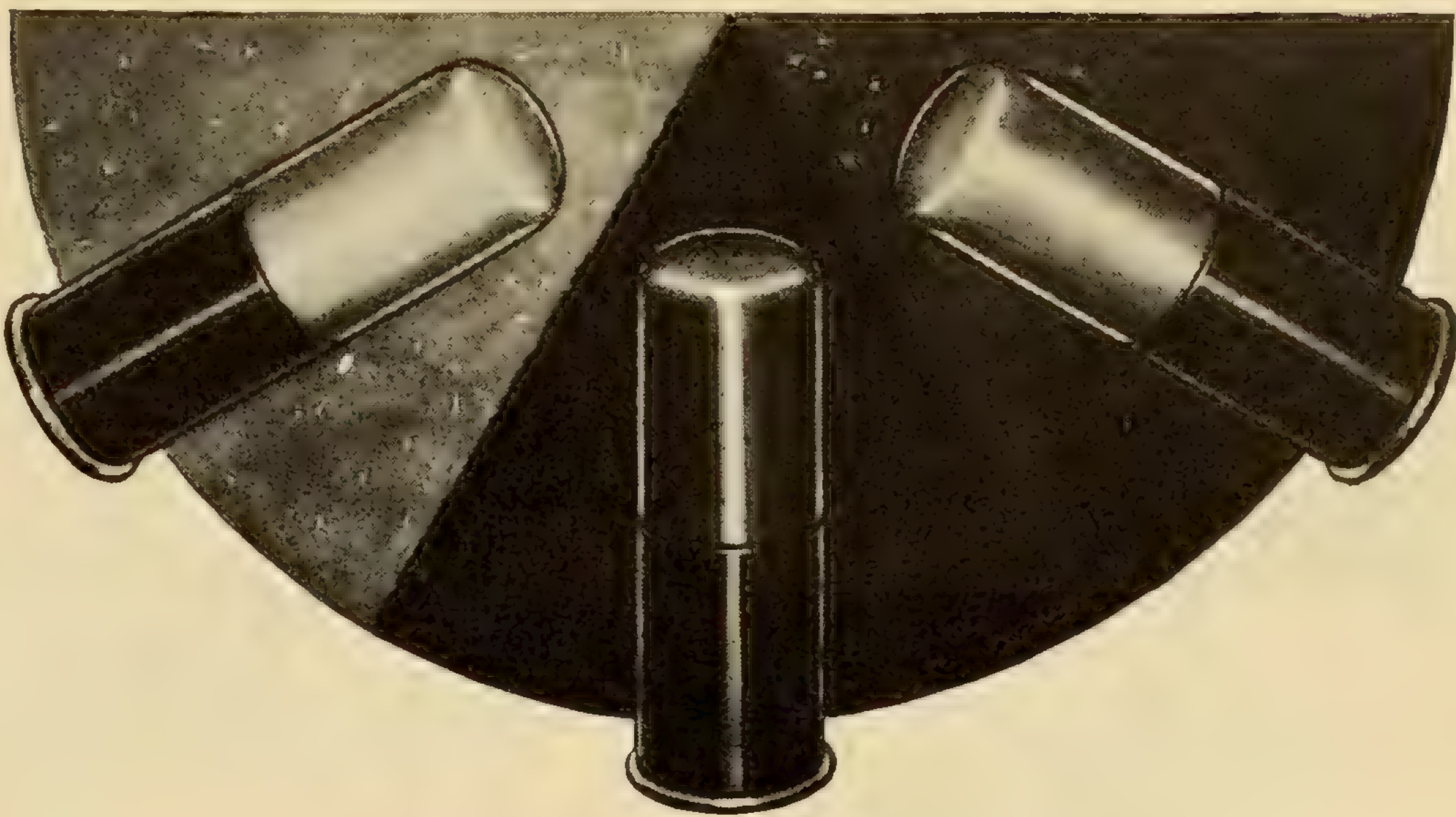
"Bill came to me one day just about to explode with excitement," Howard relates. "Hollywood wanted him to play in 'Rain' opposite Joan Crawford, he said, and he was practically all packed to go at the moment."

"'But look here,' I told him, 'you can't do that, you know. You've a run of play contract with 'Animal Kingdom.'"

"Well, at that Bill worked himself up into a typical Irish state. I knew from past experience that it was no use refusing that fellow anything, and sure enough, before I knew it, I was talking the producer into letting him leave the play."

Bill came to Hollywood, to be followed not long after by Leslie.

Hollywood isn't particularly famous for



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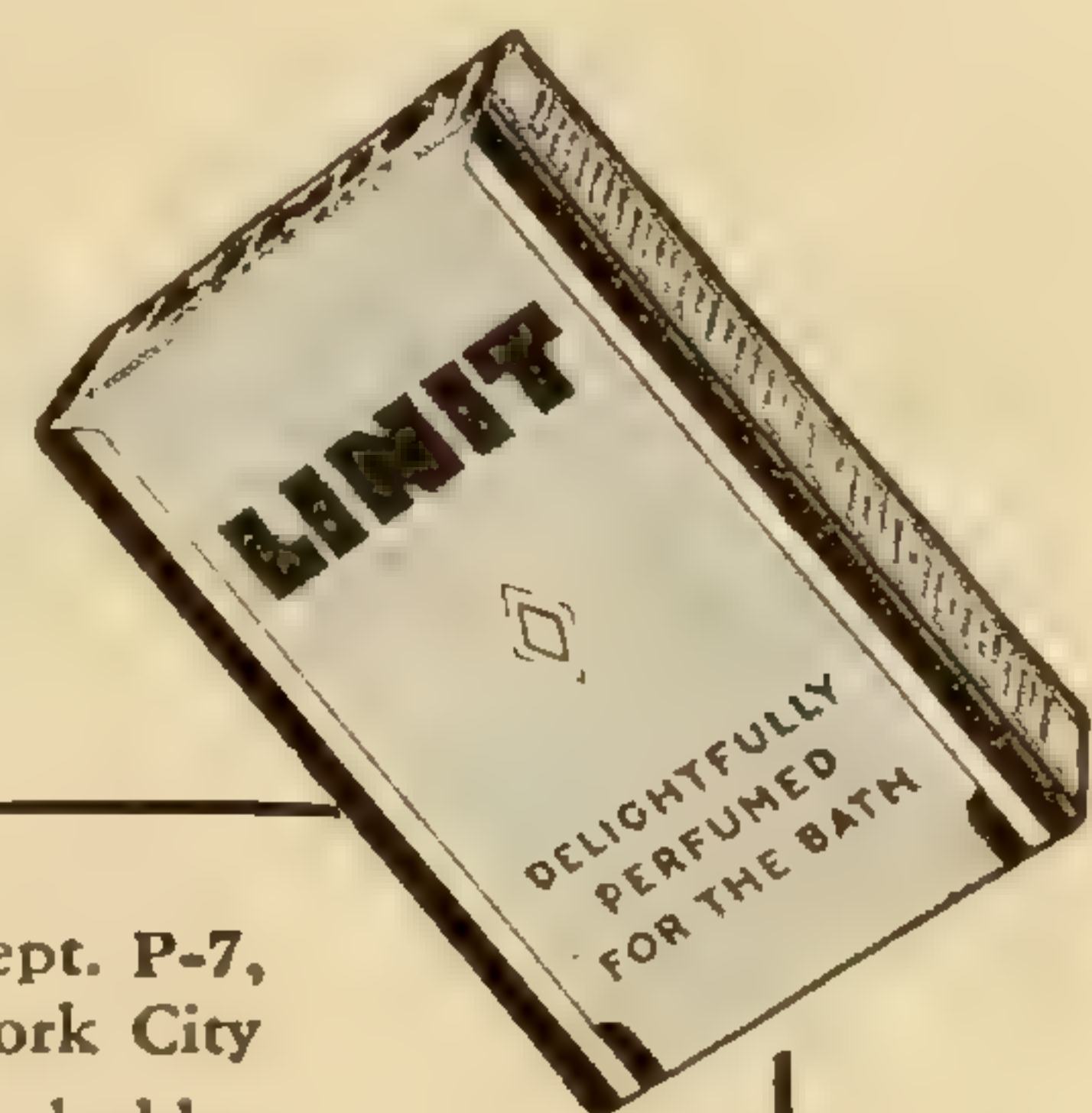
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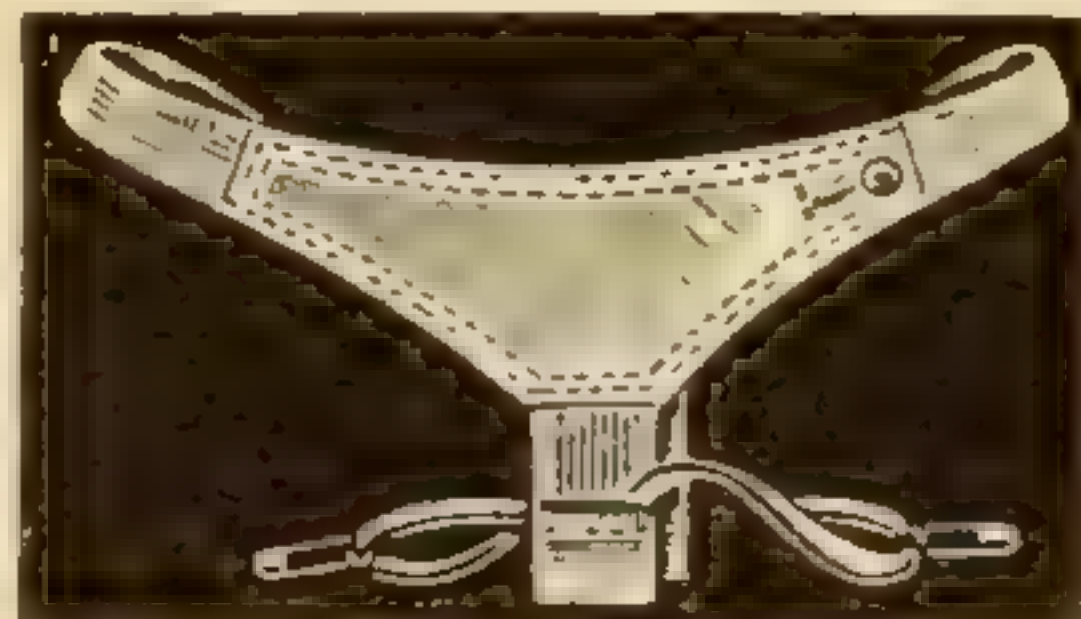


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cementing friendships, but in this case it has done very well. Neither had very many close friends when he arrived; neither has yet—so they "take it out on each other."

Leslie plays the rôle of father-confessor, as he has always played for Bill. And Bill—well, Leslie, himself, says:

"You know, that crazy Irishman has a sixth sense about me."

Bill never calls Leslie by his right name, to Howard's never-ending amusement. It's always "Charlie," or "Joe," or "Ralph"—or some new one.

They baffle each other in some ways. Leslie can't understand why Bill is so incurably outspoken that he continues to get himself in jams. Such as the time when a chance remark about Joan Crawford, greatly amplified by Hollywood's gossip system, came back to her so distorted that Bill lost a possible lead in "Dancing Lady."

AND Bill can't understand why Leslie is so quiet and abrupt most of the time. The English mannerisms puzzle him.

"Like the other evening," says Bill, "when we were over at the Howards' for dinner. Afterward we went into the parlor, and suddenly I looked around to find Leslie gone. A couple of hours later I strolled upstairs—and there he was lying on the bed reading a book!"

"I've sat with him all night and not more than ten words have passed between us."

A striking example of this difference in volubility occurred when Leslie Howard Gargan arrived.

At the time, Leslie was on the Berengaria just out of New York harbor *en voyage* to England, and Bill was in Hollywood.

Breathless, Bill rushed off a radiogram, complete with all the details—words and words, costing him upwards of fifty dollars.

Came the reply,

"Topping. Regards. Howard."

Another thing which has Bill Gargan completely licked is Leslie's ever-present composure.

"Why, when we were doing the play in New York," recounts Bill, "the stage manager and myself were almost in a state of nervous collapse about Leslie. Howard and I had found a secluded little restaurant where we would usually arrive to eat about seven o'clock. About eight-twenty I'd get nervous."

"Listen," I'd say, "that curtain goes up at eight-forty. And we're fourteen blocks away. Let's go."

"Right!" he'd say, and then deliberately help himself to some more cheese and coffee. As cool as a cucumber, while I was sweating blood. Somehow we always got there on time."

But there was once when Leslie didn't "get there in time," and it gave Bill a chance to repay a long standing favor in its own kind.

It was during the bank holiday of last year. Bill had just cashed a five thousand dollar check, on a hunch, and had put the bills in a safe-deposit box.

Leslie got the bank closing news too late, and being in the habit of never carrying any money around with him, found himself virtually penniless.

So Bill gave Ruth Howard a thousand dollars and Leslie said a hundred would be enough for him.

When the banks reopened, Mrs. Howard paid back the thousand, but Leslie forgot all about the hundred—just as Bill, five years ago, had forgotten all about the three.

A few weeks later Leslie was called to England. Bill went with him to the train. There was some business of making change and Leslie handed Bill four dollars and a half.

"That makes ninety-five, fifty you owe me," mused Bill.

Howard stared.

"You're going back to England and who knows if I'll ever see you again, or my hundred bucks you borrowed?" said Bill.

And for the first time in his life, Bill Gargan thought he saw Leslie Howard blush. Then he burst into a hearty chuckle.

"Bill, you're priceless," he said. "I swear, I had forgotten all about it."

Even when he hits him for a debt, Leslie thinks Bill Gargan is funny. As Bill says, "Charlie's a pushover for laughs."

But Mrs. Howard—and Mrs. Gargan—they don't laugh quite so easily. In fact, it will probably be a long time before Bill tries anything funny on them again.

Recently Bill and Mrs. Gargan drove to the location of "Of Human Bondage," where Leslie Howard Gargan, ten-months-old, is making his screen début with his illustrious namesake.

Bill and Leslie decided to ride back together and let the better halves take the other car.

On the way, Bill thought it would be lots of fun to pass Ruth and Patricia and cut them cold. So stepping on the gas, the two jokesters whizzed by with their noses tilted skywards in the best ritz manner, looking neither to right nor left.

THEN, happening to turn around, they noticed the snubbed wives accosting a motor traffic cop.

The next moment a siren wailed and the officers waved them over.

"You're arrested," he growled. "Speedin' and crowdin' a car to the curb. Those ladies complained. Pull over."

And as Leslie and Bill meekly signed a traffic ticket, Mrs. Howard and Mrs. Gargan, their noses elevated conspicuously, whirled by, shouting, "See you in jail!"

Just one big, happy family—the Howards and the Gargans!

The Stars! Now You See 'Em—Now You Don't

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

that as they were about to start "Elizabeth and Mary," in which they were starring her—if she didn't mind—they'd like to lure her out to Hollywood for a spell.

Margaret took her time coming—twenty-one days on a boat through the Panama Canal—but when she arrived she put joy into the hearts of one and all. She seemed actually

anxious to start to work. Vigilance relaxed.

And then one day Margaret strolled out of the gates and sniffed the balmy breezes. She was due for a stuffy test—so she went out to the airport and took a flying lesson.

Up in the air Margaret shouted to the pilot, "How much gas have we got?"

"About enough to get to San Francisco,"

said the aviator. "Let's go!" shouted Margaret. They went.

Well, if there had been a Sullivan reformation, that one taste of Houdini-ing was too much for it. From that time on, the Hollywood newspapers screamed almost daily—"Where's Margaret Sullivan?" Nobody knew. She had a telephone, but no information could be obtained by calling her home. She moved round to new addresses so frequently that folks couldn't keep up with her.

While every production official did a frantic off-to-Buffalo trying to corral the disappearing actress for such necessary things as make-up tests, fitting and script conferences, Margaret tested out all the trans-continental air lines she could discover. Just when they thought they had her, Margaret would skip out from beneath the net and hop a plane East.

She did it three times; once flying to Chicago, where she sat for six hours alone in the Chicago Air Terminal, and then caught the next plane West—just for the ride!

ALL this merely worked up to the famous six-day Arizona "fishing trip," which not only had Universal in a state of near collapse, but also had the newshawks of Los Angeles papers donning gumshoes in an effort to unravel what looked like a sensational story as well as an advanced problem for *Philo Vance*.

Margaret Sullivan's name has long been romantically and professionally linked with that of the Broadway play producer, Jed Harris. In fact, Harris has been indirectly named by some as being the fly in the Sullivan screen ointment. It is his influence, they say, which makes Margaret want to shake Hollywood's dust from her slippers so very frequently.

That's why a reporter, who had just seen Margaret at "Uncle Carl" Laemmle's birthday party at Universal and had then met an incoming plane from which a "Mr. Harris of New York" had alighted, became suspicious and checked with the studio to see if romance was in the air. The studio didn't know, but obligingly telephoned Margaret to find out. There wasn't any Margaret.

Yes, the landlady admitted, Miss Sullivan still rented the place, but her maid had been sent home, and she had packed without a word of where or what about it.

And when they couldn't locate Jed Harris in Hollywood, and a long-distance call to his New York office revealed that he had left for "Florida or California," things really looked interesting. The guess was that Margaret and Jed Harris had eloped.

And for six days it was just that—a guess. Until the day Margaret nonchalantly showed up at the studio in her inevitable pongee shirt and corduroy slacks, sporting a beautiful "shiner" and a cut on her cheek. She gave one answer to the barrage of questions which descended upon her!

"I was fishing in Arizona."

"With anyone?" they wanted to know.

"I was fishing in Arizona," she repeated.

"How did you get the black eye?" pressed the inquisitors.

"FISHING in Arizona," said Margaret. It was her story, and like Aimee Semple McPherson, of desert kidnap fame, she stuck to it.

Margaret was a good girl for three days after the fishing trip, and then she vanished again into space. Only an alert newspaperman in Kansas City nipped this Houdini act in the bud and phoned his discovery to Hollywood.

Now, busy with "Little Man, What Now?"

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The Wondersoft pad is exactly the same in width, length, thickness as the old. It has the Equalizer and it has the tapered ends, as before. *In addition* the sides of Wondersoft Kotex are skilfully cushioned to give greater comfort than ever. There is no other sanitary pad like this new Wondersoft Kotex.

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Street.....
City..... State.....
Color of your hair?.....

Margaret says she is cured and that she'll roll up her magic carpet.

But it was too late; she had started something, sure enough! For the minute her sensational fade-outs had left the front pages, Ginger Rogers had the combined detective forces of the local Scotland Yard, two major studios, her mother, her press-agents, five radio stations and the press of the nation trying to find her and fetch her back from goodness only knew where!

Ginger, who had done nine pictures in a row without a breathing spell, and the last two at the same time, turned a very firm, feminine thumb down on a loan-out offer from Fox for a part in the Janet Gaynor-Charlie Farrell re-teaming picture, "Change of Heart." Her way of insuring her vacation was to have her manager put her salary so sky-high that Fox wouldn't dream of paying it. Which he did; and Ginger, leaving a note for her mother, Mrs. Lela Rogers, telling her not to worry (and that was all), immediately evaporated for her well-earned rest.

THAT was on a Saturday. On Monday, Fox almost gave Ginger's manager heart failure by agreeing to pay the fabulous salary, and followed through by putting pressure on RKO-Radio for Ginger's loan. So RKO offered to tear up Ginger's contract and double her salary, if she would put off the holiday rest for the one picture. But she had to be back by Thursday morning or the whole thing was off.

Picture the frantic manager telephoning Lela Rogers to find out where daughter Ginger was hiding, only to hear a helpless wail, "I don't know!" Then picture the strong arm of John Law and his minions wiring, scouting, investigating, reporting all over the Southwest, to no avail for the red-headed actress who had blended into the scenery. Picture the heads of RKO imploring all the radio stations to help find the little lost girl.

They would, said the national stations, if the missing actress was properly registered at the Bureau of Missing Persons at the sheriff's office. So "Ginger Rogers, screen actress, five feet, four, etc., etc." was listed officially as lost, strayed or stolen, and the message crackled out over the ether of every important station in California:

"To Ginger Rogers, wherever you may be—you are wanted at your home at once. Please communicate with your mother. It is very important." The message flashed at every station announcement.

And away over in Arizona, twenty miles from the nearest telephone line, Ginger tuned in. The next morning her mother received call from a tiny town near Kingman, Arizona.

Thursday morning, weary but willing, Ginger magically appeared out of the everywhere on the set at Fox—a homecoming Houdini who was glad to be home.

However, Lyle Talbot wasn't such a good radio-tuner-inner and thereby sacrificed a good part in "Gambling Lady" to Joel McCrea, when he put on the vanishing top-coat.

Lyle set out, destination unknown and unsuspected by the Brothers Warner, who sign his pay-checks. It was a motor trip, he was going to be gone until further notice—and just try and notify him!

The Warner Brothers tried. They tried because they had that good part for Lyle, and production was being rushed. Paging Mr. Talbot! They knew Lyle had a radio in his car and that he played it incessantly while driving. They hoped—ah, vain hope!—that Lyle listened loyally to the programs of KFVB, "the Voice of Hollywood," the last

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two call letters of which stand for Warner Brothers (they own the station).

But, Lyle on vacation, was reveling in a bit of disloyalty and had another station on the dial. He never heard the message to return, and finished his holiday in ignorant bliss of what his fade out was costing him.

Sometimes, however, stars who have applied "vanishing cream" aren't so blissful about being snapped out of it.

THERE was the spectacular case of Warren William, who was lost from the ken of men for days as he floated aimlessly about the blue Pacific. It was all very much against Warren's will—but then, so was the rescue.

While landlubberly friends, family and studio associates wondered if a sea monster had gulped down Warren and his new boat, the Pegasus, Admiral William was fretting and fuming with a broken-down engine, drifting around in the becalmed briny—unable to make land by sail.

Finally, in desperation, the anxious well-wishers called out the Los Angeles harbor police and the Coast Guard for the search, and Warren was towed in in the wake of the coast cops, stewing at the indignity and the asparagus cast at his seamanship!

Those two alliterative Houdinis, Hepburn and Harding, have gained such a reputation for whisking off into unknown space that the studio has seriously questioned whether they use mirrors, or what?

Hepburn all last year inspired a hoary crop of gray hair on the RKO lot by her almost weekly impromptu exits into the never-never land. And not only did the impish Katharine cover her trail, but she even planted misleading tracks.

Hints dropped around the studio, which she knew would be carried to officialdom, indicated Del Monte, when Katie was bound for Caliente—and various vice versas.

NOT long ago Ann Harding was out shooting pictures on the border of the Mojave Desert. Coming in, she asked the driver of her car to stop.

"If you don't mind, I think I'll walk from here," she told him sweetly, stepping right out in the middle of the desert road.

No one saw her, heard of her or knew anything at all about her for two whole weeks! Just as M-G-M heard nothing of Myrna Loy for longer than that—although they spent every waking hour trying—when, after finishing a recent picture, she strolled off the lot remarking that she was "going away for a rest."

The very next day they wanted her for re-takes, for publicity stills, for interviews, for about everything you can think of; and as they thought Myrna was somewhere out of town, they set about to find her. Every clue was followed to the bitter end, every place she had ever been known to go was checked—but investigation yielded nothing. Finally they gave up in despair.

A few weeks later, Myrna calmly walked in the studio gates to be greeted by a delegation howling, "Where in the world *have you been?*"

"Why," said Myrna, blinking her astonishment at the confusing reception, "—I've been at home resting. I haven't budged out of the house for weeks!"

Home was the *only* place they hadn't thought about calling!

Yes, it's fun to be bamboozled, but it's even more jolly to know—when the stars are due to vanish—where and why. At least, it's a lot easier on Hollywood's nerves.

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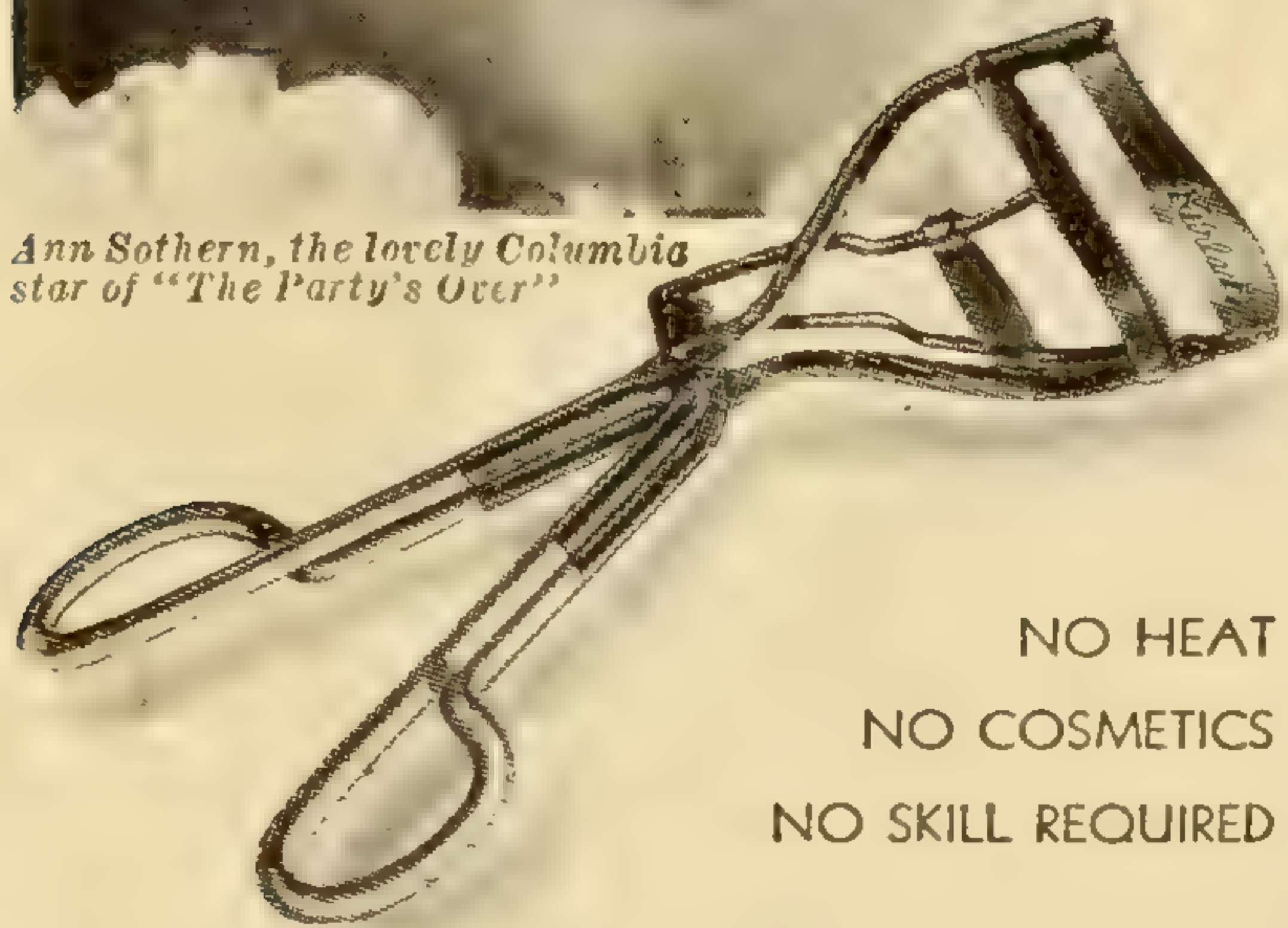
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Has Mae West Gone High Hat?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

That's what you hear—everywhere—and a lot more.

But don't you believe it—West is still West. Although a whole lot of explanations are in order.

In the first place, Mae has been as busy as a one-armed paper hanger with the hives.

As she says, "I haven't had *time* to change!"

By her success in "She Done Him Wrong," Mae just stuck her diamond-draped neck out for a whole lot of fast and furious work. To cash in on the great world-wide eagerness for another Western, "I'm No Angel" was rushed into production. Mae wrote the story, helped with the script, the casting, the whole business, besides playing the starring part.

At the same time, all of Hollywood was wanting to pat her back and shake her hand. Vicariously, so was all the world.

Parties take time. Interviews take time. Pictures take time.

MAE didn't *have* the time. But she tried to do the impossible. More words flashed out of Hollywood about "Diamond Lil" than about any other star since Valentino. More curvilinear poses were printed and distributed than any since Della Fox rode to fame in cigarette boxes.

Mae, never social, made the effort to get around and join in the life of the movie colony.

It was too much.

So big Jim Timony, Mae's manager, put his foot down—unknown to Mae. No more interviews until after "I'm No Angel" was finished.

No more "nothin'" — Mae was taboo. Imagine the howl! The echoes finally reached Mae, along with too many high hat accusations for her to take smiling.

She bounced into the publicity department, thinking they had issued the edict, and wanted to know why. They said Timony said why. Mae said she would say why; she was no shy and wilting violet and she didn't want to get that reputation.

Finally, the studio persuaded her to wait until the picture was over.

BY that time there were eighty interviewers dated to see her. She tackled them, one after the other, got through forty without losing her sanity, and then had to give up. The rest were cancelled.

And the word got around that Mae had gone high hat.

Professional jealousy fanned the rumor. It's the easiest thing in the world to tag someone with a swelled head—if you supply the necessary inflationary matter—hot air. Hollywood could stand just so much of a new West sensation—but when it became a menace, or a supposed one, enter the whispering campaign.

Unfortunately for Mae, the turn of events seemed to lend a basis to these rumors.

Suddenly circumstances forced her to a complete and rigid seclusion. No one could see her—on the set or off. A red paper slip was posted above her call-sheet in the publicity office at Paramount. "Under no circumstances will anyone be allowed on the Mae West set." Instead of walking in the front door of the studio, smiling at the autograph seekers, Mae rolled quickly in a side gate, surrounded by four armed guards. Her apartment house was

just as carefully watched. When she went to the fights, her favorite recreation, the cash customers were jostled out of the way by a flying wedge of detectives, with Mae in the middle.

It looked — it still looks — like a grand act.

But it's not.

Suppose you were in Mae's shoes. Suppose gangdom had threatened to "get" you, because you had the courage to testify against stick-up men. Suppose you had received threats over the phone and through the mails. Definite threats to "take you for a ride"—to ruin your looks forever with acid. To "put you on the spot."

THAT'S what Mae faces now. That's why she carries acid antidotes, and rides in a bullet-proof car.

At that, Mae isn't hiring the protectors. The Los Angeles District Attorney is—and for a selfish reason—because Mae is the star witness against Harry Voiler, indicted in connection with Mae's jewel robbery. The D.A.'s office can't convict him without Mae. Get it?

If Hollywood and success had softened "Diamond Lil"—as some say it has—she wouldn't have had the abdominal stamina to testify against sinister elements who amply warned her before she ever took the stand that it wouldn't be healthy. Such threats have sealed the lips of plenty of other much more publicized public-spirited American citizens.

But they only made Mae all the more determined to do her duty. "I'm easy to get along with," she says, "but threats can make me nasty!" She testified. She sent one gangster to the penitentiary—and she'll have to do it again. Meanwhile, can you blame her—or the police—for not inviting catastrophe? The threats still come.

Besides, Paramount is taking no chances with their multi-million dollar attraction. It's not entirely Mae's fault that she's as hard to reach as the dalai-lama of Tibet.

At least, it seemed that hard.

There was a special pass. But that didn't mean a thing to the guard who stood outside the sound stage door, with a business-like revolver strapped to his side. It didn't mean much to Detective Jack Chriss, head of the gangster detail of the District Attorney's office, who sat inside, his hand within easy reach of the pistol presented to him by Pancho Villa when Chriss was a Texas ranger. He is the best shot on the D.A.'s force.

BUT, finally, when the word was relayed to Mae and she said it was okay to "C'm up and see her," there was a chance to confront her with all these things which the tongues were saying.

Now, it is a strange thing about people who suddenly assume the high hat. They don't mind being told about it. Because, if they're really consciously wearing an upturned nose, acknowledgment flatters them. They may protest—but, well, Mae West didn't protest—she was burned up!

And hurt!

"Nobody ever called me high hat—and they've called me lots of things," she said. There wasn't a faint flicker of humor on her face; she was dead serious. "The public made me what I am today—I hope they're satisfied.

And they ought to know that I'm not wanting to change my style.

"I'm not a phony, and I'm not a girl who's just made good. I've had some success before; I've had some publicity, and I've made some money before I ever came to Hollywood. Whenever I see people putting it on, I know they're phonies; they aren't the real goods and they've got something to cover up.

"I consider myself above changing. I haven't time to change. I'm not looking backward at what I've done or what success has come my way. The minute you do that and stand around on what's already come your way, you're headed back in the other direction.

"I HAVE to do my work, and I've got a lot of that to do. You ought to know that it isn't easy to write and act, too. You can't call me high hat because I'm busy."

Mae hasn't gone back on any of her friends. She has had the same maid for six years. A lot of the actors who used to be with her on the stage in New York are working in her picture. She's giving Katherine De Mille her big break in "It Ain't No Sin."

Just the other day, she discovered a set-worker, Joe Ritchie, an ex-prize-fighter, singing prize-ring ditties.

"Ever sing those for pictures?" asked Mae.

He said he hadn't. "Well, you're going to," said Mae—and sat right down and wrote a big part into the script to give Joe a break.

She still lives in a modest Hollywood apartment with her brother Jack West, Jr. Her only extravagance has been redecorating it in the white and gold Louis XV motif which took her eye on the New Orleans "Sensation House" set in "It Ain't No Sin."

You could hardly call her desire to buy a ranch an extravagance or an indication of a desire to live high. The ranch is to be for her folks.

When Hollywood first found out that Mae was investing in an insurance annuity of a hundred thousand dollars, the word went around that she was frantically saving her money—changing from an easy spender to a miserly saver; also, that she knew she was slipping badly at the box-office and was hoarding for the approaching famine.

MAE'S annuity doesn't hold a candle to the investments of most Hollywood stars. That's what it is—an investment. She has to do something with her money—but money can't change Mae West, any more than it could normally change others by making them enjoy life by acquiring some things they've always wanted and security for later years.

As for her popularity—

"'I'm No Angel' is doing three times the business of 'She Done Him Wrong,'" Mae informs. "I wasn't completely satisfied with it, I'll admit—but this one is going to outclass both the others. I'm completely satisfied with it—and I'm my severest critic, don't forget that!"

She hasn't changed her screen type, either.

"I'm a little sweeter character this time," Mae confessed, "but there's still a bad streak in me.

"I'm low enough, all right—but the whole thing's a little more glamorous and gorgeous—if you know what I mean."

It was worth looking to be sure what Mae did mean.

She was gorgeous enough. A Gibson Girl gorgeousness with one of those amazing pompadours looking like waves of silver taffy



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Yes—and curves.

Plenty of curves—and in the right, the same old places.

Which settled another very disturbing rumor—that Mae had succumbed to the lure of a Hollywood figure, was even dieting to achieve a trim slimness!

PROBABLY someone just learned her true weight and got excited—for Mae, in spite of those ample hills and dells, isn't a heavy woman.

Once in her life she reached a hundred and thirty-five pounds—but it was when she deliberately tried to get fat, during the Broadway "Diamond Lil" era.

Since she came to Hollywood, her weight hasn't varied by more than five pounds. Right now she's at a hundred and eighteen, the same

poundage at which Mae weighed in for "She Done Him Wrong."

So if there was any change in Mae West, it must be in her technique—that's about all that was left in doubt.

"Stick around," suggested Mae.

Roger Pryor was the victim. The lights glowed. The camera leveled. The whistle blew.

Action! The temperature rose. The blood pressure zoomed. The collar wilted. It wasn't the humidity—it was the heat.

AND when Director Leo McCarey weakly gasped "Cut!"—there seemed to be only one fair thing for a gent to do—

To bust out of that sound stage without further delay—out on the street where they don't care how loud you shout—and do some shouting like this—

"Stop worrying—she's the same old Mae—and how!"

Here Is England's Favorite Charmer

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32]

MacKenna, of a Belgian woman who, while nursing German wounded, acted as an undercover agent for the Allies), Madeleine wore no screen make-up whatsoever. And she played all her big scenes with her back to the camera! How's that for a sacrifice to art?

And referring to her being practically unknown here, there is an instance which serves to illustrate her innate modesty and charm of manner. The first day she reported at the Fox studio for work in "The World Moves On," the gateman refused to let her in without a pass from the main office. Her name meant nothing to him. Madeleine patiently waited without any fuss. And her Hollywood one-picture contract called for more money than that of any other British star who ever came here. I have known her since she first began her screen career. I witnessed her signature the day she signed it to a three-picture-a-year contract in England for a fabulous sum. Since then, that sum has probably been doubled. Working that out picture for picture, I think, brings her salary to one of the highest of the players ever in Hollywood.

BUT Madeleine has never stopped to work out that little problem herself. Money actually doesn't mean as much to her as her public's reaction to her work. And in her private life, her chief concern is the comfort and well-being of her husband's many tenants and servants. Both she and he are devoted to the welfare of their people.

Should "Mrs. Jones," a tenant on Captain Astley's estate, report, during a storm, that her cottage roof is leaking and her "ol' man" is laid up with rheumatics," Madeleine and Philip will drop everything else to get plasterers and carpenters to work on the roof right away. The same holds true for the caretakers of the villa on Lake Como in Italy. If "Signora Tretlini" is giving birth to about her thirteenth, it is a common sight to see Madeleine by the bedside, administering jellies and sips of brandy to the mother.

Not riches, but the entertainment and well-being of others, those are the things that matter to Madeleine Carroll. And there is no "high hat" to it all. At her birthday party on the Fox lot, shortly after her arrival, the guests of honor were the stage crew and the

gatekeeper who did not know her on her first day. And Philip was the life of the party!

Regarding "the days when." If you ask Madeleine how she started out, she will very truthfully tell that after being awarded a Bachelor of Arts degree by Birmingham University (with honors in French, thanks to her mother, a Parisienne) she taught school for a year to make some money to go to London—and the stage. Also, she will tell you she took to the stage against the wishes of her father, a stern man, a university professor.

HOWEVER, with the help of a loyal youth she had met at the university, and who had become a press-agent in London, Madeleine stormed the barricades to theater and film producers. Within a year of her going to London, she graduated from a traveling company, in which she was a French maid parrotting "Mais oui, Madame—your bath—it is quite ready," to an important rôle in "Mr. Pickwick" on the London stage, and, to the starring rôle in the first important talkie made in England, "The Guns of Loos." The screen rôle was won as the result of a contest in which she was chosen "the ideal example of British feminine beauty."

From then on, it was one triumph after another—whether it was on the West End London stage playing opposite Charles Laughton in "French Leave," or whether it was with Carl Brisson in the picture "American Prisoner"—wherein Madeleine, in early-American period costumes, won all screen-going hearts hands down.

After two years of simultaneous stage and screen successes, Madeleine received that neat three-pictures-a-year contract. It carried with it, besides that huge sum, choice of her own director, cameraman, supporting cast and story! In addition, in this period, she made pictures in French in Paris, and she made them for Ufa in Berlin. Her fame as the darling of the British screen became established.

Then came romance!

Madeleine was appearing in a play in an exclusive small theater in London. Nightly she received a corsage of orchids. There was no card. But Madeleine did not go out of her way to learn the identity of her admirer. Her busy life did not permit of romance.

Time raced by and it brought Madeleine into another play, "After All." With this play came an invitation from the Prince of Wales to a supper following the première.

That was a Royal Command. And *that* was a supper!

The prince danced with her innumerable times, and she was fortunate in her supper partner. He was solicitude itself. He was a young officer, former aide to the prince, a Captain Philip Astley. At dawn, he asked to see Madeleine home. A gleaming silver car with footman and chauffeur awaited them.

ON the way to her apartment, the young officer declared undying devotion to Madeleine. It was rather sudden, but Madeleine believed him sincere and honest. He was somehow different.

Then it all came out—he was her unknown admirer of the orchids.

When the run of "After All" ended, Captain Astley induced his younger sister to invite the charming actress for a stay at the family villa in Italy. Philip, of course, turned up a few days after Madeleine had arrived. And, in the Italian moonlight across the sapphire blue waters of Lake Como, he urged Madeleine to marry him.

On a late August day, they were married in a small Italian village, in a tiny lakeside chapel that held but twenty people.

As they entered the edifice the village children, in their white Sunday frocks, scattered rosebuds before them.

Two months later, this Carroll child—now mistress of a gorgeous Italian villa, a manor in a rural English village where her husband is Squire, a palatial Mayfair mansion in London—returned to the stage in a new play, opposite Owen Nares, a matinée idol of London.

"Household duties nowadays," she said then, "are made so easy for the young wife that she doesn't have to bother with them. And my husband," she added, "although very wealthy, prefers to work in an office all day for his living. So, why shouldn't I work, too?"

Her husband is her advisor on all her screen and stage contracts. And she is his "attorney-in-chief" on his real estate deals. And they like it.

And people like them. They conquer the hearts of everyone they meet, high or low.

Madeleine has had a previous opportunity to come to Hollywood. It was when Winfield Sheehan was preparing to produce "Cavalcade." Madeleine was offered the rôle of *Jane Marryot*, played by her close friend Diana Wynyard.

IN refusing the rôle, Madeleine said, "I'd love to go to Hollywood, but I'm scared stiff at the prospect of attempting to rate with those beautiful American stars. American audiences don't know me, and probably won't want to know me.

"I'd be too poor an ambassador from London to Hollywood to warrant accepting such a big undertaking. Get Diana to do the rôle. She is far better than I."

Her personal triumph opposite Herbert Marshall and Conrad Veidt in "I Was a Spy," however, caused Sheehan, on vacation in London, to show Madeleine a synopsis of "The World Moves On," and to tell her of the "charm exchange." This time Sheehan overcame her objections—but only with help from Philip.

After "The World Moves On," Madeleine had to return to England to do a screen story called "Mary, Queen of Scots." But she will be back.

Here's that Remarkable NEW Make-Up

So Many Women Are Asking About



WRONG MAKE-UP gives a "hard",
"cheap" look.



RIGHT MAKE-UP provides a natural
seductiveness—free of all artificiality.

These Pictures, Both of the Same Model, Show the Difference Between Right and Wrong Make-up

THERE IS NOW a *new* and utterly different way in make-up...the creation of Louis Philippe, famed French colorist, whom women of Paris and the Cosmopolitan world follow like a religion. A *totally* NEW idea in color that often changes a woman's whole appearance.

That is because it is the first make-up—rouge or lipstick—yet discovered that actually matches the warm, pulsating color of the human blood.

Ends That "Cheap", "Hard" Look

This new creation forever banishes the "cheap", "hard" effect one sees so often today from unfortunately chosen make-up—gives, instead, an absolutely *natural* and unartificial color.

As a result, while there may be some question as to what constitutes Good Form

in manners or in dress, there is virtually no question today among women of admitted social prominence as to what constitutes Good Form in make-up.

What It's Called

It is called ANGELUS ROUGE INCARNAT. And it comes in both lipstick form and in paste rouge form in many alluring shades.* You use either on *both* the lips and the cheeks. And one application lasts all day long.

In its allure, it is typically, *wickedly* of Paris. In its virginal modesty, as natural as a *jeune fille*—ravishing, without revealing!

Do as smart women everywhere are doing—adopt Angelus Rouge Incarnat. The little red box costs only a few cents. The lipstick, the same as most American made lipsticks. You'll be amazed at what it does for you.

*See the marvelously gay, new daytime colors—*Pandora* and *Poppy*

The "Little Red Box" for lips and cheeks



The Lipstick



Angelus Rouge Incarnat
By LOUIS PHILIPPE

USE ON BOTH THE LIPS AND THE CHEEKS

CORNS

Relieved in ONE Minute!



Prevents Sore Toes—Eases Tight Shoes

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads will give you relief in *one minute!* These soothing, healing pads *stop the cause* by lifting nagging shoe pressure off the irritated nerves. Result—no more pain, sore toes or blisters from new or tight shoes.



Remove Corns and Callouses

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads quickly, safely loosen and remove corns and callouses when used with the separate *Medicated Disks* included for that purpose. Get this sure relief today. Sold everywhere.



Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

Mercolized Wax



Keeps Skin Young

Absorb blemishes and discolorations using Mercolized Wax daily as directed. Invisible particles of aged skin are freed and all defects such as blackheads, tan, freckles and large pores disappear. Skin is then beautifully clear, velvety and so soft—face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. At all leading druggists.

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Reduces wrinkles and other age-signs. Simply dissolve one ounce Saxolite in half-pint witch hazel and use daily as face lotion.



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REDUCING GIRDLE. 2 to 3 inch compression at once. Takes place of corset. Beautifully made; very comfortable. Laced at back, with 2 garters in front. Holds up abdomen. Send waist and hip measures. \$3.75

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What's Ahead for Hepburn?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

stacles for herself, torturing her soul, putting herself in for a rap at the very door of the Promised Land—stooping for a kick while the welcome kiss was being bestowed.

WHY did she invite it? No other star of her rocketing importance ever took it on the chin so early.

Garbo didn't, nor Dietrich.

George Cukor is the man whom Hollywood generally credits with the screen development of Katharine Hepburn.

He directed her in her first picture, "A Bill of Divorcement," and in her most popular triumph, "Little Women." Katharine, herself, has given him credit for the success of the latter picture.

So his comments on Hepburn and Jed Harris, who produced and directed "The Lake," are significant.

"She went to Mr. Jed. Harris with the greatest confidence and respect. He completely sold himself to her before she ever left Hollywood for New York. He was an old friend, but, strangely enough, before Katharine had made a great success of motion pictures, he had paid her little attention.

"Katharine Hepburn could recite the alphabet on Broadway and draw them in. To take someone like Hepburn and flop with her is unbelievable—a joke.

"I know her attitude toward the play was perfect. She was terribly conscientious about it and worked extremely hard. She was eager to do a splendid job."

Katharine Hepburn was eager to do a "splendid job."

The stage has always been attractive to her. She was first discovered for the screen by David Selznick, while playing in "The Warrior's Husband."

Will it still be attractive to her now? Or has the experience of defeat and disillusion, twice as bitter because it followed tremendous Hollywood success, eaten into her sensitive nature enough to destroy that ambition and turn her exclusively to the screen?

And if she does forget the footlights and devote her talent to pictures, will it be as great as it was, or has she passed her peak? Has the stage knock taken anything out of her which even the boost of the highest screen recognition cannot offset? Can she regain her spark and go on to even greater triumphs in Hollywood?

What lies ahead for Katharine Hepburn?

The answer rests within Hepburn herself.

At RKO her associates tell us that Hepburn has always eagerly desired to make a stage success.

Possibly as a "home town" boy, who sought success elsewhere, always has the ambition to go back home and "show 'em."

KNOWING Hepburn's determined and proud nature, they expect her to be all the more resolved to "show 'em" now that she has "flopped." In fact, but for her contract with RKO, which called for her definite return to the studio by the middle of June, the opinion is that she would have made every effort to live down her failure with a Broadway success before showing her face in Hollywood. But contracts are contracts—and thousands upon thousands of dollars were involved.

However, Katharine Hepburn does primarily want to be a screen star.

There have been hundreds of stories about her indifference to Hollywood and her career on the screen.

George Cukor insists that most of these are "bunk." For instance, the one about Hepburn, after finishing "A Bill of Divorcement," having to be hunted for and notified by wire that she had been a sensation.

"She was nervous and did not attend the Hollywood preview," says Cukor. "But I called her up myself and told her what a hit she had made. She was delighted, enthusiastic and appreciative."

After the studio showing of "Little Women," Hepburn dashed out of the projection room, the picture of almost childlike, exuberant joy. She ran around slapping all her fellow workers on the back and shouting, "This one's going to write your pay-checks for a long time!"

She, herself, has made the statement, "I like pictures. There's nothing more thrilling than to see myself in a good performance—and there's nothing more heart-breaking than to see myself in a bad one."

A THOUGHT similarly expressed to Cukor, when she told him once, "It hurts me when I see myself in a poor scene and hear people saying, 'But she *must* be good.'"

Sensitive, but certainly conscientious.

Actually her "indifference" can be traced to her personality, which is very aptly described by this director as "bumptious."

She doesn't like publicity, she wants to be alone. She may be capricious, even eccentric—but Hepburn wants to be a great screen star every bit as much as RKO and her public want her to be.

Then what are her chances—from now on?

Again quoting Cukor:

"Katharine Hepburn is a very, very talented girl and her future is unlimited. She has extraordinary equipment for the screen, she's highly intelligent, and she possesses a kind of integrity which is very unusual.

"She has the right attitude toward her rôles, and the capacity to understand them. Naturally, when she does not sympathize with her assignments she doesn't do her best. In 'Christopher Strong' she didn't like the part in which she was called upon to exploit glamour, and she didn't succeed in giving her best to it.

CONTRARY to popular belief, Katharine Hepburn is extremely well disciplined and an earnest worker on the set.

"She has always been amazingly relaxed and natural when she works. When she first came to Hollywood, she didn't know a thing about screen technique, but now she has improved tremendously in virtuosity. The use of her voice has also been marvelously mastered. I think it's obvious that she is unusually equipped for as great a success as she desires to make.

"And I don't believe there's such a thing as an actress who doesn't want to keep on doing better acting."

So—it's up to Hepburn.

From a story standpoint, three excellent parts lie ahead for her.

The first, "Break of Hearts," is a very power-

ful story of a young girl whose musical genius is unrecognized, until a composer loves her and watches her rise to fame as he slips back; the second is "Joan of Arc," an opportunity for a really classic performance; the third is "The Tudor Wench," a chance for her to recreate on the screen one of the most interesting and important of all royal figures—Queen Elizabeth.

And if Katharine Hepburn will take her unfortunate fiasco in stride, shake off the jittery hangover in which it has apparently left her, and sink her teeth into these parts as only Hepburn can, then there's only one thing ahead for her—eventually.

A crown of her own.



Patricia Ellis picks a swim suit that meets all requirements of decorum, yet is stylish and modern—with adjustable back and "uplift" effect

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What It Is

It is an exquisite toilet accessory, resembling a superior beauty cream in texture. You simply spread it on where



hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone—gone so completely that, even by running your hand across the skin, you cannot feel the slightest trace of stubble. For this amazing creation *definitely ends after-razor "stubble"* . . . When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following the razor and old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

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Henry A. Rost, Managing Director

FIFTH AVENUE
58th to 59th STREETS, NEW YORK

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]

LEGONG—Bennett Picture Corp.—Island of Bali is locale of this film venture of Marquis de la Falaise. Odd rituals of native cast provide rare entertainment. Technicolor. (April)

LET'S BE RITZY—Universal.—After a marital fuss, love conquers for Patricia Ellis and Lew Ayres. Robert McWade's characterization highlights the film. Frank McHugh, Isabel Jewell. Fair. (May)

LET'S FALL IN LOVE—Columbia.—Director Edmund Lowe's fake Swedish film find (Ann Sothorn) goes over with Producer Gregory Ratoff until Lowe's fiancée Miriam Jordan tips him off. One good tune. See this. (March)

★ **LITTLE WOMEN**—RKO-Radio.—This classic is exquisitely transferred to the screen. Katharine Hepburn, as *Jo* is sky-rocketed to greater film heights. Joan Bennett, Frances Dee and Jean Parker, as *Jo's* sisters, give splendid performances. (Jan.)

LONE COWBOY—Paramount.—Without Jackie Cooper there wouldn't be much of a picture. Jackie's sent West to comfort his dead father's pal embittered by his wife's (Lila Lee) faithlessness. (Jan.)

LONG LOST FATHER—RKO-Radio.—Quite amusing, but story not up to John Barrymore's standard. Helen Chandler is adequate as actress separated from father since childhood. (May)

LOOKING FOR TROUBLE—20th Century-United Artists.—Spencer Tracy and Jack Oakie, telephone trouble shooters, take you through blizzards, earthquakes and fires. Constance Cummings and Arline Judge supply love interest. Good fun. (April)

★ **LOST PATROL, THE**—RKO-Radio.—When relief arrives, all but one man (Victor McLaglen) of this desert patrol have been shot down by Arabs. Excellent dramatic performances by Boris Karloff and supporting players. (April)

LOVE BIRDS—Universal.—Amusing comedy, especially for Slim Summerville-ZaSu Pitts followers. Mickey Rooney adds to the fun. (April)

LUCKY TEXAN—Monogram.—A Western with murder, intrigue, romance in addition to usual hard riding. John Wayne, Barbara Sheldon and George Hayes doing fine characterization. (April)

MADAME SPY—Universal.—Spy Fay Wray marries Austrian officer Nils Asther, who also becomes a spy. Vince Barnett, John Miljan, Edward Arnold. Nothing very unusual here, but skilfully handled. (March)

★ **MAD GAME, THE**—Fox.—Spencer Tracy, imprisoned beer baron, is released to catch a kidnaper. He loves the assignment—after what the kidnaper did to him. Love interest, Claire Trevor. Well acted. Not for children. (Jan.)

MANHATTAN LOVE SONG—Monogram.—Peppy lines and good cast, including Dixie Lee and Robert Armstrong, make this light comedy amusing in spite of a familiar plot. Excellent support. (June)

MAN OF TWO WORLDS—RKO-Radio.—After his New York stage success, Francis Lederer should have had a stronger vehicle for his initial American screen appearance. It's the story of an Eskimo brought to civilization. Elissa Landi. (March)

MANDALAY—First National.—Poor story material for Kay Francis, miscast as shady lady, and Ricardo Cortez. However, Rangoon and Mandalay atmosphere perfect. Lyle Talbot. (April)

MARRIAGE ON APPROVAL—Freuler Film.—Barbara Kent and Donald Dillaway are married but she doesn't know about it, though she lives with him, because they were on a hectic party when it happened. Complicated plot. (March)

MASSACRE—First National.—Educated Indian Richard Barthelmess displays his marksmanship at World's Fair, and returns to the reservation when his father becomes ill. Ann Dvorak aids in squaring matters with crooked government agent. (March)

MASTER OF MEN—Columbia.—Both the plot and the dialogue are old. But there's a good cast, including Jack Holt, as the mill hand who rises to financial power; Fay Wray, his wife; Walter Connolly, Theodore Von Eltz, Berton Churchill. (Feb.)

MEANEST GAL IN TOWN, THE—RKO-Radio.—A capable group of comedians, including El Brendel, ZaSu Pitts, "Skeets" Gallagher, Jimmy Gleason and Pert Kelton, make this worth-while entertainment. (March)

★ **MELODY IN SPRING**—Paramount.—Radio's well-known tenor makes his film debut in an elaborately staged production with Ann Sothorn, and that comedy team Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland. Charming musical moments, fun and laughter in abundance. (June)

★ **MEN IN WHITE**—M-G-M.—Torn between difficult scientific career and easy medical practice with love of Myrna Loy, Clark Gable does a remarkable acting job. Elizabeth Allan, Jean Hersholt, Otto Kruger merit praise. (April)

MIDNIGHT—Universal.—Sidney Fox turns in an excellent performance in this morbid drama from the Theatre Guild play. Good cast. (May)

★ **MISS FANE'S BABY IS STOLEN**—Paramount.—A powerful, thrilling presentation of the kidnaping menace, with Dorothea Wieck as Baby LeRoy's mother. Alice Brady, Jack LaRue. Excellent suspense. (March)

MODERN HERO, A—Warners.—Beginning in circus, Richard Barthelmess' sole aim is to achieve financial independence. Marjorie Rambeau, Jean Muir, William Janney fine, but story weak. (June)

MORNING AFTER, THE—British International.—Grand humor runs through Ben Lyon's adventures of the "morning after"—Graustarkian intrigue, countesses, secret papers. Sally Eilers rivals Ben for top honors. (April)

★ **MOULIN ROUGE**—20th Century-United Artists.—Gorgeous clothes, hot-cha dances, smart dialogue, and splendid performances by Constance Bennett and Franchot Tone put this film in the A-1 class. Tullio Carminati, Russ Columbo and the Boswell Sisters. (March)

MR. SKITCH—Fox.—The trip West in the family rattler of *Mr. and Mrs. Skitch* (Will Rogers and ZaSu Pitts) provides laughs galore. Florence Desmond's impersonations are grand. (Feb.)

MURDER ON THE CAMPUS—Chesterfield.—A worn murder plot with college setting. Police reporter Charles Starrett, in love with suspect Shirley Grey, solves the mystery. (April)

MY LIPS BETRAY—Fox.—A musical comedy kingdom in which cabaret singer Lilian Harvey falls in love with king John Boles, and is loved by him. El Brendel. Fair. (Jan.)

MYSTERY LINER—Monogram.—Poor acting, with exception of Noah Beery's performance, in this murder mystery which has for its locale a radio-controlled ship at sea. (April)

★ **MYSTERY OF MR. X**—M-G-M.—Gripping mystery centering around thief Robert Montgomery, also suspected of being the killer, *Mr. X*. Lewis Stone, Elizabeth Allan, Ralph Forbes. (May)

MY WOMAN—Columbia.—Wally Ford gets a radio break when his wife, Helen Twelvetrees, vamps Victor Jory into the idea. But success goes to Wally's head; he loses his job—and his wife. (Jan.)

★ **NANA**—Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists.—Anna Sten, exotic Russian beauty, makes an impressive debut on the American screen as *Nana* in Zola's classic. Richard Bennett, Mae Clarke, Phillips Holmes, Lionel Atwill. (March)

NINTH GUEST, THE—Columbia.—Eight persons party with a mysterious ninth guest—Death. Suspense is well sustained. Donald Cook, Genevieve Tobin, Vince Barnett. (May)

NO FUNNY BUSINESS—Ferrone Prod.—British comedy about an agency which effects marital reconciliations. And funny is the word! Gertrude Lawrence and fine support. (May)

NO GREATER GLORY—Columbia.—George Breakston heads a grand cast in this tale of the Paul Street Boys who go through the military procedure of a regular army to protect their playground from rival group. See it. (May)

NO MORE WOMEN—Paramount.—Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe teamed again for some rowdy entertainment, with a grand battle over Sally Blane, owner of a salvage ship. (April)

NO RANSOM—Liberty.—In order to reform Robert McWade's unappreciative family, Jack LaRue kidnaps him and causes Leila Hyams and Hedda Hopper some anxiety. Good supporting cast. (June)

OLSEN'S BIG MOMENT—Fox.—El Brendel is not only a janitor, but a matchmaker and a caretaker for an intoxicated bridegroom. Plenty of laughs. Walter Catlett and Barbara Weeks. (Jan.)

ONCE TO EVERY WOMAN—Columbia.—One day in a big hospital. Drama, and romance with Fay Wray and Ralph Bellamy. Walter Connolly and support fine. Skilfully directed. (April)

ONE IS GUILTY—Columbia.—Ralph Bellamy comes in for honors as detective who solves mystery of prizefighter's death. Direction helps keep interest. Shirley Grey, Rita LaRoy. Fair. (June)

★ **ONLY YESTERDAY**—Universal.—It's a hit for Margaret Sullavan in the rôle of a girl who kept the secret of her unwise love from her lover, John Boles, for many years. Splendid direction. (Jan.)

ORIENT EXPRESS—Fox.—Norman Foster, Heather Angel and Ralph Morgan become involved with several other passengers while traveling on the Continental Express. Fair. (March)

PALOOKA—Reliance-United Artists.—All about a country lad, Stuart Erwin, becoming a prize-fighter. Jimmy Durante, Lupe Velez, Marjorie Rambeau and Robert Armstrong. Grand fun throughout. (March)

POLICE CAR 17—Columbia.—Tim McCoy, in a radio squad car, chases a crook, and winds up in marriage with Evalyn Knapp, daughter of the police lieutenant. Just so-so. (Jan.)

POOR RICH, THE—Universal.—Edna May Oliver and Edward Everett Horton put on a grand show when unexpected guests, who do not know their hosts have lost their wealth, arrive. Excellent supporting cast. Lots of laughs. (March)

POPPIN' THE CORK—Fox-Educational.—Milton Berle in a three reeler with the "repeal" angle. Two good songs and some effective dance ensembles. (March)

★ **PRIZEFIGHTER AND THE LADY, THE**—M-G-M.—With Myrna Loy to make love to, and Carnera to fight, Max Baer is the hero of one of the best ring pictures yet made. He'll challenge any lady-killer now. (Jan.)

QUATORZE JUILLET ("JULY 14")—Protex Pictures.—A taxi driver and a girl enjoy the French national holiday together. The comedy can be better appreciated by those who know French. Fair. (Jan.)

★ **QUEEN CHRISTINA**—M-G-M.—As Sweden's *Queen Christina*, Garbo makes a magnificent appearance with John Gilbert, who does fine work in his screen comeback. Splendid support by Cora Sue Collins, Lewis Stone, Ian Keith, and Reginald Owen. (March)

QUITTER, THE—Chesterfield.—A slow-paced yarn about Charley Grapewin, publisher of small town newspaper, deserting Emma Dunn and son William Bakewell, and then returning years later for happy ending. Barbara Weeks, Hale Hamilton. (June)

REGISTERED NURSE—Warners.—Romance, tragedy, humor within the walls of a hospital. Nurse Bebe Daniels the object of Lyle Talbot's and John Halliday's admiration. Interesting plot details. (May)

★ **RIGHT TO ROMANCE, THE**—RKO-Radio.—Ann Harding, a plastic surgeon, tired of success and eager for love and adventure, marries playboy Robert Young, while constant doctor admirer Nils Asther patiently awaits the outcome. Sophisticated. (Feb.)

★ **RIPTIDE**—M-G-M.—Tense drama, with Norma Shearer vivid and compelling as the wife, and Herbert Marshall giving a flawless performance as the jealous husband. Robert Montgomery and good support. Direction excellent. (May)

★ **ROMAN SCANDALS**—Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists.—Quite different from the ordinary musical. With Eddie Cantor and a bevy of beauties; Ruth Etting of radio fame; some lavish dance ensembles, and a chariot race that's thrilling to the finish. (Feb.)

SAGEBRUSH TRAIL—Monogram.—An average Western with the usual bad hombres and rough riding, and John Wayne as the hero. Good photography. (March)

SEARCH FOR BEAUTY, THE—Paramount.—The result of Paramount's world-wide beauty contest. Featuring Ida Lupino, Buster Crabbe, Robert Armstrong and James Gleason. Amusing. (March)

SHADOWS OF SING SING—Columbia.—Fairly entertaining story about Detective Grant Mitchell's setting a trap for real murderer of Mary Brian's gangster brother, to clear son Bruce Cabot of charge. (May)

SHE MADE HER BED—Paramount.—A gay merry-go-round of events—a tiger loose, a big fire, and baby Richard Arlen, Jr. in the ice-box—create an exciting finis. Sally Eilers, Richard Arlen, Robert Armstrong. (May)

SHOULD LADIES BEHAVE?—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under title "The Vinegar Tree.")—Mary Carlisle won't listen to reason when her parents, Alice Brady and Lionel Barrymore, try to keep her from marrying suave Conway Tearle. Amusing. (Jan.)



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Just this: By mistake the wrong colored spotlight was thrown on her. And the effect was that she appeared twenty years older. The audience whispered—"My, how old Pavlova looks." The right light was immediately switched on. But the damage was done! No one in the audience could be convinced that Pavlova hadn't grown old.

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Simply mail your name and address and you will receive a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Try them all on your face before your mirror and instantly one of these shades will prove *the* one for you. Mail coupon now for all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

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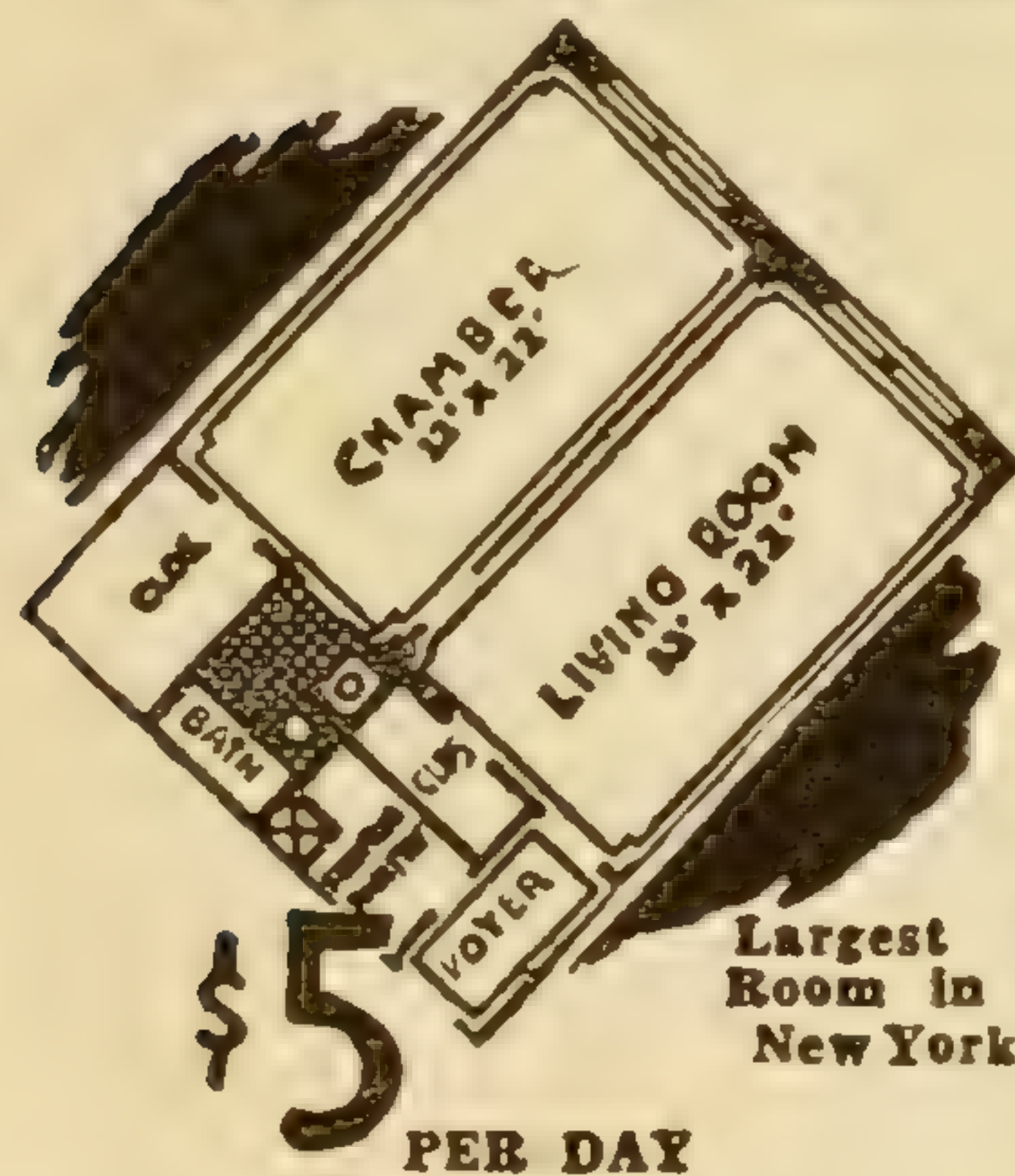


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SHOW-OFF, THE—M-G-M.—Spencer Tracy handles rôle as show-off with skill. Madge Evans does well as his patient wife. Clara Blandick, Lois Wilson, good support. Amusing. (May)

SIDE STREETS—First National.—Aline MacMahon's characterization of the love-starved woman who marries a jobless sailor (Paul Kelly) is superb. Ann Dvorak, Patricia Ellis. (June)

SING AND LIKE IT—RKO-Radio.—A devastating mirthquake. Soft-hearted gangster Nat Pendleton makes ZaSu Pitts a stage hit to distraction of Producer Edward Everett Horton and jealous Pert Kelton. Ned Sparks. (May)

SIN OF NORA MORAN, THE—Majestic Pictures.—The tragic story of a girl (Zita Johann) who dies in the electric chair to save her lover. Alan Dinehart, Paul Cavanagh, John Miljan. Very depressing. (March)

SITTING PRETTY—Paramount.—Five popular songs do much for this musical. Song writers Jack Oakie and Jack Haley meet Ginger Rogers as they hitch-hike to Hollywood. Entire cast splendid. Fan dance finale at end, effective. (Feb.)

★ **SIX OF A KIND—Paramount.**—This is a howl. Charlie Ruggles, Mary Boland, W. C. Fields, Alison Skipworth, George Burns and Gracie Allen are six of a kind—ace comedians. If you crave action, stop here. (April)

SIXTEEN FATHOMS DEEP—Monogram.—Against the villainous opposition of George Rigas, Creighton Chaney succeeds in bringing in his sponges, and winning Sally O'Neil. Fair. (April)

SLEEPERS EAST—Fox.—Wynne Gibson is the only bright spot in a dull yarn. Entire cast, including Preston Foster, tries hard, but plot is weak. (April)

SMOKY—Fox.—The life story of Will James' wild colt "Smoky," from colthood to "old age." Victor Jory turns in a good performance as broncbuster. (Feb.)

SON OF A SAILOR—First National.—Joe E. Brown has a weakness for gold braid and pretty girls including Thelma Todd. Good, clean fun. (Jan.)

SON OF KONG, THE—RKO-Radio.—Helen Mack and Robert Armstrong find the twelve-foot offspring of fifty-foot *King Kong* much more friendly than was his father. Fine photography. (March)

SONS OF THE DESERT—Hal Roach-M-G-M.—Lodge members Laurel and Hardy have a gay time trying to escape wives Dorothy Christy and Mae Busch so they may attend the annual convention. And they do. See this. (March)

SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR—Universal.—Onslow Stevens and Wynne Gibson are rounded up as murder suspects. When things look darkest, Wynne saves the day. Too mystifying to be easily followed. (Jan.)

SPEED WINGS—Columbia.—Tim McCoy has his usual difficulties, this time in winning the air speed championship. William Bakewell, Evalyn Knapp. Plenty of thrills. (May)

★ **SPITFIRE—RKO-Radio.**—If you like character studies at all, this splendid one of Katharine Hepburn as a Kentucky mountain girl should appeal. Ralph Bellamy, Robert Young. (April)

★ **STAND UP AND CHEER—Fox.**—Assisted by Madge Evans, Secretary of Amusement Warner Baxter cheers the nation with an inspiring presentation of music and dance numbers by Jimmy Dunn, Shirley Temple, John Boles and a score of others. (June)

STRAIGHTAWAY—Columbia.—Lively moments for auto racing enthusiasts, with brothers Tim McCoy and William Bakewell as ace drivers. Sue Carol provides love interest. (April)

STRAWBERRY ROAN—Universal.—Ken Maynard and Ruth Hall good; but the horses are so fine, humans weren't needed. An exceptional Western. (Dec.)

SUCCESS AT ANY PRICE—RKO-Radio.—Story material so poor that in spite of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s fine work, and efforts of Colleen Moore, Genevieve Tobin, Frank Morgan, Nydia Westman, film just doesn't click. (May)

SWEETHEART OF SIGMA CHI, THE—Monogram.—Buster Crabbe and Mary Carlisle ornament an otherwise so-so tale of college life. (Dec.)

TAKE A CHANCE—Paramount.—Tent-show crooks James Dunn and Cliff Edwards try to build up June Knight for Broadway. Lilian Bond and Buddy Rogers. Excellent musical numbers. (Jan.)

TAKE THE STAND—Liberty.—Columnist Jack LaRue is murdered while broadcasting in locked room. Several persons have motive. But who did it? Good cast includes Thelma Todd, Leslie Fenton, Vince Barnett. (May)

★ **THIS MAN IS MINE—RKO-Radio.**—Society comedy-drama. Irene Dunne, Ralph Bellamy, Constance Cummings form interesting triangle. Sparkling dialogue. Kay Johnson deserves honors. (May)

THIS SIDE OF HEAVEN—M-G-M.—A realistic tale—one hectic day in the life of the *Turner* family. Lionel Barrymore, Fay Bainter and children emerge no worse for the wear. (April)

3 ON A HONEYMOON—Fox.—Trouble starts when Sally Eilers pursues officer Charles Starrett on round-the-world cruise. Poor story, but cast including ZaSu Pitts and Henrietta Crosman create fair amount of interest. (June)

THUNDERING HERD, THE—Paramount.—A well-directed Zane Grey tale with old-timers Harry Carey, Monte Blue, Noah Beery and Raymond Hatton. Randolph Scott and Judith Allen provide love interest. (Feb.)

TILLIE AND GUS—Paramount.—Even W. C. Fields and Alison Skipworth couldn't make much of this would-be comedy. (Dec.)

TO THE LAST MAN—Paramount.—Randolph Scott and Esther Ralston, as representatives of feuding ex-Kentucky families, lend welcome plot variety to this good Western. (Dec.)

★ **TRUMPET BLOWS, THE—Paramount.**—George Raft's scenes in bull-ring provide thrilling moments as brother Adolphe Menjou, bandit posing as rancher, and Frances Drake, loved by both men, tensely await outcome of the great encounter. (June)

★ **TWENTY MILLION SWEETHEARTS—First National.**—Through efforts of Pa O'Brien, and Ginger Rogers' "giving him the air," Dick Powell becomes radio sensation. Hit songs, grand supporting cast. (June)

TWO ALONE—RKO-Radio.—A dull farm tale, featuring Jean Parker as the enslaved orphan and Tom Brown, the boy she loves, also bound to farm drudgery by Arthur Byron. ZaSu Pitts and Nydia Westman. (March)

UPPERWORLD—Warners.—In self-defense Warren William shoots jealous lover who killed dancer Ginger Rogers. After his exoneration, William goes away with wife Mary Astor and son Dickie Moore. Good performances offset trite plot. (June)

VERY HONORABLE GUY, A—First National.—Honest gambler Joe E. Brown sells his body to science to pay debt, but when "delivery date" arrives, Joe escapes his bargain. Entertaining. (June)

★ **VIVA VILLA!—M-G-M.**—Action galore in this fine portrayal of the colorful life of Villa, Mexico's barbarous bandit, by Wallace Beery. Good work by Henry B. Walthall. (April)

VOICE IN THE NIGHT—Columbia.—Something going on every minute in this melodramatic telephone construction story with Tim McCoy in his usual hero rôle. Suspense well sustained. (June)

WALLS OF GOLD—Fox.—Sally Eilers, others, wander dully through a dull tale about marrying for money after a lovers' falling out. (Dec.)

WALTZ TIME—Gaumont-British.—Charming music helps a dull, draggy story. (Dec.)

WAY TO LOVE, THE—Paramount.—Maurice Chevalier wants to be a Paris guide, but finds himself sheltering gypsy Ann Dvorak in his roof-top home. Plenty of fun then. (Dec.)

WHARF ANGEL—Paramount.—Good theme that didn't jell. Yarn about hard guy Victor McLaglen selling out Preston Foster and finally making noble sacrifice to redeem himself. Dorothy Dell is the girl. Alison Skipworth. (May)

WHEELS OF DESTINY—Universal.—Plenty of action, with Indian fights, buffalo stampedes, prairie fires and a terrific rainstorm, to say nothing of Ken Maynard and his horse, Tarzan. Children will be thrilled. (March)

WHITE WOMAN—Paramount.—Charles Laughton, ruler of African jungle kingdom, discovers that Carole Lombard, cast-off, whom he is sheltering, has fallen in love with Kent Taylor. And what blood-curdling horror follows! (Jan.)

★ **WILD CARGO**—RKO-Radio.—The film story of Frank Buck's most recent expedition into the Malay Jungle, with a detailed explanation of each scene. Interesting and beautifully photographed. (June)

WINE, WOMEN AND SONG—Monogram.—To save her daughter (Marjorie Moore), in love with dance director Matty Kemp, from clutches of theatrical operator Lew Cody, Lilyan Tashman poisons Lew and herself. Nothing new here. (Feb.)

WOMAN'S MAN, A—Monogram.—In her screen comeback, Marguerite De La Motte causes prize-fighter Wallace Ford some concern as to his career. But she sets things right again after the big fight. Fair. (March)

WOMAN UNAFRAID—Goldsmith Prod.—Sufficient suspense in this tale of female detective Lucille Gleason, who defies perils of gangdom. Lona Andre, "Skeets" Gallagher. (April)

WOMAN WHO DARED, THE—Wm. Berke Prod.—Assisted by reporter Monroe Owsley, Claudia Dell manages to outwit gangsters who threaten to bomb her textile plant. Good cast; fair story. (Feb.)

WOMEN IN HIS LIFE, THE—M-G-M.—A very melodramatic tale about a lawyer (Otto Kruger) who finds himself in the odd position of defending the man who has murdered the woman he (Kruger) loved. Una Merkel, Roscoe Karns provide comedy relief. Ben Lyon is young love interest. (Feb.)

★ **WONDER BAR**—First National.—Al Jolson, Dick Powell, Dolores Del Rio and Ricardo Cortez furnish gay, sophisticated entertainment at the Wonder Bar Café. And Kay Francis does well with a small rôle. (April)

YOU CAN'T BUY EVERYTHING—M-G-M.—Excellent characterization by May Robson as scheming old woman who has devoted her life to pursuit of gold. William Bakewell, Lewis Stone, Jean Parker do fine work. (April)

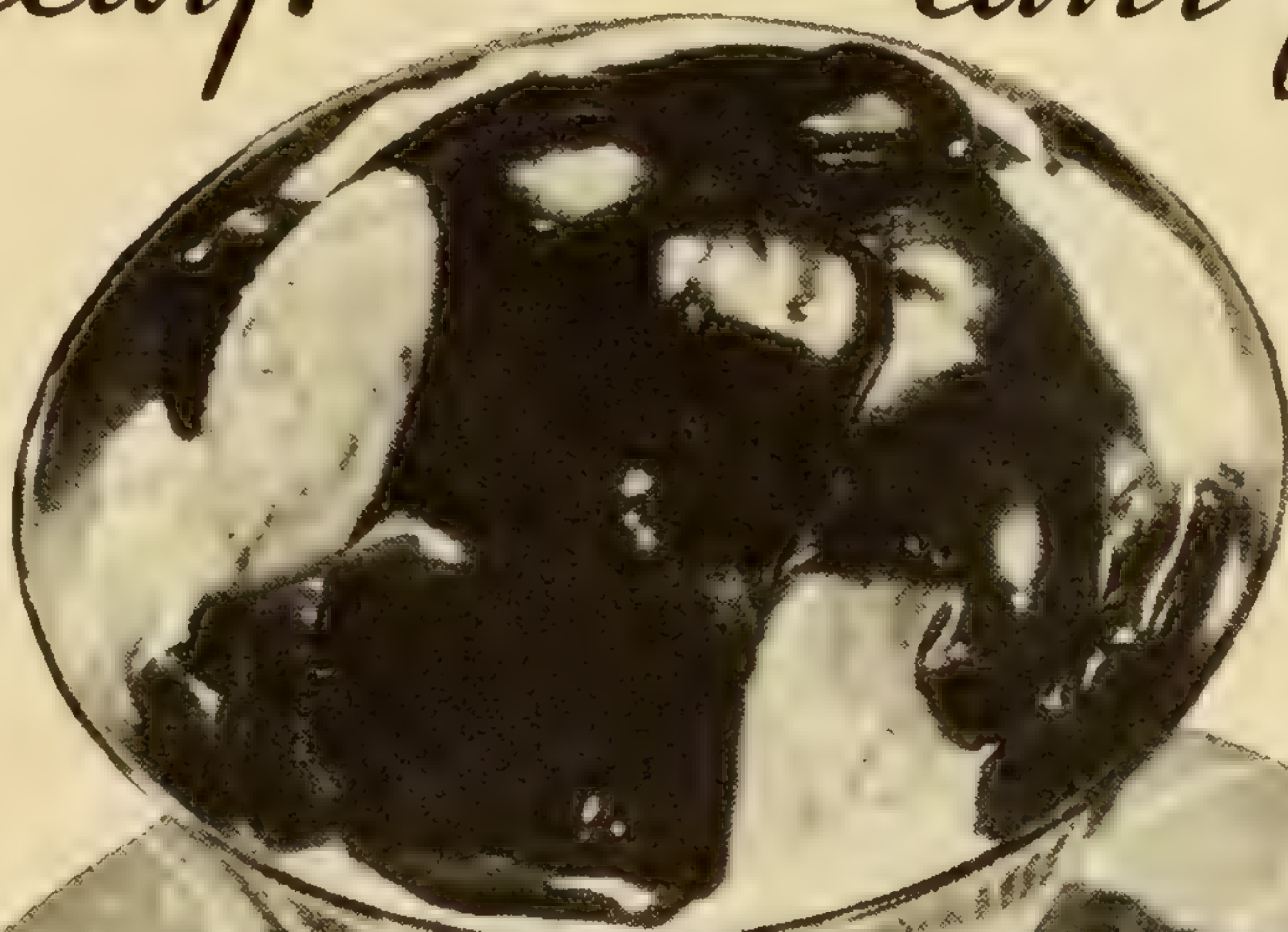
YOU MADE ME LOVE YOU—Majestic Pictures.—In this swift-paced English farce we see a new Thelma Todd. The "Taming of the Shrew" idea, with Stanley Lupino adding much to the film. (Feb.)

YOU'RE TELLING ME—Paramount.—Assisted by Princess Adrienne Ames, W. C. Fields brings about marriage of his daughter Joan Marsh to wealthy Buster Crabbe. A barrel of fun, with Fields scoring high. Louise Carter. (June)



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"AFFAIRS OF CELLINI, THE"—20TH CENTURY-UNITED ARTISTS.—From the play by Edwin Justus Mayer. Adapted by Bess Meredyth. Directed by Gregory LaCava. The cast: *Duchess of Florence* Constance Bennett; *Bevenuto Cellini*, Fredric March; *Duke of Florence*, Frank Morgan; *Angela*, Fay Wray; *Ascanio*, Vince Barnett; *Ottaviano*, Louis Calhern; *Beatrice*, Jessie Ralph; *Polverino*, Jay Eaton; *Captain of Guard*, John Rutherford.

"AFFAIRS OF A GENTLEMAN"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story "Women in His Life" by Edith and Edward Ellis. Screen play by Cyril Hume and Peter Ruric. Directed by Edwin L. Marin. The cast: *Gresham*, Paul Lukas; *Gladys Durland*, Leila Hyams; *Jean Sinclair*, Patricia Ellis; *Lyn Durland*, Onslow Stevens; *Carter Vaughn*, Phillip Reed; *Nan Fitzgerald*, Dorothy Burgess; *Carlotta*, Lillian Bond; *Foxey*, Joyce Compton; *Fletcher*, Murray Kinnell; *Gail Melville*, Dorothy Le Baire; *Bindar*, Richard Carle; *Sato*, Wilfred Hari; *Secretary*, Sarah Haden; *Inspector*, Charles Wilson; *Bela*, Gregory Gage.

"BLACK CAT, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by Edgar Ulmer and Peter Ruric from a tale suggested by Edgar Allan Poe. Screen play by Peter Ruric. Directed by Edgar Ulmer. The cast: *Poelzig*, Karloff; *Dr. Verdegast*, Bela Lugosi; *Peter*, David Manners; *Joan*, Jacqueline Wells; *Karen*, Lucille Lund; *Majordomo*, Egon Brecher; *Maid*, Anna Duncan; *Conductor*, Andy Devine; *Car Steward*, Herman Bing; *Train Conductor*, Andre Cheron; *Train Steward*, Luis Alberni; *Thamal*, Harry Cording; *Bus Driver*, George Davis; *Porter*, Alphonse Martell; *Border Patrolman*, Tony Marlow; *Station Master*, Paul Weigel; *Waiter*, Albert Polet; *Brakeman*, Rodney Hildebrandt.

"CHEATERS"—LIBERTY.—Suggested by "The Peacock Screen" by Fanny Heaslip Lea. Screen play by Adele Buffington. Directed by Phil Rosen. The cast: *Steve*, Bill Boyd; *Mabel*, Dorothy Mackaill; *Kay*, June Collyer; *Kelly*, Wm. Collier, Sr.; *Southern*, Alan Mowbray; *Sweeny*, Guinn Williams; *Lilly*, Louise Beavers.

"CONSTANT NYMPH, THE"—FOX-GAUMONT-BRITISH.—From the novel by Margaret Kennedy. Screen play by Dorothy Farnum. Directed by Basil Dean. The cast: *Lewis Dodd*, Brian Aherne; *The Sanger Family*: *Tessa*, Victoria Hopper; (by arrangement with Sydney Carroll); *Lina*, Peggy Blythe; *Tony*, Jane Baxter; *Kate*, Jane Cornell; *Susan*, Beryl Laverick; *Sanger*, Lyn Harding; *Linda*, Mary Clare; *Florence*, Leonora Corbett; *Jacob Birnbaum*, Fritz Schultz; *Roberto*, Tony De Lungo; *Trigorin*, Jim Gerald; *Charles Churchill*, Athole Stewart.

"DOUBLE DOOR"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Elizabeth McFadden. Screen play by Gladys Lehman and Jack Cunningham. Directed by Charles Vidor. The cast: *Victoria Van Brett*, Mary Morris; *Anne Darrow*, Evelyn Venable; *Rip Van Brett*, Kent Taylor; *Mortimer Neff*, Sir Guy Standing; *Caroline Van Brett*, Anne Revere; *Dr. John Lucas*, Colin Tapley; *Avery*, Virginia Howell; *Mr. Chase*, Halliwell Hobbes; *Telson*, Frank Dawson; *Louise*, Helen Shipman; *William*, Leonard Carey; *Lambert*, Ralph Remley; *Rev. Dr. Loring*, Burr Caruth.

"FOG OVER FRISCO"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Based on the story by George Dyer. Screen play by Robert N. Lee. Directed by William Dieterle. The cast: *Arlene Bradford*, Bette Davis; *Tony*, Donald Woods; *Val*, Margaret Lindsay; *Spencer*, Lyle Talbot; *Izzy*, Hugh Herbert; *Bradford*, Arthur Byron; *Thorne*, Robert Barrat; *Porter*, Henry O'Neill; *Jake Bello*, Irving Pichel; *Joshua*, Douglas Dumbrille; *Chief O'Malley*, Alan Hale; *Joe*, Gordon Westcott; *O'Hagan*, Charles Wilson; *Van Ness*, Charles Minjir; *Spike*, William Demarest; *Lieut. Davis*, Douglas Cosgrove; *Joe Hague*, William Davidson; *Driver*, George Chandler.

"HALF A SINNER"—UNIVERSAL.—From the play "Alias the Deacon" by John B. Hymer and LeRoy Clemens. Screen play by Earle Snell and Clarence Marks. Directed by Kurt Neumann. The cast: *Deacon*, Berton Churchill; *John Adams*, Joel McCrea; *Phyllis*, Sallie Blane; *Louella*, Gay Seabrook; *Willie*, Mickey Rooney; *Jim Cunningham*, Spencer Charters; *Slim Sullivan*, Russell Hopton; *Bull Moran*, Guinn Williams; *Mrs. Gregory*, Theresa Maxwell Conover; *Mrs. Clark*, Alexandra Carlisle; *Sheriff*, Reginald Barlow; *Rumplemeyer*, Bert Roach; *Radio Announcer*, Walter Brennan.

"HANDY ANDY"—FOX.—From the story by Lewis Beach. Screen play by William Conselman and Henry Johnson. Directed by David Butler. The cast: *Andrew Yates*, Will Rogers; *Ernestine Yates*, Peggy Wood; *Fleurette*, Conchita Montenegro; *"Doc" Brumeister*, Roger Imhof; *Janice Yates*, Mary Carlisle; *Lloyd Brumeister*, Robert Taylor; *Charles Norcross*, Paul Harvey; *Mattie Norcross*, Grace Goodall; *Pierre Martel*, Gregory Gage; *Howard Norcross*, Frank Melton; *Henri Duval*, Adrian Rosley; *Mrs. Beauregard*, Helen Flint; *Mr. Beauregard*, Richard Tucker; *Jennie*, Jessie Pringle.

"I HATE WOMEN"—GOLDSMITH PROD.—From the story by Mary McCarthy. Directed by Aubrey Scotto. The cast: *Scoop McGuire*, Wallace Ford; *Anne Meredith*, June Clyde; *Cookie Smith*, Fuzzy Knight; *Powell*, Bradley Page; *Dottie*, Barbara Rogers; *Cohen*, Alexander Carr; *Ducky*, Bobby Watson; *Tillie*, Eleanor Hunt; *Nelson*, Douglas Fowley; *Rose*, Cecilia Parker; *Elmer*, Billy Erwin; *Ma*, Margaret Mann; *Casey*, Kernan Crippes; *Big Boy*, Snowflake.

"JUST SMITH"—GAUMONT-BRITISH.—Adapted from Frederick Lonsdale's play "Never Come Back." Directed by Tom Walls. The cast: *Smith*, Tom Walls; *Mary Linkley*, Carol Goodner; *Lady Moynion*, Anna Grey; *Lord Trench*, Allan Aynesworth; *Lady Trench*, Eva Moore.

"LITTLE MISS MARKER"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Damon Runyon. Screen play by William R. Lipman, Sam Hellman and Gladys Lehman. Directed by Alexander Hall. The cast: *Sorrowful Jones*, Adolphe Menjou; *Bangles Carson*, Dorothy Dell; *Big Steve*, Charles Bickford; *Miss Marker*, Shirley Temple; *Regret*, Lynne Overman; *Doc Chesley*, Frank McGlynn, Sr.; *Sun Rise*, Jack Sheehan; *Grinder*, Gary Owen; *Dizzy Memphis*, Sleep 'N Eat; *Eddie*, Puggy White; *Benny the Gouge*, Sam Hardy; *Bugs*, Tammany Young; *Marky's Father*, Edward Earle; *Sore Toe*, John Kelly; *Canvas-Back*, Warren Hymer; *Dr. Ingalls*, Frank Conroy; *Reardon*, James Burke; *Sarah*, Mildred Gover; *Mrs. Walsh*, Lucille Ward; *Doctor*, Crauford Kent; *Head of Home Finding Society*, Nora Cecil.

"LOUD SPEAKER, THE"—MONOGRAM.—From the story by Ralph Spence. Screen play by Albert E. DeMond. Directed by Joseph Santley. The cast: *Joe Miller*, Ray Walker; *Janet Melrose*, Jacqueline Wells; *Dolly*, Noel Francis; *Pop Calloway*, Charles Grapewin; *Walker*, Wilbur Mack; *Green*, Lorin Raker; *Burroughs*, Spencer Charters; *Ignatz*, Sherwood Bailey; *Caleb Hawkins*, Billy Irwin; *Amy*, Ruth Romaine; *Thomas*, Lawrence Wheat; *Grandma*, Mary Carr.

"MANHATTAN MELODRAMA"—M-G-M.—From the story by Arthur Caesar. Screen play by Oliver H. P. Garrett and Joseph L. Mankiewicz. The cast: *Blackie*, Clark Gable; *Jim*, William Powell; *Eleanor*, Myrna Loy; *Father Joe*, Leo Carrillo; *Spud*, Nat Pendleton; *Poppa Rosen*, George Sidney; *Annabelle*, Isabel Jewell; *Toolsie*, Muriel Evans; *Snow*, Thomas Jackson; *Miss Adams*, Claudelle Kaye; *Blackie's Attorney*, Frank Conroy; *Mannie Arnold*, Noel Madison; *Blackie, as a boy*, Mickey Rooney; *Jim, as a boy*, Jimmy Butler.

"MANY HAPPY RETURNS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Lady Mary Cameron. Screen play by J. P. McEvoy and Claude Binyon. Directed by Norman McLeod. The cast: *Guy Lombardo*, Guy Lombardo; *Gracie*, Gracie Allen; *Burns*, George Burns; *Florence Allen*, Joan Marsh; *Horatio Allen*, George Barbier; *Ted Lambert*, Ray Milland; *Brinker*, William Demarest; *Davies*, John Arthur; *Joe*, Stanley Fields; *Mike*, John Kelly; *Dr. Otto von Strudel*, Egon Brecher; *Horatio's Secretary*, Franklin Pangborn; *Nathan Silas*, Morgan Wallace; *M.P. Director*, Kenneth Thomson; *Dance Team*, Veloz and Yolanda; *Harmonica Player*, Larry Adler; *Tap Dancers*, John Taylor and Clark Rutledge and Guy Lombardo's Royal Canadians.

"MONTE CARLO NIGHTS"—MONOGRAM.—From the story "Numbers of Death" by E. Phillips Oppenheim. Adapted by Norman Houston. Directed by William Nigh. The cast: *Mary*, Mary Brian; *Larry*, John Darrow; *Aunt Emma*, Kate Campbell; *Daggell*, Robert Frazer; *Madelon*, Yola D'Avril; *Blondie*, Astrid Allyn; *Gunby*, George Hayes; *Mazie*, Billee Van Every; *Brandon*, Carl Stockdale; *Croupier*, George Cleveland.

"NOW I'LL TELL"—FOX.—From the story by Mrs. Arnold Rothstein. Adapted by Edwin Burke. Directed by Edwin Burke. The cast: *Murray Golden*, Spencer Tracy; *Virginia*, Helen Twelvetrees; *Peggy*, Alice Faye; *Mosier*, Robert Gleckler; *Doran*, Henry O'Neill; *Freddie*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Hart*, G. P. Huntley, Jr.; *Mary*, Shirley Temple; *Tommy*, Jr., Ronnie Cosbey; *Traylor*, Ray Cooke; *Curtis*, Frank Marlowe; *Davis*, Clarence Wilson; *Wynne*, Barbara Weeks; *Joe*, Theodore Newton; *Peppo*, Vince Barnett; *Honey Smith*, Jim Donlon.

"PARTY'S OVER, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Daniel Kusell. Screen play by S. K. Lauren. Directed by Walter Lang. The cast: *Bruce*, Stuart Erwin; *Ruth*, Ann Southern; *Phyllis*, Arline Judge; *Martin*, Chic Chandler; *Mabel*, Patsy Kelly; *Sarah*, Catherine Doucet; *Betty*, Marjorie Lytell; *Theodore*, Henry Travers; *Clay*, William Bakewell; *Tillie*, Esther Muir; *Ferd*, Rollo Lloyd.

"PRIVATE SCANDAL"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Vera Caspary and Bruce Manning. Screen play by Garrett Fort. Directed by Ralph Murphy. The cast: *Miss Coates*, ZaSu Pitts; *Cliff Barry*, Phillips Holmes; *Fran Somers*, Mary Brian; *Lieut. Riordon*, Ned Sparks; *B. J. Somers*, Lew Cody; *Deborah Lane*, Olive Tell; *Adele Smith*, June Brewster; *Mr. Terwilliger*, Charles Sellon; *H. R. Robbins*.

Jed Prouty; *Insurance Agent*, Rollo Lloyd; *Blaney*, George Guhl; *Baker*, Charles B. Middleton; *Schultz*, John Qualen; *Jenkins*, Hans Joby; *Jim Orrington*, Hale Hamilton; *Mrs. Orrington*, Shirley Chambers; *1st Customer*, Greta Meyer; *2nd Customer*, Christian Rub; *Macey*, Bill Franey; *Coroner*, Olin Howland; *Jerome*, Harold Walbridge.

"SADIE MCKEE"—M-G-M.—Based on the story "The Portrait of Sadie McKee" by Vina Delmar. Screen play by John Meehan. Directed by Clarence Brown. The cast: *Sadie*, Joan Crawford; *Tommy*, Gene Raymond; *Michael*, Franchot Tone; *Brennan*, Edward Arnold; *Dolly*, Esther Ralston; *Stooge*, Earl Oxford; *Opal*, Jean Dixon; *Phelps*, Leo Carrillo; *Riccori*, Akim Tamiroff; *Mrs. Craney*, Zella Sears; *Mrs. McKee*, Helen Ware; *Maid*, Helen Freeman; *Cafe Entertainers*, Gene Austin, Candy and Coco.

"SCARLET EMPRESS"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Manuel Komroff. Directed by Josef Von Sternberg. The cast: *Sophia Frederica*, Marlene Dietrich; *Catherine II*, Marlene Dietrich; *Count Alexei*, John Lodge; *Grand Duke Peter*, Sam Jaffe; *Empress Elizabeth*, Louise Dresser; *Catherine as a Child*, Maria Sieber; *Prince August*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Countess Elizabeth*, Ruthelma Stevens; *Princess Johanna*, Olive Tell; *Gregory Orloff*, Gavin Gordon; *Mons. Lieut. Ovtzyn*, Jameson Thomas; *Chancellor Bestuchef*, Erville Alderson; *Marie*, Marie Wells; *Herr Wagner*, Edward Van Sloan; *Mlle. Cardell*, Jane Darwell; *The Doctor*, Harry Woods; *Ivan Shuvalov*, Hans von Twardowski; *Archimandrite Simeon Tevodosky*, Davison Clark; *Count Lestocq*, Phillip Sleeman.

"SISTERS UNDER THE SKIN"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by S. K. Lauren. Screen play by Jo Swerling. Directed by David Burton. The cast: *Blossom Bailey*, Elissa Landi; *John Hunter Yates*, Frank Morgan; *Zukowski*, Joseph Schildkraut; *Elinor Yates*, Doris Lloyd; *Miss Gower*, Clara Blandick; *Gilda Gordon*, Shirley Grey; *Winters*, Samuel Hinds; *Jones*, Henry Kolker; *Smith*, Arthur Stewart Hull; *Brown*, Montague Shaw; *Dutton*, Howard Hickman; *Wiggins*, Robert Graves; *Mullen*, Selmer Hickson.

"SMARTY"—WARNERS.—Based on the play "Hit Me Again" by F. Hugh Herbert. Screen play by F. Hugh Herbert and Carl Erickson. Directed by Robert Florey. The cast: *Vicki*, Joan Blondell; *Tony*, Warren William; *Vernon*, Edward Everett Horton; *George*, Frank McHugh; *Anita*, Claire Dodd; *Bonnie*, Joan Wheeler; *Edna*, Virginia Sale; *Tilford*, Leonard Carey.

"SMOKING GUNS"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Ken Maynard. Screen play by Nate Gatzert. Directed by Alan James. The cast: *Ken Masters*, Ken Maynard; *Alice*, Gloria Shea; *Dick*, Walter Miller; *Hank*, Frank Hagney; *Biff*, Bob Kortman; *Adams*, Jack Rockwell; *Masters*, Ed Coxen; *Cinders*, Blue Washington; and *Tarzan*, the wonder horse.

"SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY"—FOX.—From the play by Benn W. Levy. Screen play by Keene Thompson and Frank Tuttle. Directed by Frank Tuttle. The cast: *Henry Dewlip*, Otto Kruger; *Julia Jellwell*, Nancy Carroll; *Johnny Jellwell*, Nigel Bruce; *Miss Smith*, Heather Angel; *Trivers*, Herbert Mundin; *Alfred Ordway*, Arthur Hoyt; *A Young Lady*, Geneva Mitchell.

"STINGAREE"—RKO-RADIO.—Based on the stories by E. W. Hornung. Screen play by Becky Gardiner. Directed by William A. Wellman. The cast: *Hilda Bouverie*, Irene Dunne; *Stingaree*, Richard Dix; *Mrs. Clarkson*, Mary Boland; *Sir Julian Kent*, Conway Tearle; *Howie*, Andy Devine; *Mr. Clarkson*, Henry Stephenson; *Annie*, Una O'Connor; *Inspector Radford*, George Barraud; *Victor*, "Snub" Pollard.

"STRICTLY DYNAMITE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Robert T. Colwell and Robert A. Simon. Screen play by Maurine Watkins and Ralph Spence. Directed by Elliott Nugent. The cast: *Moxie Slaughter*, Jimmy Durante; *Vera*, Lupe Velez; *Nick Montgomery*, Norman Foster; *Georgie*, William Gargan; *Sylvia*, Marian Nixon; *Sourwood Sam*, Eugene Pallette; *Radio Number*, Mills Brothers; *Miss LaSeur*, Minna Gombell; *Fleming*, Sterling Holloway; *Miss Hoffman*, Leila Bennett; *Pussy*, Stanley Fields; *Junior*, Tom Kennedy; *Mr. Bailey*, Franklin Kennedy; *Mrs. Figg*, Irene Franklin; *Mr. Rivers*, Berton Churchill; *Robin Figg*, Jackie Searl; *Priscilla*, Mary Kornman.

"SUCH WOMEN ARE DANGEROUS"—FOX.—From the story "Odd Thursday" by Vera Caspary. Screen play by Jane Storm and Oscar M. Sheridan. Directed by James Flood. The cast: *Michael Shawn*, Warner Baxter; *Helen Hallett*, Rosemary Ames; *Verne Little*, Rochelle Hudson; *Wanda Paris*, Mona Barrie; *Wilson*, Herbert Mundin; *Aunt Sophie Travers*, Henrietta Crossman; *Ellison*, Lily D. Stuart; *Stanley*, Irving Pichel; *Nancy Ryan*, Jane Barnes; *George Ryan*, Matt Moore; *Delahanty*, Richard Carle; *Jan Paris*, Murray Kinnell; *Bronson*, Frank Conroy; *Hinton*, Fred Santley; *Granigan*, John Sheehan; *Delange*, Addison Richards; *Helma*, Bodil Rosing; *Josef Paris*, Douglas Scott; *Detective*, James Burke.

"TARZAN AND HIS MATE"—M-G-M.—Based on the characters created by Edgar Rice Burroughs. Screen play by J. Kevin McGuinness. Adapted by Howard Emmett Rogers and Leon Gordon. Directed by Cedric Gibbons. The cast: *Jane Parker*, Maureen O'Sullivan; *Tarzan*, Johnny Weissmuller; *Harry Holl*, Neil Hamilton; *Martin Arlington*, Paul Cavan-

agh; *Beamish*, Forrester Harvey; *Saidi*, Nathan Curry.

"THIRTY DAY PRINCESS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Clarence Budington Kelland. Screen play by Preston Sturges and Frank Partos. Directed by Marion Gering. The cast: *Nancy Lane*, Sylvia Sydney; *Princess Caterina*, Sylvia Sydney; *Porter Madison*, Cary Grant; *Richard Gresham*, Edward Arnold; *Count Nicholas*, Vince Barnett; *King Anatol*, Henry Stephenson; *Baron*, Edgar Norton; *Mr. Kirk*, Ray Walker; *Parker*, Lucien Littlefield; *Managing Editor*, Robert McWade; *Spottswood*, George Baxter; *Lady-in-Waiting*, Marguerite Namara; *Mrs. Schmidt*, Eleanor Wesselhoeft; *Doctor at Gresham's*, Frederic Sullivan; *1st Detective*, Robert Homans; *2nd Detective*, William Augustin; *Policeman at Mrs. Schmidt's*, Ed Dearing; *Spottswood's Friend*, Bruce Warren; *City Editor*, William Arnold; *Sergeant of Police*, Dick Rush; *Radio Man at Boat*, J. Merrill Holmes; *Gresham's Butler*, Thomas Monk.

"20TH CENTURY"—COLUMBIA.—From the play by Charles MacArthur, Ben Hecht and Charles Mulholland. Screen play by Charles MacArthur and Ben Hecht. Directed by Howard Hawks. The cast: *Oscar Jaffe*, John Barrymore; *Lily Garland*, Carole Lombard; *Webb*, Walter Connolly; *O'Malley*, Roscoe Karns; *Jacobs*, Charles Levison; *Clark*, Etienne Girardot; *Sadie*, Dale Fuller; *George Smith*, Ralph Forbes; *Anita*, Billie Seward; *Lockwood*, Clifford Thompson; *Conductor*, James P. Burtis; *Schultz*, Gi-Gi Parrish; *McGonigle*, Edgar Kennedy; *Sheriff*, Ed Gargan; *Porter*, Snowflake; *First Beard*, Herman Bing; *Second Beard*, Lee Kohlmer; *Flannigan*, Pat Flaherty.

"UNCERTAIN LADY"—UNIVERSAL.—From the play by Harry Segall. Adapted by Daniel Evans and Martin Brown. Screen play by George O'Neil and Doris Anderson. Directed by Karl Freund. The cast: *Elliott*, Edward Everett Horton; *Doris*, Genevieve Tobin; *Myra*, Renee Gadd; *Bruce*, Paul Cavanagh; *Edith*, Mary Nash; *Garrison*, George Meeker; *Cicely*, Dorothy Peterson; *Garcia*, Donald Reed; *Buller*, Herbert Corthell; *Superintendent*, Arthur Hoyt; *Secretary*, Gay Seabrook; *Mr. Weston*, James Durkin.

"UNKNOWN BLONDE"—MAJESTIC.—From the novel "Collusion" by Theodore D. Irwin. Screen play by Leonard Fields and David Silverstein. Directed by Hobart Henley. The cast: *Frank Rodie*, Edward Arnold; *Mrs. Van Brunt*, Jr., Barbara Barondess; *Bob Parker*, Barry Norton; *Frank Wilson*, John Miljan; *Helen Rodie*, Dorothy Revier; *The Maid*, Leila Bennett; *The Publicity Man*, Walter Catlett; *Miss Adams*, Helen Jerome Eddy; *Papa Van Brunt*, Sr., Claude Gillingwater; *Judith Rodie*, Arletta Duncan; *Mrs. Parker*, Maidel Turner; *The Male Co-respondent*, Franklin Pangborn; *Mrs. Vail*, Esther Muir; *Max Keibel*, Clarence Wilson; *Mr. Vail*, Arthur Hoyt.

"WE'RE NOT DRESSING"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Benjamin Glazer. Screen play by Horace Jackson, Francis Martin and George Marion, Jr. Directed by Norman Taurog. The cast: *Stephen Jones*, Bing Crosby; *Doris Worthington*, Carole Lombard; *George*, George Burns; *Gracie*, Gracie Allen; *Edith*, Ethel Merman; *Hubert*, Leon Errol; *Prince Alexander Stofani*, Jay Henry; *Prince Michael Stofani*, Ray Milland.

"WHERE SINNERS MEET"—RKO-RADIO.—From the play "The Dover Road" by A. A. Milne. Screen play by H. W. Hannemann. Directed by J. Walter Ruben. The cast: *Anne*, Diana Wynyard; *Mr. Latimer*, Clive Brook; *Eustasia*, Billie Burke; *Leonard*, Reginald Owen; *Nicholas*, Alan Mowbray; *Domonic*, Gilbert Emery; *Maid*, Phyllis Barry; *Footman*, Walter Armitage; *Maid*, Katharine Williams; *Footman*, Robert Adair; *Saunders*, Vernon Steele.

"WHIRLPOOL"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Howard Emmet Rogers. Screen play by Dorothy Howell and Ethel Hill. Directed by Roy William Neill. The cast: *Buck Rankin*, Jack Holt; *Sandy*, Jean Arthur; *Bob*, Donald Cook; *Mac*, Allen Jenkins; *Helen*, Lila Lee; *Thelma*, Rita LaRoy; *Morrison*, Willard Robertson; *Barney Gage*, John Miljan; *Farley*, Ward Bond; *Editor*, Oscar Apfel.

"WILD GOLD"—FOX.—From the story by Dudley Nichols and Lamar Trotti. Screen play by Lester Cole and Henry Johnson. Directed by George Marshall. The cast: *Steve Miller*, John Boles; *Jerry Jordan*, Claire Trevor; *J. Lorillard Pushkin*, Harry Green; *Pop Benson*, Roger Imhof; *Dixie Belle*, Ruth Gillette; *Walter Jordan*, Monroe Owsley; *Eddie Sparks*, Edward Gargan; *The Golden Girls*, Suzanne Kaaren, Wini Shaw, Blanca Vischer, Elsie Larson, Gloria Roy, Myra Bratton; *Benjamin*, Himself.

"WITCHING HOUR, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Augustus Thomas. Screen play by Anthony Veiller. Directed by Henry Hathaway. The cast: *Martin Prentice*, Sir Guy Standing; *Jack Brookfield*, John Halliday; *Nancy Brookfield*, Judith Allen; *Clay Thorne*, Tom Brown; *Mrs. Thorne*, Olive Tell; *Foreman of Jury*, William Frawley; *Lew Ellinger*, Richard Carle; *Frank Hardmuth*, Ralf Harolde; *District Attorney*, Purnell Pratt; *Chief of Police*, Frank Sheridan; *Clarence*, John Larkin; *Henry Wallhal*, Selmer Jackson; *Judge*, Howard Lang; *Asst. District Attorney*, George Webb; *Dick Wingate*, Guy Usher; *Ambrose*, Robert Littlefield; *Margaret Price*, Gertrude Michael; *Dr. Meiklejohn*, Ferdinand Gottschalk; *First Lawyer*, Ernest Hilliard; *Second Lawyer*, Arthur Stuart Hull; *Train*, George Reed.

THE SILENT MESSENGER



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Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago

HOLLYWOOD became the movie capital through the flip of a coin. Pat Dowling recalled how Al E. Christie tired of trying to make Westerns around New York and wanted to take the Nestor Company to California. His partner favored Florida. They flipped—and went to Hollywood! Vitagraph's Brooklyn studio (now Warners' Vitaphone plant) was the kindergarten of the movies. The late Commodore J. Stuart Blackton wrote of its most talented pupils, too numerous to mention. Among them, Antonio Moreno and the Talmadge sisters. Constance Talmadge, always being "married off" by the gossips, said she didn't expect she ever would wed. Tra la. Tex Guinan had a flock of chickens around her, even in this early day. But not the night club



Mae Marsh

variety—real, feathered ones, in her Hollywood back-yard. Terry Ramsaye told how the government throttled newsreel companies during the war, not even permitting them to approach the censored privileges of the press. Mae Marsh temporarily retired after Sam Goldwyn failed to restore the wistful appeal of this Griffith star. Mae returned to pictures several times; again is

taking a fling. Elmo Lincoln bloomed as the silent "Tarzan of the Apes." Conrad Nagel, twenty-two, longed for mature rôles. Best films: "For Better, For Worse" (Gloria Swanson), "Red Lantern" (Nazimova), "Upstairs and Down" (Olive Thomas), "Mary Regan" (Anita Stewart), "Stronger Vow" (Geraldine Farrar), "Girl From the Marsh Croft" (Swedish). Cover: Dorothy Phillips.

10 Years Ago

PERFECTION of pictures that talk, within a year, was predicted by Dr. Lee DeForest, who had worked out his "Phonofilm." Incredible! Rudolph Valentino, long absent, was returning to the screen in "Monsieur Beaucaire." PHOTOPLAY found a host of already forgotten stars, among them Florence Lawrence, Florence Turner Lillian Walker, Maurice Costello, Louise Glaum, and Edith Storey, who had been back in films since the war, but retired again. Vincente Blasco ("Four Horsemen") Ibanez, with his stories a rage in pictures, said American movie actresses were influencing women's daily lives the world over. Screen Romeos, naming their favorite leading women, remind us of some famous teams—including Ramon Novarro and Alice Terry, Eugene O'Brien and Norma Tal-



Mae Murray

madge, Conway Tearle and Corinne Griffith. Heavyweight champion Jack Dempsey was making a million for ten two-reelers. Mae Murray, eternally feminine, "showman" off-screen as well as on, maintained her imposing box-office record. Jack Holt said he preferred to play villains, but there was more money in being a hero (Hi'yuh, Dillinger?). Doug Fairbanks

sneaked into a very brief sequence of "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," his first appearance in a Mary Pickford film. The six best pictures included that one of Mary's, "Cytherea" (Lewis Stone), "Men" (Pola Negri), "The Goldfish" (Connie Talmadge), "The Rejected Woman" (Alma Rubens), "The Lone Wolf" (Jack Holt). Our cover lady for this issue was exquisite Anna Q. Nilsson.

5 Years Ago

INA CLAIRE had just become Jack Gilbert's third wife. "There was, in fact, almost a resentment. The world would concede Jack only to one woman—Greta Garbo." There's a lot in this 1934 PHOTOPLAY about Gloria Swanson. In 1929, we asked: "What Next for Gloria?" Married to her Marquis, "unhappy, melancholy," off the screen for two years, she was "awaiting the effect of her newest picture, 'Queen Kelly,' . . . to see if she is still popular. That is, if 'Queen Kelly' is ever released." You'll find the answer in this magazine. But really consequential news still was the talkie problem. In reviews we continued to label films *All Talkie*, *Part Talkie*, *Sound*, and *Silent*. Five of the month's six best were *All Talkie*: "Bulldog Drummond" (Ronald Col-



Ina Claire

man), "Madame X" (Ruth Chatterton), "Fox Movietone Follies" (Sharon Lynn), "Innocents of Paris" (Maurice Chevalier), "The Studio Murder Mystery" (Warner Oland). The Sixth was *Part Talkie*, "Our Modern Maidens" (Joan Crawford and Fairbanks, Jr.). Chatterton remained goddess of the new talkie era. We explained the voice dubbing when Dick

Barthelmess and Laura La Plante sang, and when Paul Lukas (accent!) even moved his lips dialogically. "The Butterfly Man and the Little Clown" was a story of pathetic romance with an unhappy ending, about Lew Cody and his wife, Mabel Normand. B. H. Rogers, Kansas editor, told how his son, Charles, happened to be called "Buddy." The petite cover charmer was Bessie Love.

Fan Club Corner

HERE is more news on the annual convention of movie fan clubs to be held in Chicago, August 11, 12 and 13. The convention this year is sponsored by the Movie Club Guild, an organization of members of ten various fan clubs, members of the PHOTOPLAY Association of Movie Fan Clubs. Those fans who attended last year's convention in Chicago won't have to be told of the wonderful, interesting and entertaining things done by the fan delegates. Part of the plans that the various committees are now working on are: Regular business sessions, a sight-seeing tour of the Chicago Loop, a trip to the Century of Progress, conducted tour of Chinatown, radio theater party at the WLS Barn Dance, movie theater party. These and other events will complete the three days' program.

There will, of course, be time out for meals, and if you have never eaten bird's nest soup and would like to try it, you'll have the opportunity while on the visit to Chinatown. Club committees are expecting some celebrities to be present, and many pictures will be taken during the convention. If you want more information about the convention, or if you have any suggestions, please write the Movie Club Guild Secretary, 5737 S. Artesian Ave., Chicago, Ill., or to the publicity director, 951 N. Drake Ave., Chicago.

Florence Scafidi, secretary of the Buddy Rogers Fan Club, 92 Borden Ave., Norwich, N. Y., writes that membership in the club is growing fast. She also announces that the club has started a clipping bureau of pictures of all stars.

Lucile Carlson, president of the Alice White Fan Club, announces that Jean L. Haddon was judged the winner of the club's recent title contest. Kay Marquardt was second. The prizes will be sent by Miss White.

The news bulletin of the Norma Shearer Club is improving with each issue. Congratulations! This club also announced prize winners of their movie contest for last month. Norma Shearer fans are invited to write Hans Faxdahl, president, 1947 Broadway, New York City.

Miss Lenore Heidorn, president of the Billie Dove Fan Club, was happy over the telegram received from Mr. Kenaston, Miss Dove's husband, announcing the arrival of a husky seven-pound, two-ounce baby, named Robert Allen.

The Ramon Novarro Service League has, in the past month, inaugurated a branch of The Animal Welfare League. The work is especially interesting, and requires kindness and consideration toward animals. Certain proportions of the club's funds usually devoted to charitable work will be given yearly to animal welfare societies where the workers are voluntary. Admirers of Novarro who would like further information regarding this movement are requested to write Ethel Musgrave, general secretary, 6384 Elgin St., Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

Irene Rourke, president of the Douglass Montgomery Fan Club, entertained the Movie Club Guild officers at a recent dinner party meeting. The lucky ticket was drawn for the attractive rhinestone bracelet, which was sent by Dolores Del Rio for the Guild's social in Chicago. Agnes Ayres, who was present at the meeting, drew the winning ticket for Arthur Cooper, of Detroit, Mich.

The Herald Cinema Critics Club, of Syracuse, N. Y., recently broadcast the fourth of a series of "Theater and Screen Chats," a quarter-hour program going over WSYR, their local NBC affiliate. This popular club is doing beneficial things in a big way.

The Miriam Jordan Fan Club is starting a new membership contest with prizes to be given by Miss Jordan. All members joining during the contest may compete for the prizes. For information write Claire Bingham, secretary, 200 Walpole St., Norwood, Mass.

Franchot Tone has presented the Silver Star Club with a new mimeograph to assist them in printing the club news. Phyllis Carlyle, president, Portland, Maine, invites Franchot Tone fans to write her about the club.

Al Kirk, 66 Milwaukee Ave., Bethel, Conn., president of the Screen Fan's Club, announces in their recent club news that Gloria Stuart is now an honorary member. Prospective members are invited to write him.

Ginger Rogers fans are asked to write Marion L. Hesse, president, 154 Elm St., Elizabeth, N. J., for information about the club for Miss Rogers.

The Maureen O'Sullivan Club recently celebrated its first anniversary. They are going strong. At the birthday dinner of New York members, a congratulatory telegram from Miss O'Sullivan was read. Irene Brettmann, 895 Park Ave., New York City, is president.

The Bodil Rosing Fan Club announces "Chaw" Mank, Jr. as winner of their recent membership contest. *Bodil and Her Fans*, the club news bulletin, is a dandy! Mrs. Martin Boyer, 1121 E. Ferry St., Buffalo, N. Y., is president.

The *Crosby Comments*, news publication of the Bing Crosby Fan Club, says that the club membership has been growing rapidly the past few months. Fans are invited to write Fay E. Zinn, 109 Orchard Road, Maplewood, N. J.

Gotty J. Benthall, 28 Lexington Ave., West Somerville, Mass., extends an invitation to fans to join the Moving Picture Club of America. Write her for details. *Star Dust* is the name of their news bulletin.

Lillian Musgrave, 2700 Vincent Ave., Minneapolis, Minn., is president of the John Boles Music Club and wants John Boles fans to write her about this club.

Lorraine Mason is still president of a James M. Fidler club. This is Chapter No. 1 of the James M. Fidler Fan Club. There are, at present, five various clubs united under this organization. News about this chapter of the Fidler organization may be had by addressing Miss Mason at 112 N. Sixth St., Vineland, N. J.

The Johnny Downs Club has issued its first monthly news bulletin of club happenings. Interested fans may write Ruth E. Keast, president, 3506 West 64th St., Chicago, Ill.

Betty Godzinski, president of the Ivan Lebedeff Fan Club, writes that she will be glad to hear from all Lebedeff fans. Her address is 6141 S. Honore St., Chicago, Ill.

Sue Carol fans may write to Walter Dreffein, president, 951 Drake Ave., Chicago, Ill., for news of the Sue Carol Fan Club.

The address of the Dorothy Jordan Fan Club is 819 W. Center St., Decatur, Ill. Carl E. Lefler is the president.

Marian L. Dommer, 9719 81st St., Ozone Park, N. Y., is president of the Joan Crawford Fan Club.



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Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92]



Ida Lupino gets her exercise and keeps that perfect figure swimming in her hilltop pool. The little English star is busy on the set these days, working in Paramount's "Ready for Love"

SINCE Katharine Hepburn's mild reception in "The Lake," both Paul Muni and Edward G. Robinson have been doing a little thinking. Stage-bound, they have shifted their sails slightly. Now neither will sign for that play in New York this fall unless *guaranteed successes* are secured! Play producers would like to have that guarantee underwritten.

HE hit her, or something, with an automobile—and marriage followed. Alberta Vaughn slipped away to wed Joe Egli, assistant casting director. And Alberta once sued Joe because of that accident!

Martha Sleeper and Hardie Albright have also fled to the altar.

SINCE Constance Bennett came right out and stated over the radio that "everybody hated her, and she didn't care," she won't mind this:

Recently she was all set to begin a scene when a slight delay occurred. Connie blew up: "How long have I got to stand in this heat, these lights," etc., etc. Charlie, her photographer, came right back at her with: "Do you think we're having a good time out here? We're in just as much heat as you are!"

La Bennett looked startled for just the fraction of a second—then—

"Well, well, if it isn't Miss Bennett!" said she.

MAE MARSH'S daughter, Mae Marsh, Jr., is doing a nice little bit in "Little Man, What Now?" along with her famous mama, who is also in the picture.

TWELVE years ago, Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., entertained the world with a bouncing version of that rugged individualist, Robin Hood. The film was a great hit. Doug, Jr., has now elected to follow in his athletic dad's footsteps with a fresh version of "Robin Hood." He will be one up on his father, because he will not only be seen but heard. His elder's film, of course, was a silent.

IN spite of all her protests, the Kay Francis-Chevalier romance still blazes away. Maurice isn't sending any girl two dozen roses a day and not mean it. And Bill Powell gets his roses into Kay's drawing-room with well-timed regularity, too.

"THE Exit of Don Juan," which was the original title decided upon for Douglas Fairbanks' (Senior) English picture, has been reconsidered. Evidently regarding it as a trifle too prophetic or something, it has been changed to "The Loves of Don Juan."

JOAN CRAWFORD, it would seem, is a forward-looking young woman. She has two years to go on her present movie contract. But, at the end of that time, Joan desires to try a stage career. She has started preparing for it.

In her remodeled home, she has had built in a theater with a tiny stage eight feet by twelve feet. And rehearsals are already under way.

Incidentally, Joan says marriage plans for the present are not to be thought of. She denies emphatically she and Franchot Tone will be married.

Just as long as she is in pictures, says Joan, she will not marry.

Francis Lederer has been squiring Joan around lately, and he has taken an active part in her little theater plan.

WE waited a long time for Dietrich's "Scarlet Empress"—and here's the reason:

Josef Von Sternberg has been talking pains—and dishing out pains, too.

Jameson Thomas, an actor who has a small part in the picture, retired from the set, rather crestfallen. To other actors he confided that he didn't know he was that terrible—Von Sternberg had made him do his bit over twenty-five times!

"You got off easy," they consoled him.

"I did mine for a hundred and two takes," said Sam Jaffee.

"I'll top that with a hundred and fifty-two!" capped another.



Gilbert Emery is an American actor whose rôles usually require an English accent. He's the English butler in "Where Sinners Meet"

GEORGE is happy again. George, the faithful valet of George Brent, had a few lean years when it was decided Brent didn't need a valet after his marriage. So George was let out and was pretty unhappy. And then came the Chatterton-Brent separation and Brent's first act was to hire back George.

REMEMBER your history, about the capricious "Du Barry"? How she suddenly decided she must have a sleigh-ride in the middle of July, and all the real sugar in Paris was used to give the impression of snow, and gratify the lady's whim?

Well, *les Freres* Warner were pretty darn sure they weren't going to be sugar-daddies to that extent. So when it came time to photograph the scene with the luscious Dolores Del Rio as *Du Barry*, along came an enterprising gent with the idea that ground-up gypsum would look just the same. And it did. And was much, much cheaper.

JACKIE COOPER'S allowance, although he is quite a big boy now, is still two dollars a week.

We asked Jackie the other day what he did with all his money.

"Save it," he replied. He wheedles his mother into buying the necessary candy, chewing-gum and playthings.

We further wanted to know where he kept his fortune.

"In the Bible," said Jackie. "I keep it there so if anyone steals it, they'll be committing a double sin."

The boy will go far.

THEY train practically everything to act in Hollywood—clear down to fleas, but you've never seen anything until you've seen Pat Casey's educated rabbit do his stuff. Pat, who represents the Motion Picture Producers Association in labor matters, has a white bunny with pink eyes, who is no dumb bunny, either. He's gifted, in fact. Sits up when you talk to him, runs in and out of the room at Pat's command, and does all kinds of educated nip-ups that would put Rin-Tin-Tin to shame. And you should see him impersonate the stars! His best is a take-off on Charles Butterworth—the resemblance is remarkable—strike me pink if it isn't!

A NUMBER of inquiries have been received as to the present professional activities of Pierre de Ramey, a French nobleman of considerable versatility. Comte de Ramey was one of the two admirals in one of the first talkies, "Glorious Betsy," with Conrad Nagel and Dolores Costello.

Then followed a succession of rôles for him. He played parts in over a dozen pictures, including "Such Men Are Dangerous," "Hell's Bells," "Madame Satan," "Sin Takes a Holiday," "The Common Law," "Secrets," "The Magnificent Lie."

Pierre de Ramey has also played in several French versions of American made pictures: "Unholy Night," "Olympia," "Playboy of Paris," "Show Girls in Hollywood," "Madame Lucie," "A Night in Spain."

His other professional activities have included rôles in such stage plays as "Lulu Bell" with Dorothy Burgess; "The Parrot," with Doris Keane, and "Mad Hopes" with Billie Burke—all presented in the Belasco Theater in Los Angeles. On the New York stage, Comte de Ramey appeared in "Lady Godiva" with Violet Heming, and "The Drums Begin" with Judith Anderson. He has also done dramatic rôles on the Columbia Broadcasting System.

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Look at my picture. Do I look like a woman past 60? People can't believe it, but I am. Boys scarcely above college age often try to flirt with me. I've been booked from one great theatre to another as "The One Woman in the World Who Never Grew Old." At a grandmother's age I still enjoy the thrills of youth.

Now, let me tell you how I do it. Follow it and I promise if you're 50, you'll look 40. If you're 40, you'll look 30. And if you're 30, you'll gain back the skin of eighteen. Women I've given it to call it a miracle—say it takes 10 years from the face in 10 minutes!

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youth oils it contains. It's one of the most amazing demonstrations in scientific youth restoration known. You look years younger the first treatment. Youth and allure come back. Look at me. At over 60—I am living proof.

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"I WANT A BABY"

By MARILYN HERD

The end of a girl's
search for happiness

Synopsis of 1st and 2nd Installments

Joan Randolph, vivacious daughter of the socially prominent and wealthy Cyril Randolph, defies her father and marries Michael Storm, handsome children's photographer, once a carnival concessionaire. Randolph says he will smash Michael and Joan will return home. His machinations reduce the Storms to dire poverty. But, the more and greater the hardships, the happier Michael and Joan are in their love. And Joan is to have her heart's desire—a baby. Michael realizes they must have money. A wealthy woman, a luxury-masked adventuress, takes more than a fancy to him and offers him a studio—at a price. Michael must make a decision. And then comes the eve of the birth of Joan's baby.

She is no longer Joan Randolph of Fifth Avenue, escapading debutante, thrill chaser, arguing with a referee in Madison Square Garden, galloping like mad along bridle paths.

A greater, more breathless adventure is rushing toward her with the minutes!

PART III

"THIS won't last!
This won't last!
Soon! My baby
will be here soon!"

Joan tried to fix her mind on that thought, the utter bliss of a baby, to hold against her, to feel its soft little body against her own!

She clenched her hands and prayed for her pain to pass. She must bear it. She must suffer the torture for the sweet promise it held, and for poor, distraught Michael.

At the moment, he was holding a finger on the doctor's doorbell and beating an insistent tattoo on the door as he peered through curtains on the two glass panels.

Soon one of the curtains was pulled aside and the doctor, his hair tousled, a dressing gown collar snugged around his neck, peered at Michael. The face disappeared and Michael heard the latch snap. He pushed on the door in his eagerness almost sending the doctor sprawling.

"Storm, I—" began the doctor in irritation.

"It's time, doctor! Hurry!" cut in Michael excitedly.

"Now, now, Storm. Calm down. Nothing to get excited about. Remember you're not the first father. I—"

"She's in agony, doctor! You've got to—"

"Yes, yes," sighed the doctor. "You know Mrs. Curtis, my assistant? I'll phone her and she'll be right over."

"But you must—" interrupted Michael, setting his teeth. "I'll be right over, too, Storm," said the doctor patting Michael on the back. "Just take it easy."

"I'm terribly upset, doctor! She won't die, will she? It's tough, the first one, isn't it?" Michael's voice was pleading.

"You and your wife will be dancing at the child's wedding," soothed the doctor. "Now, don't delay—"

Before the doctor finished his sentence, Michael had taken the flight of brownstone steps in a leap racing back to Joan.

Pride at his nearness to being a father fought to overcome his fear of Death hovering over childbirth. He couldn't get back to Joan fast enough. He took the stairs to his apartment three at a time, bursting into the chilly little bedroom to Joan.

Joan's heavy eyelids slowly opened as Michael gently knelt by the side of the bed and put an arm tenderly about her. He saw her eyes were dark with pain. She had bitten her lips. An auburn curl clung to her forehead. As Michael brushed it back, worship in his touch, he felt the hot dampness of her forehead despite the chill of the room.

A flood of memories rushed over him—Joan's patience, her courage, the touch of her lips and hand on his, her beauty, a torch in the darkness of his hardships. Together they had shared happiness, yet now, she must bear this pain alone.

Joan had given him strength when he was spent, but he could only kneel helplessly beside her bed.

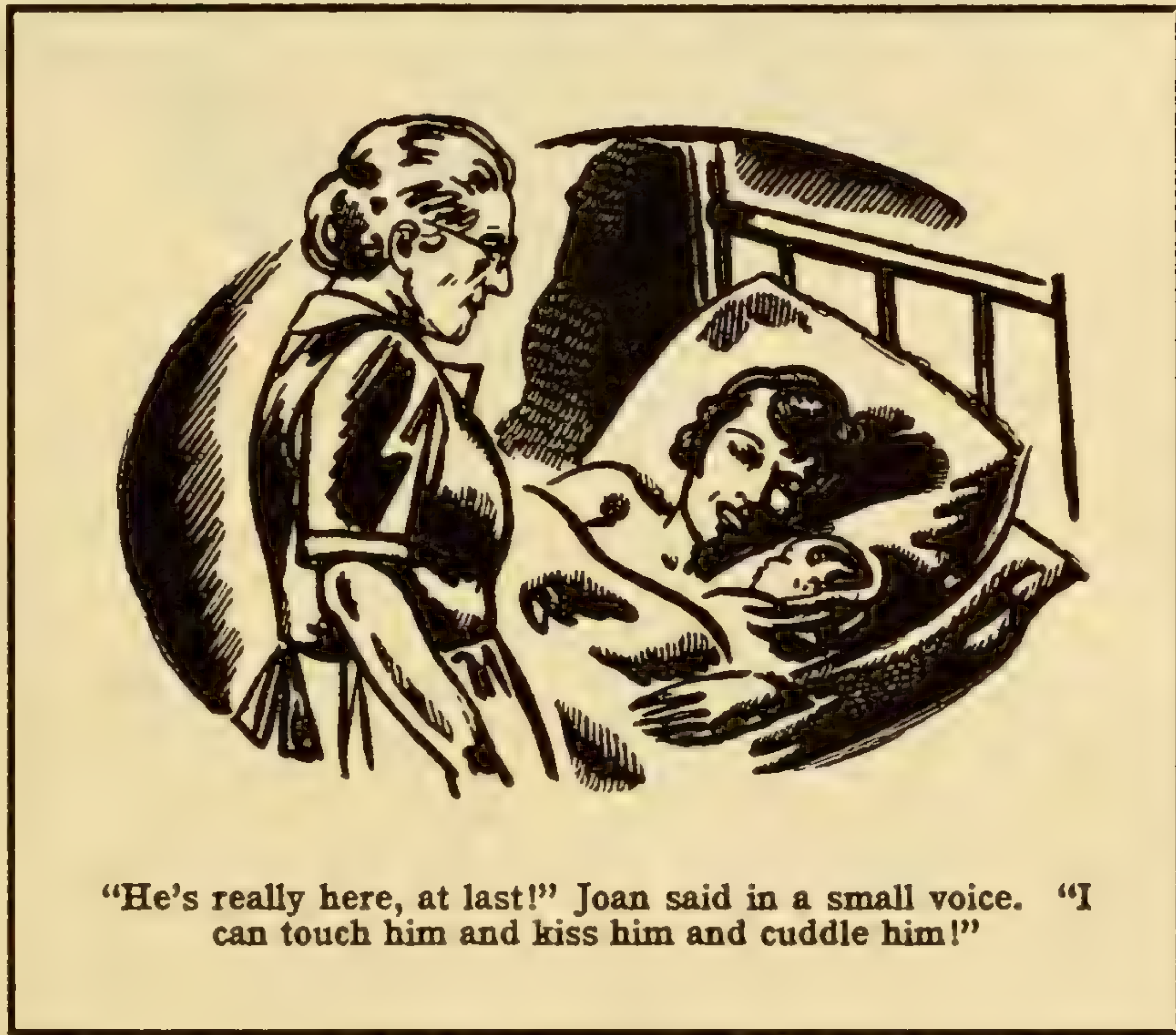
"It's so unfair you have to suffer all this alone!" he cried out. Weakly, Joan tried to pat his hand in comfort.

"Doctor-be-here-soon?" she whispered.

"Yes, dear," Michael whispered back.

He buried his head into the soft palm of her limp hand. Why didn't the doctor hurry? Where was Mrs. Curtis? He could hear the clock ticking stolidly, stupidly away. The sound resounded like blows in his heart, the intervals seemed eternities. He visualized the little pot of ivy beside the clock, its leaves sear. He had given it to Joan. He felt Joan's hand clutch at his hair as a fresh spasm of pain shot through her taut body. Michael groaned inwardly.

He jerked his head up and listened—heavy footsteps on the stairs. "All right now, hon," he whispered to Joan as he got



"He's really here, at last!" Joan said in a small voice. "I can touch him and kiss him and cuddle him!"

hurriedly to his feet and strode to fling open the door. It was Mrs. Curtis, brisk, capable and matter of fact, puffing and muttering about the stairs.

SHE was breathing heavily as she pushed past Michael. She slipped her cape from her shoulders and turned to him. "Where is she?" she asked. Michael started to lead the way to the bedroom, but Mrs. Curtis brushed him aside. "You put a couple of pans of water on," Mrs. Curtis said, "and take it easy. It'll be a long night."

Mrs. Curtis' competence reassured Michael. He felt relief. For good measure, he put on a kettle and two pans of water. He went through the living room to the bedroom. The door was closed. He did not have the courage to open it. He went back and stood over the stove, watching the pans and kettle, nervously dragging at a cigarette. Where was the doctor? Just as the kettle began to whistle fitfully, the doctor arrived.

He nodded shortly at Michael. "Has Mrs.—Ah, there, Mrs. Curtis! Everything all right?" he said, looking beyond Michael. Michael turned as the doctor passed him, into the bedroom. Mrs. Curtis closed the door.

Stillness and a tenseness of waiting closed in on Michael. Subdued voices, the doctor's and

Mrs. Curtis's, came through the door. And moans. Michael stayed by the window, smoking cigarette after cigarette. Hours passed. The door opened and closed. Mrs. Curtis busied herself back and forth between bedroom and kitchen. Then screams—Joan's screams. Sweat beaded Michael's forehead. When he offered to help, Mrs. Curtis brusquely told him he'd be in the way. He felt singularly helpless. Grey dawn lightened the street. The bedroom door opened again.

"It's all over," the doctors' tired voice came to him. Michael whirled. The doctor was rolling down his sleeves. He smiled faintly. "And it's a boy." He sighed. "You may go in. Both are doing nicely."

Michael tiptoed to the door, his face solemn, but a light shining in his eyes. Mrs. Curtis was powdering and bundling into a blanketed roll a red, wrinkled little body—his son. Michael looked at Joan. Her eyes were closed in weariness. Mrs. Curtis beckoned to him. She held up the baby.

"Isn't he a beauty?" she glowed. Michael grinned. But he felt awkward. He didn't dare touch the mite. "Now," went on Mrs. Curtis, "you just go out and shift for yourself. Your wife must sleep. She can't be disturbed for hours."

With great relief in his heart, Michael went out to the kitchen. Some steaming hot coffee for the doctor, Mrs. Curtis and himself. Just the ticket, he thought. He called to the doctor.

"Come celebrate with me, doctor. The best coffee you ever tasted," grinned Michael.

With a sigh, the doctor slowly walked into the tiny kitchen, snug as a ship's galley, and dropped into a chair.

"I suppose you see that youngster already grown-up. A rich, respected, influential citizen," he said. He yawned. "President, no less, I guess. College, fraternities, football—" he lapsed into silence.

Michael, as the doctor talked, whistled softly the while he put coffee into the pot and poured boiling water onto it. He turned from the stove.

"Anything his heart desires—maybe," he grinned, but behind his grin was worry. Why did he have to worry when he desired to be so happy?

If he could only count on Mrs. Stykes going through with her plan to set him up in a studio. She had said she'd be back

on the fifteenth. In two days, now, Michael suddenly thought. His expression became serious, determined—then, cheerful again. He rattled three cups into saucers and poured the coffee. Its pungent aroma filled the little kitchen and must have spread to the bedroom, for in came Mrs. Curtis, demanding a cup.

"I guess we all need it," she said.

The doctor rose after swallowing his coffee.

"I'll be back to-night," he said.

"And I'll just run home for a few hours sleep," Mrs. Curtis said. "And you'd better take a nap, Mr. Storm. I'll be back before you're awake."

Michael made up a bed on the couch. Tomorrow, he told himself, as he lay unable to sleep, he'd call Mrs. Stykes. He must have money.

Several times he got up and tiptoed in to look at Joan, but she slept the sleep of exhaustion. The baby was a quiet cocoon of blanketing.

It seemed he had just dropped off to sleep when Mrs. Curtis was back at the door.

Later, Michael was allowed into the bedroom, Joan, her face wreathed in smiles, was cuddling her son close to her.

"Michael, just think," she said in a small voice, "he's really here, at last! I can touch him and kiss him and cuddle him." Her eyes were shining.

MICHAEL knelt beside the bed and kissed Joan. He awkwardly, gently touched his son

"Say, what'll we call the young rascal?" he whispered.

"Michael," Joan said promptly, as though it was taken for granted.

"Nothing doing," objected Michael. "Then it would be big Michael and little Michael, and old Michael and young Michael. Why I'd be getting his love letters—and—and what not," he broke off lamely, as a sudden thought struck him. He looked at Joan. "After your father, Joan?" he asked shyly.

"No!" said Joan determinedly. She reached over and took Michael's hand. "Darling, what was 'Pop' Brady's first name?" she asked gently. Dear 'Pop' Brady to whom Michael owed everything in his carnival days.



"Paul," said Michael, gratitude and pleasure rising in his eyes.

"We're naming our son Paul," Joan said quietly.

Michael smiled his thanks. His long fingers gripped Joan's. He swallowed hard. His eyes burned.

"That's just like you, Joan," he breathed.

The doctor and Mrs. Curtis entered the room, smiling at the scene.

"It's my guess you two have never been happier," the doctor said. "Have you chosen a name?"

"Paul," two voices answered as one.

Mrs. Curtis and the doctor laughed, with Joan and Michael joining in. The doctor took out his record book and duly entered the name "Paul Storm."

Soon, he and Mrs. Curtis left Michael and Joan alone. As the door closed on them, Michael took Joan's hand again.

"You're very brave. A great fighter," glowed Michael. He paused, his eyes thoughtful. "Do you know," he said slowly, "your father will be proud. You'll tell him, won't you?"

"There's just you and I, Michael."

Michael looked down on the tiny face of his son. "And Paul," he whispered, touching gently one curled, tiny pink fist.

Joan mistily smiled upon them both. A great happiness welled up in her heart. "Isn't he adorable," she said. "He will bring us luck, Michael. Something tells me so."

For the time they wove grand dreams about Paul. The more and more insistent need of money was temporarily put aside. "Until tomorrow," said Michael, "I have plans for then." He looked down at his son. "He's got to get off to a good start."

"You'll do it, dear," murmured Joan, pride in her eyes.

But the next day when Michael kissed Joan and Paul goodbye and went out confident he would find Mrs. Stykes, at home, he was doomed to disappointment.

And the seven days that followed were an agonizing week of doubt and a growing fear that Mrs. Stykes had failed him. Lines of worry were etched into his face, dark shadows from sleepless nights appeared under his fine eyes.

In vain he haunted studios, but other photographers, fighting the depression, didn't even bother to take the name of the shabbily dressed applicant.

His despair mounted as he tramped the wintry streets and saw the unemployed in huddled, helpless groups, staring, gaunt and vacant-eyed, at empty blackboards before the Sixth Avenue employment agencies. He saw crowds, shivering in Union Square and Columbus Circle, trying to get heart out of frenzied, frowsy speakers who promised a new and comforting deal. The straggling queues of breadlines, as the wind whipped further agony into frostbitten ankles and numb fingers, brought him the torment in the possibility of utter failure.

MICHAEL stepped into the comforting warmth of a drug-store. Once more to call Mrs. Stykes. He stamped his numbed feet as he dialed her number. Suddenly, against his stark fear of failure, came the voice of Mrs. Stykes, giving him hope.

"I'm so glad you called. Can you come right over?"

Michael hurriedly had his shoes shined, his suit pressed, and, while he waited, he thought up new and more forceful arguments to present to Mrs. Stykes in favor of their studio plans. He knew her type. His years sizing up people on the carnival lots had not failed him. Beggar the danger. He could handle her. He took a trolley across town.

With a high heart he followed a maid into a high-ceilinged, richly furnished drawing room at the Stykes mansion.

As he waited for Mrs. Stykes, he looked about him at the masterpiece of a decorator's art. Joan belonged in such a setting, Paul should have—But he must keep his mind on his plans. He would have need of all his wits against the wiles of Mrs. Stykes. He wasn't fighting for just a studio.

Trixi bounded in, barking happily. As he stroked the dog's silken coat, he caught the scent of exotic perfume. He looked around. Mrs. Stykes was posed in the doorway.

"Trixi seems glad to see you," she smiled sultrily.

She was beautiful, Michael noted. Skin dazzling white. Eyes cleverly shaded, studiously guileless. She crossed with a languid rhythm to Michael and gave him both her hands. "It's so good to see you!" She sank gracefully, indolently, into the deep red divan, and motioned smilingly for Michael to sit beside her. He noticed the turn of her shapely ankles, her slim curves beneath a low-cut gown. "The net is out for me," said Michael to himself. He could not help admiring the curve of her soft white throat, the mass of dusky hair piled high on her head. "I have thought of you often," she said, her voice low, deep and rich. She inserted a cigarette in a long ivory holder and looked along its length significantly at Michael as he struck a match and held it to her cigarette.

"I have thought of you, too," answered Michael, "and of our studio."

"I'm so pleased you thought of me. It makes our studio plans more-er-appealing than ever." She was watching his mouth, strong, but when he smiled softening with a promise of rare tenderness. She leaned back that he might follow the curve of her shoulder.

BUT Michael, absorbed in his plans for the studio, jumped to his feet, words tumbled over each other in his eagerness to discuss and settle their plans. He poured his soul into his picture of a studio. "And specialize in babies!" he emphasized, smacking fist into palm. A vision of Paul's beloved little face came to him. Of brave Joan's.

"Children?" interrupted Mrs. Stykes. She looked up, eyebrows arched, smiling at him as though he were a little boy. "What a quaint idea." Her laugh tinkled. But she saw he was serious. His eyes did not leave hers for a moment as she crossed her silkclad legs.

Michael went on as though uninterrupted. "Yep, kids. My specialty. We'd pack the studio. And the sooner we get started, the better. You see, I've got to have money. We've been scraping—"

"We?"

The voice was sharp. It cut into Michael's consciousness, stopped him short. Now he had tipped his hand! Well, why shouldn't he? He wasn't ashamed. He was playing a hard game, but—

"My wife and I," he resumed, as though unconscious of Mrs. Stykes' surprise—but noting her expression of impotent anger, quickly masked.

"Of course," Mrs. Stykes smiled, but her lips were set. "And—the children?"

"A boy, Paul," Michael smiled with tender enthusiasm. He must work fast. "I'll tell you about that kid. You'll love him." He launched into a grand spiel. He saw Mrs. Stykes' mouth soften. He went into further ecstasies, further enthusiasms about Paul—and about Joan.

But in his enthusiasm, Viola Stykes rightly read behind it a desperation. He needed her and her money badly. Her capture of him, therefore, would be easier. She would let him tramp the streets a little longer. He'd come back. Again and again, until—

Michael had stopped talking. He was watching her, eagerness for her approval in his eyes.

"Marvelous!" she applauded. "But you wouldn't expect me to rush into this?"

"But—"

Michael's eyes were anxious. He read her, too.

"Of course, I shan't delay. I shall decide soon."

"I'll hear from you right away then?"

"Soon."

Her emphasis was deliberate, and she smiled in cryptic fashion. Michael understood her better than she knew.

Shortly afterward he left, his address in the hands of Viola Stykes. And Viola Stykes was visualizing the thrill of final capture, the zest in delay adding to it. To be alone with him, in a studio, skilfully camouflaged from a suspicious husband—

Michael walked along the street away from the Stykes mansion. Sure—"soon", Michael told himself disgustedly. He angrily snapped a cigarette stub into the street and walked toward Broadway. He must do something, meanwhile, he said. But what?

He was in the midway that is part of Broadway. Ballyhoo, bunk and bluff, penny arcades, fake fortune tellers, flea circuses, doughnut shops, gaudy theater fronts, and smart lads taking in the gullible, all the age-old tricks of the carnival.

The same old game of slicker versus sucker, Michael told himself. Here was where he belonged. Money to be made. He scoffed at himself for thinking there was art in a camera. What could he do for Joan and Paul? That was all that mattered. Why not just disappear, and let Joan and Paul benefit from the Randolph wealth? Cyril Randolph had offered a price. He, Michael, could drift off—be lost in the dusty roads of carnival land. Then suddenly he remembered. "There are just you and I, Michael." It was almost as though Joan had spoken to him. Michael stopped short. "Just you and I"—what a punk he'd be to run out. He squared his shoulders.

He stood before a peddler. "The mechanical wonder of the age!" came his ballyhoo. Michael talked to him and found out where he could get a basket of toys.

With a more cheerful light in his eyes, he turned toward home. He hugged Joan tenderly, and laughed aloud at the grimacing of baby Paul in his sleep. Joan's sweetness swept his mind clear. He told her that he had been unsuccessful, but that he had another, a better plan.

"Don't worry, Michael. You won't have to give up your camera work for long," she encouraged smilingly.

"You're right it won't be for long," he said cheerfully.

He went into the kitchen to Mrs. Curtis.

"Mrs. Curtis, how about your Johnny, maybe he'd like to make a little something."

He told Mrs. Curtis to have Johnny come over right after his supper. At that moment, Joan called him.

"Michael, do you know," she said, "Christmas is but three weeks away."

"And what a Christmas!"

Michael was jubilant. He sank to the floor beside the bed, and once more they forgot the present in anticipation of the future.

The next morning, on a crowded street, in the shopping district with its towering department stores, a Salvation Army Santa Claus rang his bell, a wrinkled flower vendor piped her shrill appeal, a dog piloted his legless beggar-master, and—where the crowd was thickest—Michael Storm stood over a basket of tin fifes.

"Music in the home for only two bits! One-fourth of a dollar! Plays anything from jazz to grand opera! Any child can play it! *Any* child! Start him on the road to fame and riches." He had the attention of the crowd. "Look!" he called, searching the group before him. "Here! You, sonny! Come here! Just to show you, ladies and gentlemen, how simple it is to master this instrument, I'll teach this young man." He put a fife into the hands of the youngster who had come forward. "Now, sonny. Look—" Michael looked up at the crowd. "What would you like to hear him play? How about 'The Big Bad Wolf?' Now watch him." He put the boy's fingers on the stops and showed him how to play the fife. "There you are," he said to the boy. "Now try it."

WITH all the power of his lungs, the boy shrilled out "The Big Bad Wolf" on the fife. Michael, with his engaging smile, threw up his hands. "See?" he asked the crowd. "Simple as all that." His adult watchers shifted their positions and smiled. "Now then, sonny, just a quarter and you can take it home."

"Gosh, but I've no money, mister." The boy sorrowfully handed back the flute. Michael saw several people reaching into their pockets. The crowd not only bought the boy the

flute, but, under the spell of Michael's good natured chatter, the basket of fife's. As Michael talked, he watched the boy to whom he had taught the fife, amble off and stop on the next corner. He smiled to himself. What a swell little actor young Jimmy Curtis had turned out to be, he thought. On the edge of the crowd were two more-than-interested spectators.

"That's the man we want for our Santa Claus," said Sol Bloom. "He'll sell the kids, and the mothers and fathers. Higgins frightens them away."

Gay was Michael that night with a pocket full of money and a job as Santa Claus in the toy section of the Century Department Store starting the next day.

His kiss for Joan the next morning was hearty, and he was sure baby Paul had winked at him.

Gay were the children, and satisfied was Sol Bloom as he watched the effect Michael had on business. Word quickly spread that the only real Santa Claus was at the Century store.

Michael had not heard from Mrs. Stykes, and with the end of the Christmas rush, he again became uneasy. Should he call her? He took his final pay envelope from the cashier with a sigh. On the street again, he told himself. But, inside the envelope was a note. He was offered a job as salesman.

Michael did some shopping—a small tree, decorations for it, Joan's present, little Paul's—That young rascal certainly had brought them luck, he chuckled.

Cheerfully he made his way home. As he trudged along, an idea struck him, one he knew he could sell. By putting it over, he could forget Mrs. Stykes. He wouldn't need her. He realized he would have felt tough at deceiving Joan which would have been the case had he accepted Mrs. Stykes' plans for a studio.

Happily he ran up the stairs. The small Christmas tree under one arm, the decorations and the presents under the other. It was Christmas Eve he told himself jubilantly.

Joan flung open the door. Michael engulfed her with the tree, packages and all, in his arms.

IT was a gay Christmas morning as Joan and Michael stood, arms about each other, over Paul's crib, watching him shake his blue and white rattle, as though beating time to the joy in their hearts. Joan glanced aside at a nearby chair where lay Michael's present to her, a new coat. Michael, in his free hand, held an imported camera lens.

"I still can't understand how you made and sold sketches enough to get this for me without me catching on to you," said Michael, examining the lens with considerable pride.

"Oh, I thought of this a long time ago. You have more friends in the neighborhood than you think. I had help," said Joan with a smile.

They fell silent, watching Paul. Joan thought of other Christmases, of presents piled ceilingward, but lacking the happiness she now felt. And Michael thought of Christmases at the orphanage, with its unimaginative, formal ceremony, over which hung the cold orphanage atmosphere, its unchild-like rigidity was evidenced even to the wearing of their drab grey uniforms, and in the stilted gifts of two apples, one orange, and a small peppermint stick apiece. He held Joan closer.

"Would milady like her breakfast?"

Gaily, arm in arm, they went into the kitchen. Grilled sausages, golden omelet and crisp, brown toast. To Joan, the curl of steam from Michael's coffee was a plume of smoke from a swinging censer.

During the meal, Michael mimicked, for her amusement, his ballyhoo in the toy department. Joan rocked with laughter. Then he grew serious.

"Joan," he said portentously, leaning across the small table, "I think we are about to climb right out of the red."

He sketched his plan to her, with many cries of pleasure and clappings of hands from Joan.

It was a great day, largely spent in taking pictures of Paul in every conceivable position and pose.

Michael slept peacefully that night. His mind was much easier now he felt he no longer needed Mrs. Stykes. He was on his own—he, Joan and little Paul.

His pleasurable mood was with him when he saw Sol Bloom the next day and laid his plan before him. It gave him impetus and zest. He knew, after five minutes, he had convinced Bloom.

MICHAEL'S plan was a children's photograph studio—one with a gingerbread front—a playground, carousels, ponies, wading pool—. How that would pay the store! And youngsters could be left there while their mothers shopped. There were a thousand and one possibilities to the plan.

"Talk to the directors. Right now." Bloom pulled out his watch. "They'll meet in fifteen minutes. I'll call you."

In less than fifteen minutes, Michael had been presented to the board and its members were shooting questions at him. They kept him for more than an hour. And he knew he had them all sold but one, and he was the chairman.

It was the chairman who said, "Your plan may be good, but I'd like to take some of your work along with me and look it over at home."

Michael smilingly handed him a folder of photographs, each with its credit line "by Michael Storm."

Bloom was enthusiastic. "Only one thing," he said, "if the chairman is satisfied, you're in."

"The guy who took my pictures?"

"Yes."

"You know, Mr. Bloom, I think I know him. Who is the old boy?"

"He's president of the bank backing the store."

"Yeah, but what's his name?"

"Stykes. Clarendon Stykes."

Then suddenly Michael remembered. In the drawing-room of the Stykes mansion, he had seen a large picture of Clarendon Stykes. He chuckled gleefully. What a joke it would be on the old boy if a Stykes, after all, had a finger in this pie. The chuckle became a full-fledged laugh. Michael patted the bewildered Bloom on the back, and Michael's hearty laugh attracted the attention of customers and clerks who looked up curiously at the balcony where he and Bloom were standing.

Michael, when he reached the door of his apartment, heard voices. Joan's and a man's. He opened the door and a blond, debonair individual, pleasing despite the carelessness of his dress, turned toward him. Joan stood with the baby in her arms.

"Michael, dear, this is—" Joan looked questioningly at the young man.

"Skid Owens, Mr. Storm. I—er—guess you might know of me. You see, I'm—" His manner was frank, but his grin was slightly sheepish.

"He's the reporter who got that picture of me and 'Marjorie,' Joan said.

Michael's face set. "Say, I ought to throw—"

"Wait, now, Mr. Storm, let me explain. I—"

"Make it snappy!"

"If Mrs. Storm doesn't mind my reference to him—" he turned apologetically to Joan. "I took that picture only to get an interview from her old man. I knew it was a phony, an escapade. I'd been trying to get at him for weeks, through a barricade of secretaries and flunkies. The picture did the trick. He tried to buy the photo. But I compromised on an interview."

The lines in Michael's face relaxed. He looked at Joan. She was chuckling.

"Sit down, Owens," Michael said. "What's brought you here now?"

"Well, I'll tell you, but before I do, is it true that you were once a carnival man?" He continued rapidly as Michael regarded him with suspicion. "I was number one advance man for Blistein's circus myself once."

"Sure," went on Skid. "Say, I'll tell you what I want, then we'll gab, you and me." He looked at Joan. "The world would like to know about Joan Randolph. And say, I'd sure like to tell the world about all of you, particularly that fine-looking kid of yours."

"Let's ask him to dinner, Michael," said Joan suddenly.

Within a few minutes, Skid, his coat off and his sleeves rolled up, was in the kitchen, and he and Michael had Joan in stitches at carnival and circus antics they related.

When Skid left late that night, he not only had his story, but pictures of the Storms, and of little Paul, taken at Christmas. And he had promised to make them another visit in a few days.

In the Sunday Graphic-Herald, the story, a two-page spread, proclaimed "BEAUTIFUL RANDOLPH HEIRESS FINDS HAPPINESS IN TENEMENT." Skid had put his heart into the story. He had dug up past pictures of Joan, as a debutante, lolling in a bathing suit at Southampton, in ermine at the Horse Show. There was also a new picture of Joan smiling at baby Paul, with "Photo by Michael Storm." In an oval above was a picture of Michael. Best of all, was a most unflattering and a very stern-looking picture of Cyril Randolph.

"Wait until father sees this! He's due back from Europe any day," laughed Joan.

"Yes, but wait until he sees Paul. If that won't soften him, then nothing will," said Michael.

Michael thought of the Stykes. Bloom had heard nothing, and Michael had not heard from Mrs. Stykes.

But the next few days were to be busy ones for the Storms. Bright and early, the morning after the story and pictures had appeared, Joan answered a ring at the bell. As she opened the door, she was smothered in furs, as a pair of arms were flung about her. It was Una Townsend. Of all Joan's former friends who had read the article, Una was the most genuinely happy. Joan, too, was truly happy to see Una.

"Why didn't you let us know?" reproved Una gently. "Now first, trot out that adorable baby. And, second, tell *all*. Of course, with such a handsome husband, I can understand you might want to keep him hidden. I would."

But they were not to have their talk. The doorbell rang constantly. Outside, urchins gathered and raced up and down the lengthening string of expensive cars, those of Joan's former friends, calling on her—some from curiosity, some to laugh many to leave the small flat for their luxurious surroundings and wonder—

IT WASN'T until Michael returned that evening that Una had an opportunity to talk to Joan. Una and Michael liked each other from the first handshake. While they were chatting, an excited Skid Owens came in. He had a great idea—a series of articles this time. Una took the lead in confounding Skid on his idea. Michael and Joan sat back and enjoyed the fun. But Skid was glib, and gave as good as he received.

"Say, now, Miss Townsend," said Skid finally, grinning at Una, "I'll bet there's one thing we can agree on." Una smiled back at Skid challengingly. "Isn't Paul the most beautiful kid you ever saw?"

Paul was cooing and gurgling as though he too was enjoying what was going on.

"Why Skid, we do get along after all!" cried Una. "Paul is, undoubtedly, the most beautiful baby in the world!"

"Yes, sir," Skid rose. He saluted Paul gaily. "Paul Storm, the most beautiful baby in the world. You know," he said, turning to the others, "back in the gay nineties—"

"What do you know about the gay nineties? You were only a baby yourself," scoffed Una.

"You took the words right out of my mouth. And what a baby!" grinned Skid. "Say, I won a beauty contest! In those—"

"Skid!" cried Una. "That's an idea! Let's make Paul, through your paper, the most beautiful baby in the world!"

Joan and Michael laughingly protested. "Don't mind them," said Una to Skid, waving a hand at Joan and Michael, "they're merely the parents."

"Maybe you've thought of something, Una," said Skid thoughtfully. "But even if I could sell the idea to the managing editor, Paul wouldn't stand a chance. It isn't the most beautiful baby, it's the most votes. Some fireman's or some policeman's baby would win. They'd get the whole force out collecting votes."

"How much would a first prize be?" asked Una.

"Oh, coupla thousand dollars, easily, I guess," said Skid. Suddenly he leaned forward. "Say, why not? You've got me interested. I'm going to sell the managing editor on this!"

"I'm with you!" cried Una. "Let's go now. I'll run you to the office in my car."

"WHO IS NEW YORK'S MOST BEAUTIFUL CHILD?" ran a broadside in the Graphic-Herald the next morning announcing the contest. Also in the paper were stories about children, stories against birth control, for large families, references on that score to Teddy Roosevelt, editorials anent a new cycle in American life, down with cheap sex, up with the home and fireside, the family was to take its proper place in a new America now in the making!

THE timely contest caught the public fancy. Interest mounted. Leading citizens of all walks endorsed it. Bundles of "vote" coupons poured in for the favorites whose pictures filled pages. But Paul Storm's name wasn't even among the first two hundred. At the end of the second week the record read—Abraham Cohen, 44,999; Alice Lee, 36,000; Gustav Gobel, 22,000.

"We can't expect Paul to win," admitted Joan.

"Never mind," consoled Michael. "The contest helped me, you know, to do a little business."

But Michael had other things on his mind. Why hadn't Stykes made a decision about the store studio? Why hadn't he heard from Mrs. Stykes? Once and for all he was going to find out! He'd go to Mrs. Stykes and lay his cards on the table.

The next evening he would call on her. Before leaving he looked down at his son. "You're a winner to me, boy, if you never cop a contest."

He went directly to Mrs. Stykes' residence as soon as the store closed. When she came into the room, Michael thought she had lost some of her assurance—this woman who had come directly from the "Follies" to riches and luxury.

"Mr. Storm," she began carefully, "I have learned you are negotiating with Century for a studio. You must choose—" Suddenly she dropped her mask. Her eyes glittered. "Michael," she cried, flinging her arms about his neck. "You must take my plan—our studio! I want—"

"That will be enough, my dear," said a cold voice.

Viola Stykes dropped her arms, and her face went white beneath its make-up. Michael whirled. He was unafraid, undisturbed, as Clarendon Stykes advanced on them.

"I knew I'd only have to wait, Storm, for you to come to me. Thought you could play the game both ways, eh? Well, you also lose both ways! There will be no studio under my wife's patronage, nor will there be one under Century's backing."

Michael smiled grimly. "You poor fool! I could have made money for you at the Century. I came here tonight to see you both. But if Mrs. Stykes wants to make such a fool of herself, I'm glad I'm out of it."

He took up his hat and coat.

"You needn't report in the morning," said Stykes. "You're through."

"You're telling me!" said Michael, and strode out of the room.

But once outside, all defiance vanished. Well, he consoled himself, you played and lost, but not ingloriously. Yet, losing the Century was tough. What now? He thought of Joan

and Paul. He walked home slowly and thoughtfully. Now that Una Townsend was seeing Joan, someone Joan could depend on, maybe he'd better make a getaway—

In the tiny flat, a heavy conference was going on. "But I know what he'll do," Micheal heard Una say heatedly as he opened the door.

"Oh, Michael!" cried Joan in consternation. "Look!" She held out a newspaper. On the front page was a picture of Cyril Randolph. "He's back! And I'm afraid he's going to ruin Paul's chances just as—"

"Just as he has a chance to win!" cut in Una. "To think that the very day before the contest closes, this should happen! And Paul right in top place from the latest report I've just had from Skid."

If they had known, at that moment, Randolph was talking to the managing editor of the Graphic-Herald.

"I understand, Mr. Randolph," said the editor, eager to impress the millionaire. "You want your grandson to win."

"On the contrary," replied Randolph coldly. "How many votes does the Gobel child need to win?"

"Why—why, I should say about fifty thousand."

Randolph arranged for the purchase of that number of coupons and dismissed the matter.

Skid got the news and it took him but a few minutes to reach the Storm flat with it. He and Una went into consultation.

"Come out to the telephone with me!" cried Una. She called up all her friends who had helped her put Paul on top. The result was that the next day, an hour before the contest closed, Una Townsend's limousine drove up to the newspaper's doors, and bundles of coupons went in to the contest editor.

Frantically the editor tried to reach Cyril Randolph. "Mr. Randolph," he was rebuffed smartly by ranks of secretaries, "would not be interested in a baby contest."

But he was, when he saw the big spread announcing the winner, with plenty of pictures—Paul Storm and a facsimile of the two-thousand dollar check.

"I knew our baby would bring us luck!" crowed Joan exultantly.

Then Michael told her he had lost his job. But with baby Paul's hard won triumph, there was no room in their hearts for anything but joy at the moment.

THERE followed floods of telegrams, all sorts of congratulations, offers of all sorts, even from Hollywood, parts in the movies for Paul. One telegram asked Mr. and Mrs. Storm to consider no contract until representatives of the company called on them! And it was from a major picture company!

"Hollywood! Just think of it," cried Michael. "A camera-man's paradise! Let's celebrate! Where's Skid and Una?"

"Oh, my dear Michael," cried Joan, fishing among the pile of telegrams. "We've got a wire from them. Those two are off on a celebration all their own. They've eloped. But they'll be in tomorrow."

"Mrs. Storm! Mrs. Storm!" came the shrill treble of a little girl's voice at the door. It was Muriel Tees, to take Paul for his airing. The girl was so thrilled she was almost speechless—the prize baby!

"Only for a short while, Muriel. And be careful," Joan called down the stairs as Michael carried the go-cart and set it carefully on the sidewalk. A score of children followed the proud Muriel as she pushed the baby carriage, her tip-tilted little nose high in the air.

Left alone, Michael and Joan sorted the telegrams, offers and congratulations. As they read and re-read them aloud, a clattering of footsteps and a babel of excited voices came up the stairs. Michael started toward the door. But it was flung open and Muriel Tees and half the kids in the neighborhood poured into the room.

"Paul's gone! A man took him!" gasped Muriel, fear on her blanched face, sobs in her voice.

Joan clutched her throat in panic. Michael seized the now wildly sobbing Muriel.

"Tell me, Muriel," he cried, "just what actually happened."
"He loved the baby and said he'd watch him for me while we went to get some candy. He gave me a dollar to spend for the kids and myself. Then when we got back, Paul was gone."

Michael, hatless and coatless, dashed out into the street, but only a peddler and a junk cart could be seen. He raced to the corner, almost colliding with big Jim Brennan, the policeman, coming around the corner.

"Jim—Paul's gone—stolen—kidnapped!" gasped Michael. The hue and cry was on. Smashing black headlines in all the papers screamed the news—"CYRIL RANDOLPH'S GRANDSON KIDNAPPED." "PRIZE BABY STOLEN."

The popularity of the baby contest had so caught public fancy, that the greatest search in the history of the city was started. Squads of police, armed to the teeth, in uniform and out of uniform, combed the city. Thugs by the hundreds took flight. But the search was not confined to the city alone. Patrols were out on every road, posses were hastily formed, planes soared over the countryside, keen-eyed watchers with field glasses scanning every out-of-the-way gully and forest road. Rewards poured into the newspaper offices. The Graphic-Herald, donor of the two-thousand dollar prize to Paul, put all its resources into the search.

Skid Owens and Una, now Mrs. Owens, in high spirits, stepped into their small hotel dining-room in a hidden little village up-state. All the help, and the owner, his wife, daughter and the few guests of the hotel were clustered together reading a newspaper.

"Guess they don't get much news up this way. Look at them wolf that paper," Skid said lightly to Una. He coughed loudly to attract attention as they sat down at the table. The proprietor hurried over.

"My, my, what a time!" he said excitedly. "Guess they'll be somethin' doin' all right, all right!" making a clicking noise with his tongue as he shook his head.

"Meaning?" said Skid, with a wink at Una.

"Kidnapped that Randolph heir."

"What?" cried Una and Skid together.

Skid jumped to his feet and strode over to the group with the paper. Unceremoniously, he yanked it away and shot a glance at the headlines. He dropped the paper and yelled at Una. "Get the bags packed, kid! Paul's kidnapped!" He turned on the proprietor. "Where's the telephone?" Not waiting for a reply, he ran out to the small lobby and found the phone himself. He was soon talking to his managing editor. Quickly getting the details, Skid reported he was on the way in.

In a matter of minutes, he and Una were running out of the hotel, Skid tossing a bill onto the desk as he ran by, leaving the dumfounded group in the hotel staring blankly after them.

"Not a single trace, Una!" explained Skid hurriedly as he threw the car into high gear. The heavy machine shot along the road. "But here's one thing—old man Randolph has put up twenty-five thousand good old iron men for the return of his grandson. But that's on the quiet. He doesn't want his name mentioned." Skid was peering ahead. "Where the heck is that short cut?" he muttered. "Ah, there we are—grey barn—turn right. It'll cut off twenty miles." The car slowed into a dirt road cutting across country.

AS THEY rounded a bend, they could see a small car just ahead. Skid's big car crept up on it.

"Oh, look!" exclaimed Una. "That left tire! It's coming off! They'll have a spill!"

"You yell at them as we go by. We can't stop," cried Skid. He gave the car ahead a sharp, insistent blare from his horn—going by, it said. But the other car, instead of slowing and turning aside, put on speed.

"The fools!" yelled Skid in exasperation. "Lean out and yell at 'em, Una."

"Hey! Hey!" screamed Una, leaning out and pointing at their tire. "Tire! Tire!"

Skid, cursing under his breath, eased up on his speed. He

was afraid if the tire on the car ahead came off and the car skidded, he would crash into it.

"Tire! Tire!" screamed Una again as she pointed wildly.

The car drew away. But suddenly the tire was seen to part from the rim. The car swerved violently, shot into the brush alongside the road, crashing to a stop. Suddenly two men leaped out. They pointed back down the road. A series of sharp cracks were heard. The top of Skid's car ripped.

"Down! Down, Una!" Skid yelled. "Bullets!" He jammed on the brakes and pulled to a stop. Another series of shots, and the two men turned and leaped away into the screen of the dense woods.

CAUTIOUSLY, Skid and Una peered over the cowl of their car. All was quiet. Skid started the car and slowly eased up to the car ahead. He peered in, his foot ready on the accelerator to leap away. There was no sign of the former occupants of the car.

"All right, Skid. Let's go. We can't stop," called Una eyeing the bushes nervously.

"Wait!" said Skid. He jumped out and reached onto the front seat of the other car. He pulled a blanketed bundle toward him. Carefully he opened one end. With a glad cry, he hastily gathered the bundle to him and thrust it at Una.

"Got him! Got Paul! The old newspaperman's luck!"

With a happy squeal, Una cuddled the bundle to her.

"The other way up! The other way up!" yelled Skid as he slipped in the clutch and the car sped away.

Paul was sleeping soundly. Una cooed and gurgled over him.

"Now for the nearest telephone," crowed Skid. "Gee, those two must have been scared! Well, he's a pretty hot package."

"Hot package?" questioned Una indignantly.

"Meaning, dear dumbness, they probably wished they hadn't done it. Scared. Trail too hot. Panicked."

A crossing came into sight, a small store sign was visible, and a group of men, beside two automobiles blocked the road.

"Oho!" muttered Skid. "Say, Una, put Paul between your knees. I've got a scheme. This is a posse sure enough. But look, if we can get away with it," he talked fast and clipped his words, "we'll give the Storms and old man Randolph a break, get 'em together, and the good old Graphic-Herald gets a world beat. We're going to take Paul right to his grandfather's. Now, put the lap-robe over Paul, and pray he doesn't wake up and cry. You're a sob sister on the paper. My identification card will get us by. Our cue is that we are working on the case. I'll try and shoot them back up the road to the other car. Then me for a telephone."

They slowed up at the posse which was armed to the hat, guns pointed at the car. Skid already had his card out.

"Who's in charge?" he called out, as he spotted a gold badge on one of the men.

The man stepped forward, a rifle in the crook of his arm.

"I'm Skid Owens, working on the Storm kidnapping." He extended his card, talking as though in great excitement. "Back up the road, about six or seven miles, a tire came off a car, and two men beat it into the woods, lammimg some lead at us as they ran. They headed across country," said Skid pointing. He got out of the car. "Where's a telephone?"

The big man with the badge, glanced hastily at Skid's card and thrust it back at him. "Phone in the store," he said as he turned to his men. "Let's go," he called.

Skid ran into the store. By great good fortune, he noted, there was a telephone booth, he could talk in private. He beat a rapid tattoo with his fingers, glancing anxiously out to the road, as he waited for his call to go through to the managing editor. He watched the last car of the posse shoot up the road toward the abandoned car. A half hour and he'd be on the outskirts of the city.

"Hello! Hello, Carson! Yeah, Owens. Now don't leap out of the chair, I've got the Storm kid. Hey, what did I tell you? Listen, I've got to talk fast. Get somebody right over

to the Storms, privately. Tell 'em Skid and Una have contacted the kidnapers, and they've got to meet 'em at a secret rendezvous. Never mind the details. Listen to me, for once! Tell 'em they've got to go blindfolded. How? How're you going to get 'em out with the other newspaper mobs there? Say, take 'em out on stretchers. Mental collapse. Get it? An' then run 'em right over to the grandfather's. Sure, to old man Randolph's. I've got a scheme. Give me an hour and a half and you'll have the biggest beat in town! Now don't tell 'em where they are going. Just tell 'em Skid and Una are with the baby and he's okay."

Jubilantly he dashed out to Una who was in a dither of excitement as she kept glancing back along the road.

"We're set, baby!" Skid cried. He told the excited Una his plan, and she laughed joyously and cuddled little Paul to her. His eyes were now wide open, and he cooed with delight as he felt her friendly touch.

Skid was stopped three times on his way in to the city, but his police card and his glib tongue got him by. Paul never even murmured when Una covered him over with the lap-robe during the few seconds it took Skid to talk his way onward.

BUT at one deserted stretch of road, he stopped the car and had Una get into the back seat with Paul.

"When we get to the Randolphs, if ever," said the perspiring Skid, "there'll be a flock of reporters and cops around for certain. Now, as we go along, dump my stuff out of that Gladstone bag, and, just as we arrive, pop Paul into the bag. I'll carry it partially open so he'll get air. It'll only be for a few seconds."

They got to the Randolph mansion without further incident. Skid stopped a few doors away, as he saw a group on the side-

walk before the house. Una popped the baby into the bag, and Skid held the handles so that air got in all right.

"I'll die before I ever reach that door," Una whispered excitedly.

SKID and Una pushed through the clustered groups before the Randolph mansion, and mounted the steps to where a burly sergeant of police stood guard. Jenson, the butler, his face pale and a strange expression in his eyes, stood beside him. As Skid and Una came up the steps, Jenson anxiously looked from one to the other, swallowing hard. It was obvious he wanted to ask about the baby, but training controlled him. In sepulchral tones he managed to say, "You are to go right in, Miss Townsend, and-ah-Mr. Owens."

The door swung to behind them. The tall figure of Cyril Randolph hurried along the hall.

"Where— Where—" he blurted.

Skid gently deposited his bag and opened it wide. There was Paul, calm if not cool, sucking away at his thumb. Cyril Randolph, all his austerity gone, dropped beside the bag and tenderly lifted out the baby.

There was a stir at the rear of the house. Two blindfolded people were being carefully guided along, by two young men who waved at Skid, grins on their faces. They whispered to the two blindfolded people, who stopped as their bandages were removed.

Cyril Randolph, Paul in his arms, faced them. Suddenly he and Paul were engulfed by a rushing, laughing, sobbing Joan. Michael was beside her.

Cyril Randolph, a glad smile on his face, tears of joy in his eyes, extended a hand to Michael around Joan's shoulder.

[THE END]

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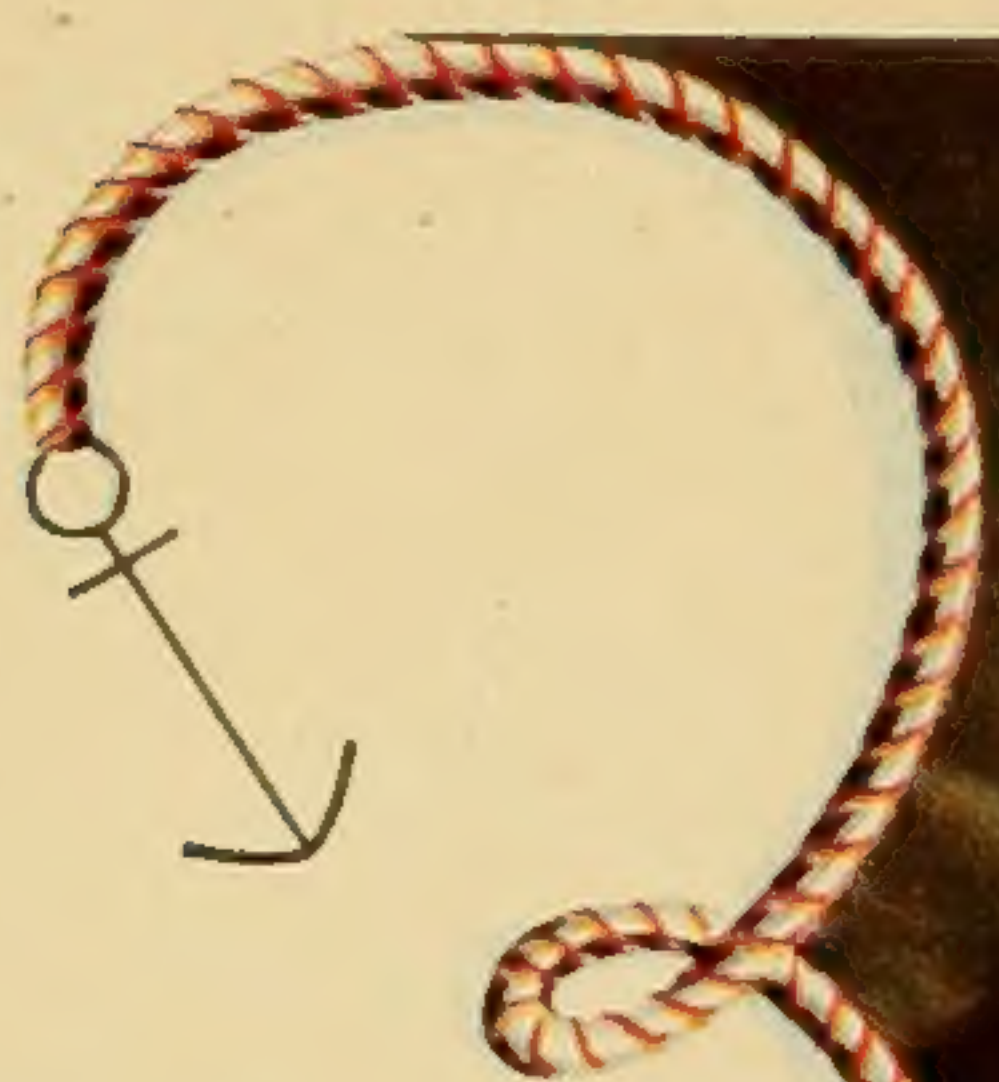
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Only the Center Leaves—these are the Mildest Leaves



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